Saturday Review

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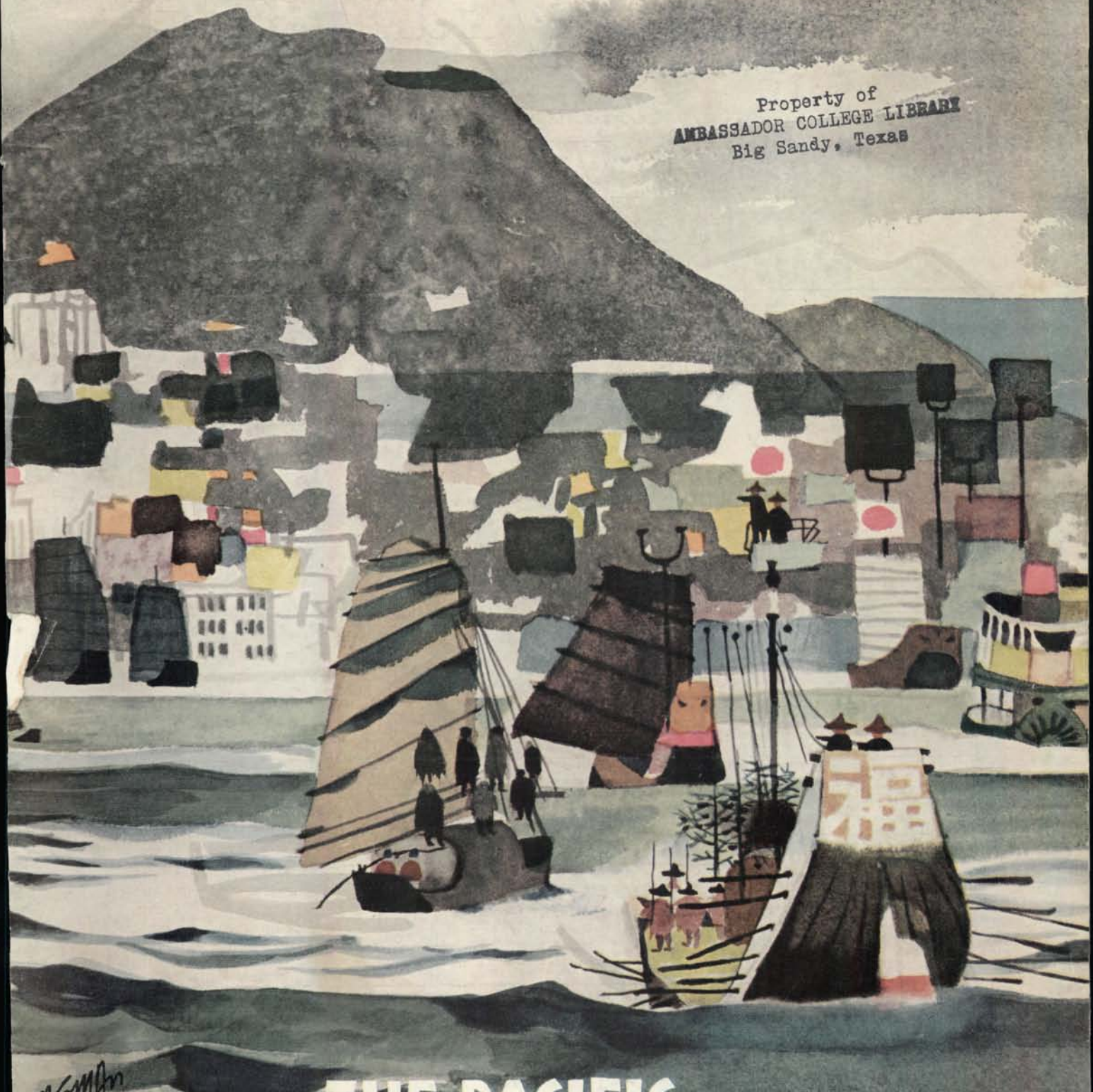

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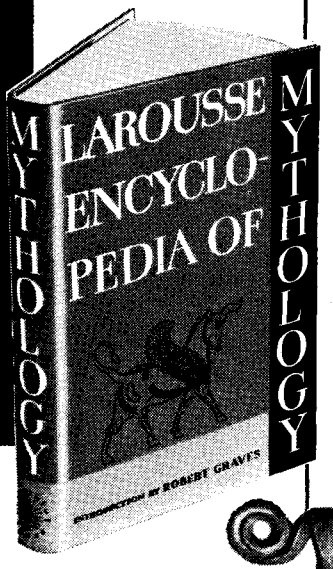

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TRADE Winds

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD. Every morning Lois Shevack emerges from the subway station at Lexington Avenue and 53rd Street in New York and wends her way up the avenue and over to her office on Park Avenue. She always passes an old brownstone which for a long time was the home of Cardinal Spellman's Servicemen's Club.

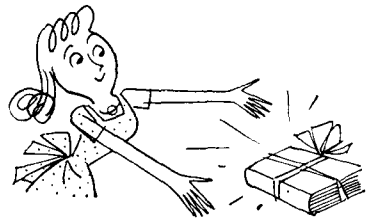
One morning last winter Miss Shevack looked up and saw that the building was vacant. She wondered about it for a while and then one day she found big red, white, and blue signs posted on the front of the edifice: NEW YORK DRAFT STEVENSON HEADQUARTERS.

"This," she informs me, "remained a bit longer than was humorous after the conventions."

Eventually the colorful signs were removed except for the last word, leaving a patriotic HEADQUARTERS standing forth. Miss Shevack knew full well what had happened to the Stevenson movement, but she wondered what would be the fate of the brownstone.

She soon found out. She walked past one morning to see a new, freshly painted red, white, and blue declaration: NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CLUB (yes, you guessed it) HEADQUARTERS.

WHEN I SAID Ralph Martin is a very prolific writer and that his wife is expecting, I merely meant that she was



looking forward with assurance to his forthcoming book on Wall Street. How come forty-four of Mrs. Martin's neighbors, friends, and relatives telephoned her after reading my remarks?

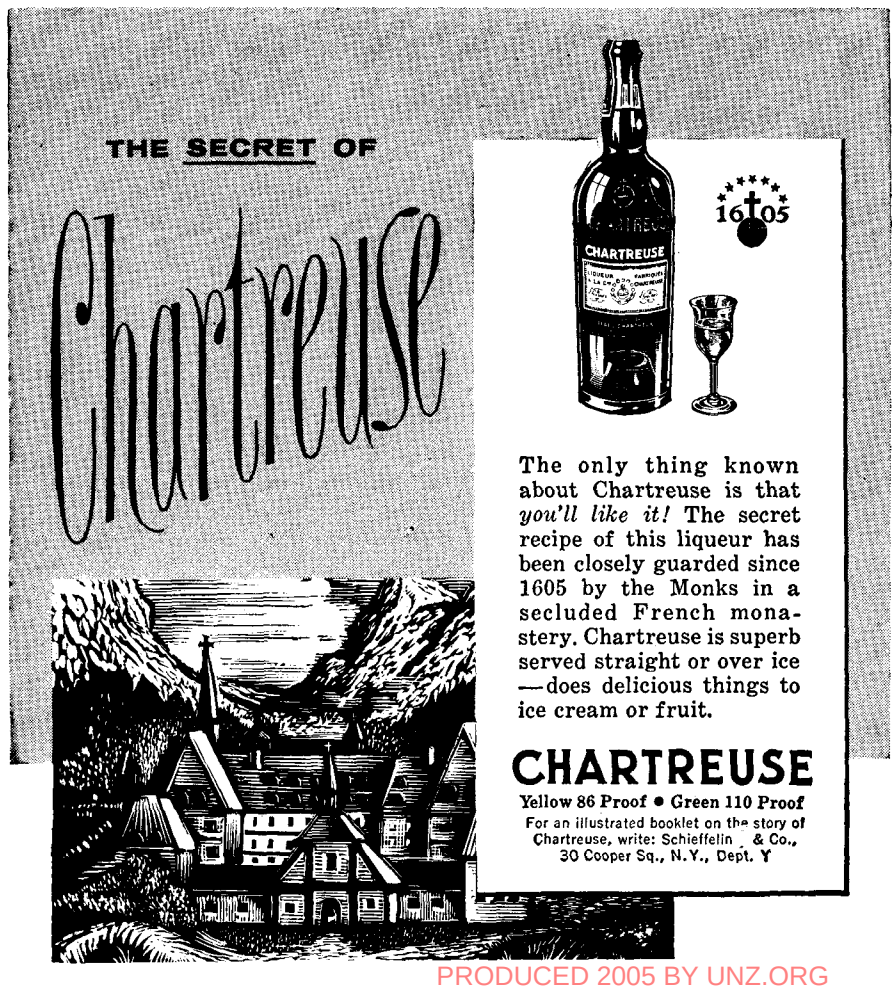
Martin is represented by eight articles in "The Stars and Stripes' Story of World War II," which McKay is now publishing. He wrote them as a correspondent during the war, and they are included in the anthology edited by Bob Meyer, Jr. There are 250 stories, editorials, gags, letters to the editor, think pieces, and so forth taken from issues of "The Stars and Stripes" published between April, 1942, and September, 1945. The book comes out December 7 and sounds like a marvelously nostalgic collection.

Mrs. Martin is expecting to enjoy it immensely.

IN HIS REMINISCENCES, "Total Recoil" (Doubleday), Kyle Crichton tells a story about Max Wilkinson, now a literary agent in New York. Once Max was assistant fiction editor of *Collier's*, specializing in making contacts with authors. He traveled widely, met everyone of importance in the literary field, and brought authors of great value into the magazine's fold.

But there was a fly in the ointment and it irked Max badly: his name was not on the masthead of the magazine. How could writers take him seriously if his name was not mentioned in *Collier's*? He pestered the editors so persistently that they finally gave in. The name of Max Wilkinson went on.

Three days later a deputy sheriff turned up at the office with a judgment against Max for back rent in the Village. The landlord had been hunting him for seven years and finally located him from the masthead. The amount was $318.40.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A BOOK ENTITLED "Always Say Maybe" (Golden Press) has been written by Sandra Gould. It gives semi-tongue-in-cheek but mighty practical advice to young, modern girls on the subject of men. Well, frankly, it tells them how to get themselves married, and to the right fellow, too.

Sandy Gould is an expert at this sort of thing. For instance, it is reported that she gave a girl-friend of hers a demonstration of how properly to engage in conversation a nice but strange man who was sitting close by. Sandy caught the eye of the unsuspecting fellow and asked:

"Pardon me, are you sitting on my Hershey Bar?"

The friend reports that within ten minutes they knew the man's life history, and that he had bought Miss Gould another Hershey Bar. (Hers had fallen on the floor, incidentally; the man was not sitting on it.)

THIS IS TO REMIND you that it still isn't decided. You forgot about the Electoral College, didn't you? It is still the official body that elects the President and Vice President of the United States. When you cast a ballot for a Presidential candidate, you chose a slate of electors pledged to vote for that man.

They will meet in their state capitals

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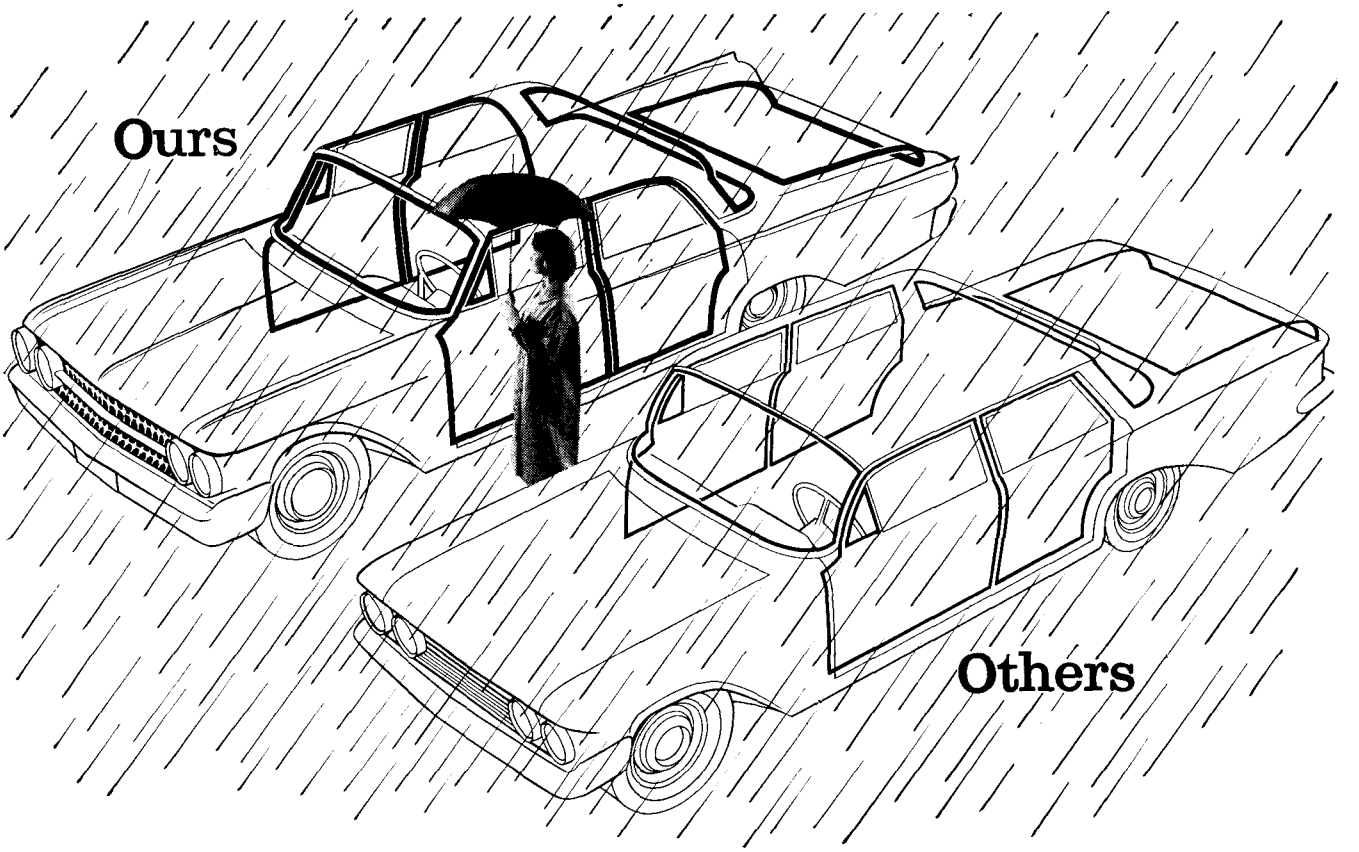

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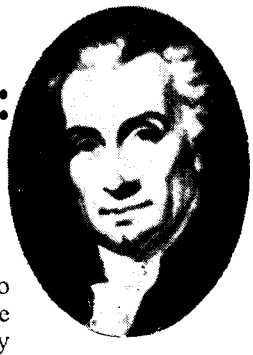


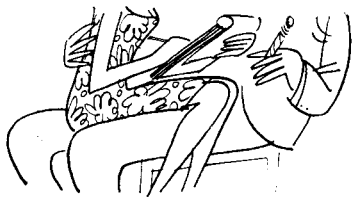
In the first full account of President Monroe's attempts to secure large sums of money from the U. S. Congress, the author tells a lively story that will be as unexpected to many readers as it is entertaining. *Illustrations, notes.* $4.00

the first Monday after the second Wednesday in December and cast their votes. They can vote for *anyone*. It's true, they are morally bound to vote for their party's candidate, but they don't have to. In 1956 an Alabama Democratic elector didn't vote for Adlai Stevenson. It's happened five times before, too. Of course, usually every man is loyal. In fact, in 1872 candidate Horace Greeley died after election day and before the Electoral College convened. Three Georgia electors nevertheless voted for the dead man.

Well, I don't want to start anything. I'm sure everything will work out as planned. But let's just wait until December 19 before we settle those bets.

FROM TIPTON, IOWA, Jan Thee reports she found a classified ad in the paper: "Wanted—young man to run hardware store out of town." She also saw a story in *Management Methods* magazine entitled:

"How to Hire, Handle and Hold Your Secretary."



NATIONALIST CHINA, Australia, Israel, and the United States have come up with young girls who, having written novels about love, have been tagged as an "answer to Françoise Sagan." Now Canada has done it too. And Marie-Claire Blais is a fine answer, for she wrote "Mad Shadows" (Little, Brown) in two weeks when she was a mere nineteen years of age.

Her book was a tremendous success in Quebec, causing them to call her a genius. Marie-Claire writes in French, of course, for she knows no English. Whether "Mad Shadows" is decadent, hopeful, or pessimistic I cannot decide. I *have* decided that it's a shocker and that I didn't understand it.

Marie-Claire is now the most promising writer in Canada, the daughter of an electrician and the eldest of five children. She has left home, where they had to put up with her writing for ten years. She has done plays, poems, stories, books, and a new novel will soon be published in French.

As for that Sagan bit, Marie-Claire told me, "It's about time people had more originality in comparisons."

One can say that again.

OUR OCTOBER 1 review of "The Heritage of Man," by Goldwin Smith, says that the author "tried to show the generations standing on each other's

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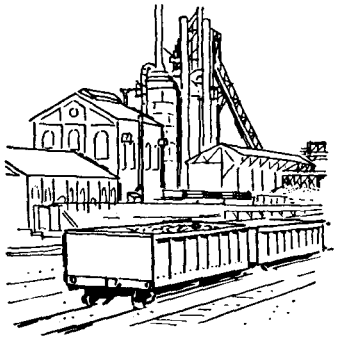

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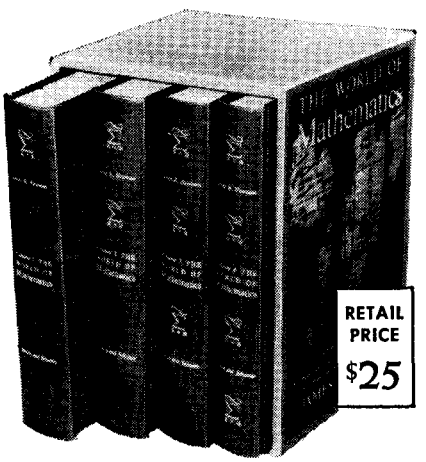

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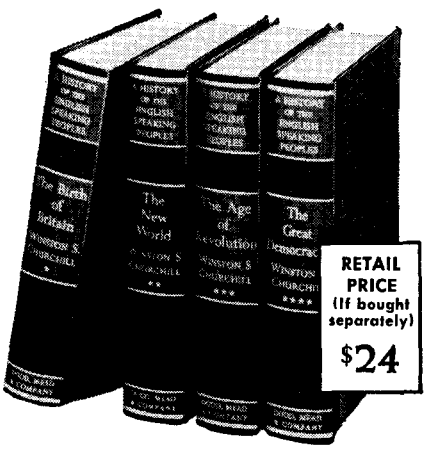

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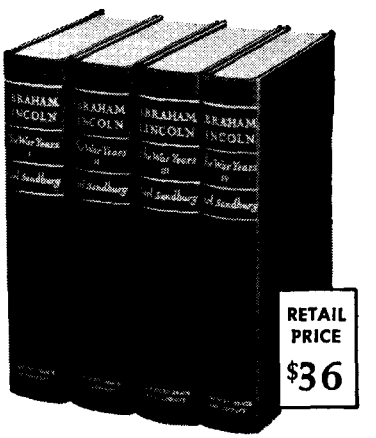

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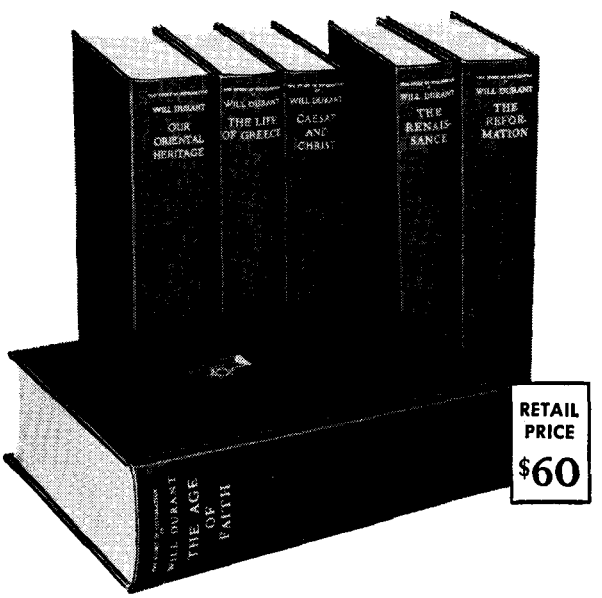

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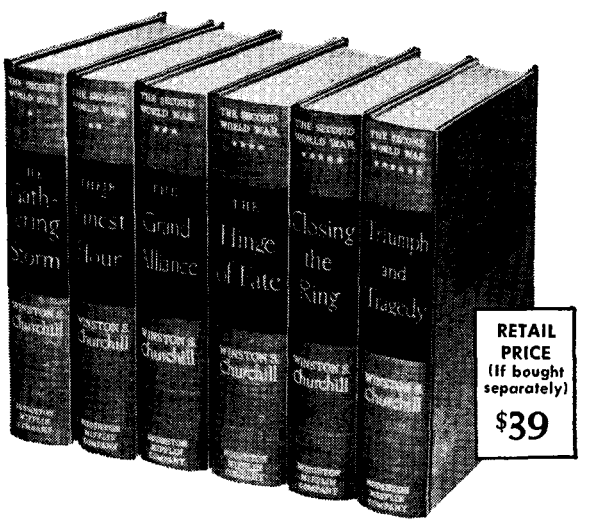

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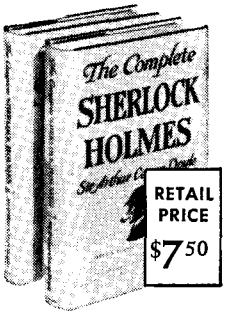

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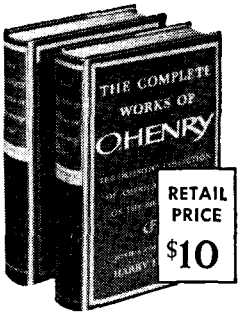

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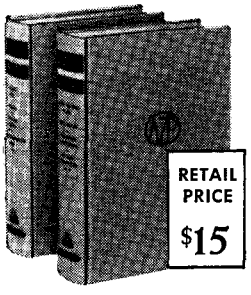

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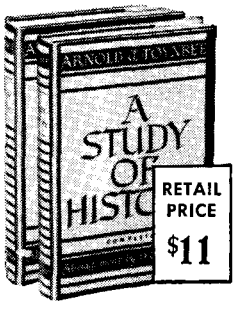

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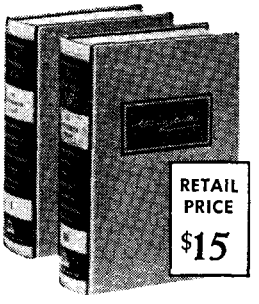

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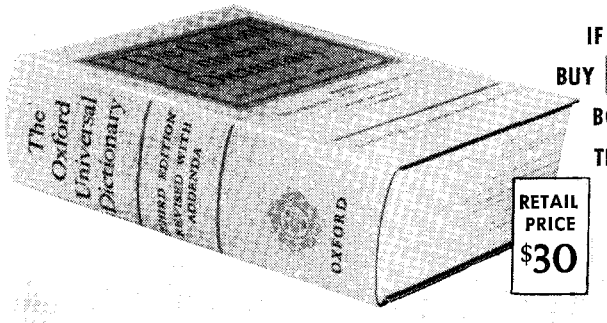

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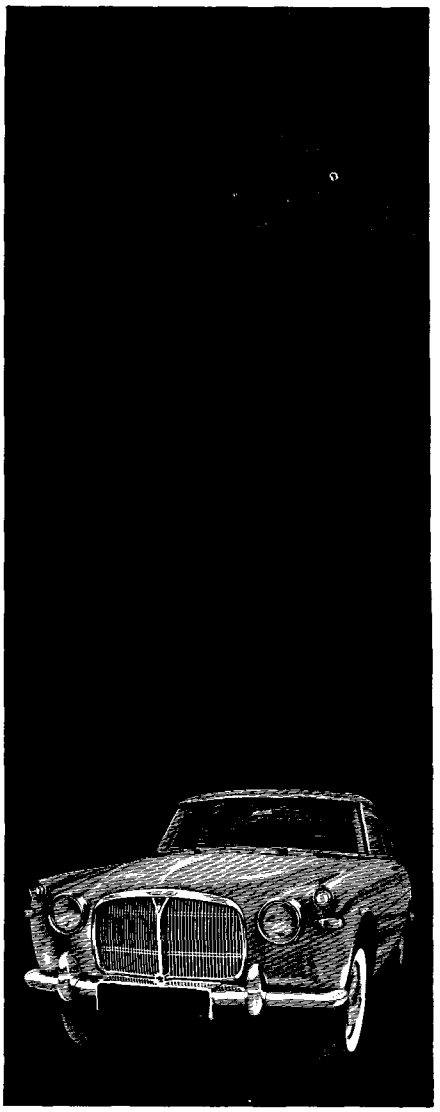

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shoulders in their difficult progress to a problematic end."

Delight Ansley must have tried it. "One generation may stand on the shoulders of another," she reports, "but if two or more generations try to stand on each other's shoulders the result is not problematic in the least. They will fall flat on their posterity."

WITHOUT A DROP of Irish blood in her veins, Barbara Walker has nonetheless become enamored of Ireland, causing her to have made at least five visits there. She tells me two stories to show why she feels that way.

1. Driving a rented car, she crossed over into Ulster, where a lonely, garrulous official examined her papers slowly and then asked to see her driver's license. Mrs. Walker glanced in her purse, and thought she'd probably left it in Dublin. She started rummaging nervously in a large pocketbook. The official watched and finally said:

"Relax, lady. But if you didn't have it with you, I'd have to ask to see it."

2. On a visit to the national stud farm in County Kildare, Mrs. Walker realized it was near closing hour. She rushed up to the gate and breathlessly asked the groom if there was still time to see the farm and take some photographs.

"Oh, sure," he replied amiably. "You've got plenty of time. But you'll have to hurry or you'll be late."

THAT LETTER Ben Franklin wrote to his friend and publisher in London, but never sent him, is in the Library of Congress collection (see TRADE WINDS, Sept. 17). David C. Mearns, chief of the manuscript division, recalls for me the incredible history of the rebuke to

William Strahan, which Franklin penned angrily after the Battle of Bunker Hill. He writes:

"Franklin's grandson inherited the Franklin papers and took them to London to use in an edition of his grandfather's writings. Some time after the grandson's death, a remnant of the papers he had taken to Europe was found in a London tailor's shop, where pieces were being cut to make patterns."

Fortunately, someone bought what was left of Franklin's original papers, including the Strahan letter, and they are now in the Library. No one knows whether Strahan ever knew of the un-

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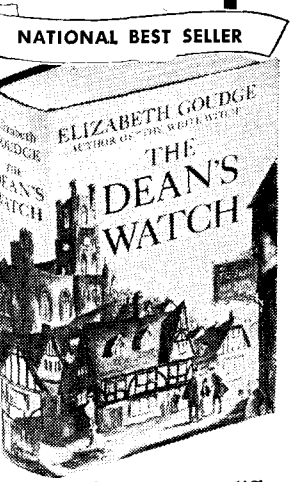

IN THIS novel of two very different men in an English cathedral town, Miss Goudge returns to the scene and period of *A City of Bells*—and surpasses the warmth, tenderness, and beauty of even that unforgettable book. *Line drawings by A. R. Whitear. Jacket by A. Orbaan. A beautiful gift book!*

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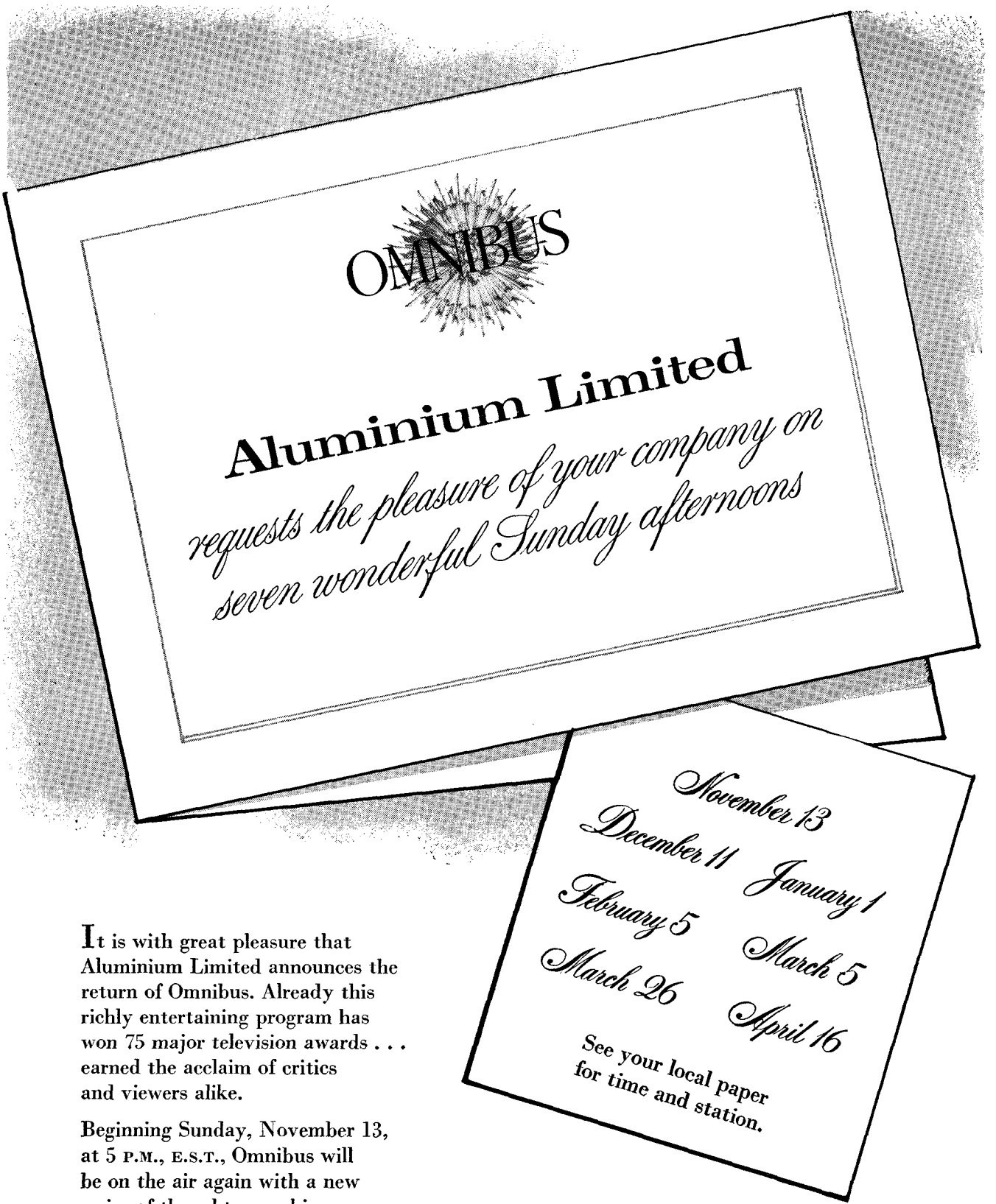

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sent message, in which Franklin declared that his friend was now his enemy.

ONCE AGAIN Professor Richard Armour has played fast and loose with some of our sacred cows. In "The Classics Reclassified" (McGraw-Hill) he has given us a mighty new and humorous view of oldies from Homer to "David Copperfield."

What can you do with a guy whose exam questions on "The Iliad" are these, for example:

1. Achilles, we are told, sulked in his tent. Wasn't this at least better for the morale of his troops than doing it outside?

2. Which do you think is the chief advantage of being a god: *a.* Being able to take on any shape, especially as you get older? *b.* Looking down on mortals?

3. Thetis is called "the silver-footed." In view of the fact that she was always running around without sandals, could this be a misprint for "the sliver-footed"?

4. How did Dawn get rosy fingers?

5. List the differences if Helen had been carried off to Paris instead of by Paris.

MEMORIES OF HIS childhood in the Cotswolds are told in "The Edge of Day" (Morrow), by the English poet Laurie Lee. In England it became one of the biggest sellers of recent years, and in this country it has done extremely well. It's an enchanting story which combines charm, mystery, love, and frankness.

And that's the type of fellow Laurie Lee is. Maybe a little too frank, for he found that some of the characters he put in his book were a bit insulted by what was said. Lee tells me:

"The slogan was, 'Let's see if we can get Laurie for libel.' Fortunately all my uncles forgave me. One girl didn't, however. Her name was Betty and I had said she would strip in church for a wine gum, a wine gum being a bit of candy. She went to a lawyer with her libel case, and he asked her for £100 in advance. She gave up."

After "The Edge of Day" had become a success, and had been syndi-

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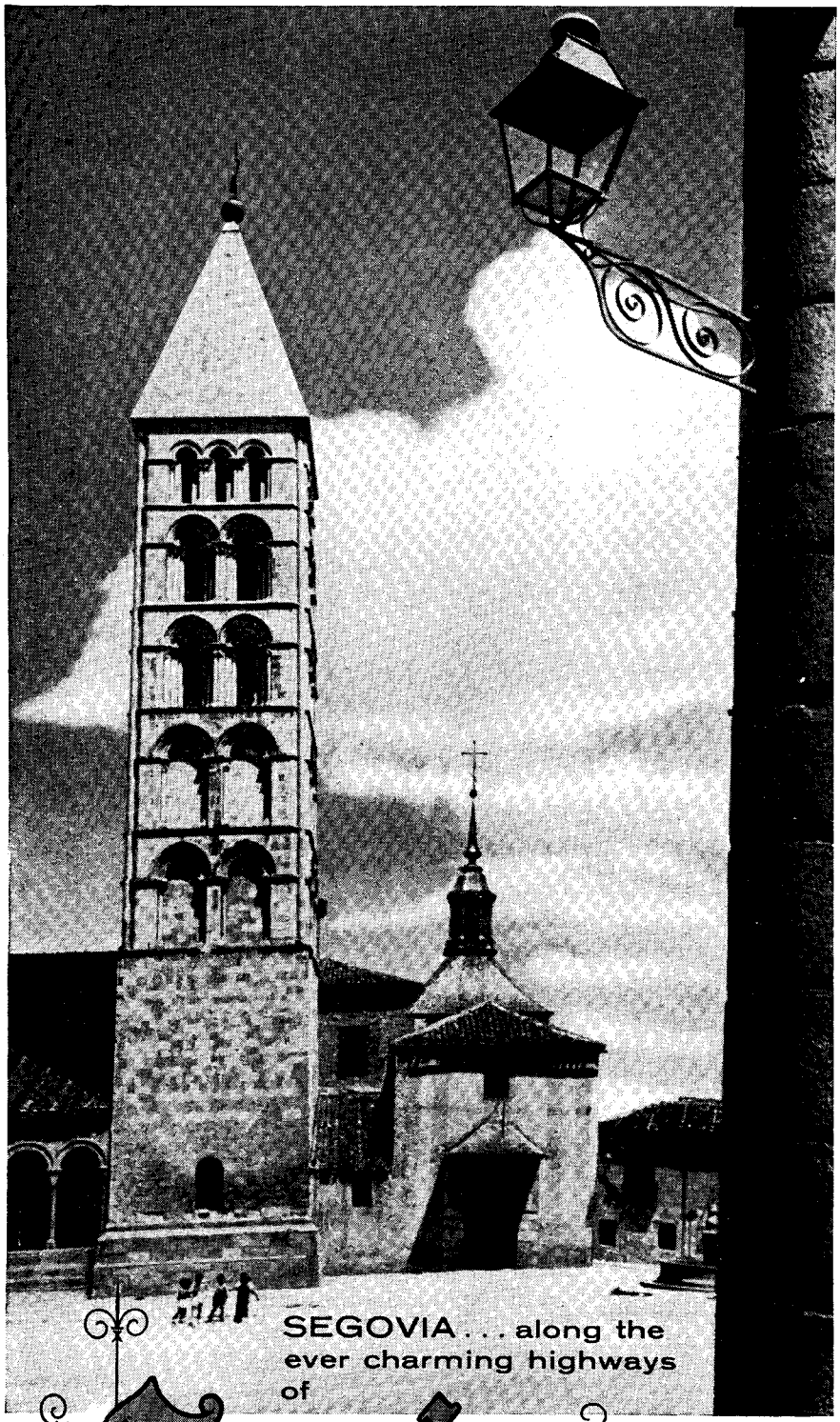
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cated for thousands of Britons to read, Laurie Lee returned to the little village of Stroud, where he is somewhat of a local celebrity. He ran into Betty in the fish-and-chips place where she works, and she told him of her trip to the lawyer. Lee apologized and promised that in the next edition of the book, the remarks about Betty would be removed.

"Oh," she cried, "You don't have to do that! You don't have to do that!"

IDDZIES: Wayne C. Bosworth says that, judging from the results, the sign on the city trash baskets in Edinburgh is not only understood but effective. It reads: THE AMENITY OF OUR STREETS IS RECOMMENDED TO YOUR CARE.

► Harriet McKissock came back from a trip to India singing their popular love song, "Whose Sari Now?"

► Knox Burger was urging Norman Podhoretz to get "The Sirens of Titan," by Kurt Vonnegut. Finally Podhoretz gave in, saying, "Okay, okay. I'll buy it but I won't read it."

► Toby Kramer says that Vance Packard is the modern-day statustician.

► A party of tourists was being conducted on a trip through a huge fish cannery in Louisiana. The guide pointed to one big tank and explained that it was used to rinse the lobsters to keep them from having sandy claws.

"Don't be crazy," a kid piped up. "There ain't no sandy claws!"

► When Liz Taylor kills herself in "Butterfield 8," can it be called O'Hara-kiri?

► According to his badge, the official title of the elevator starter at 488 Madison Avenue is "Floor Director."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1389)

MARGARET F. THORP:
NEILSON OF SMITH

(Letter dated Dec. 15, 1914)

The battle at the Falklands the Germans feel pretty badly, but console themselves by supposing that the enemy was eight to one. They have, of course, absolutely no evidence for this. If Whistler were alive, he would have to withdraw his book on "The Decay of Lying."

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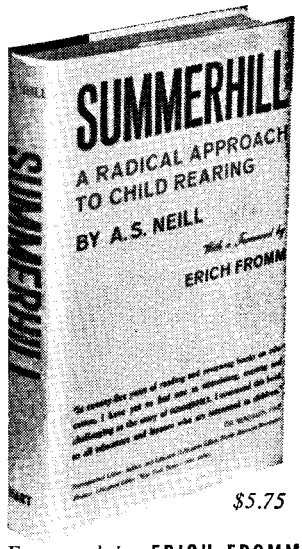
IF YOU HAVE A CHILD—

this is the most important book you will ever read!



$5.75

Foreword by **ERICH FROMM**

THE UNIQUE book described on this page may alter your entire life and affect forever the happiness of yourself and your children. When you read SUMMERHILL: *A Radical Approach to Child Rearing,* you may get the shock of your life — for this meaningful book will challenge your most cherished beliefs about how to bring up a child!

Here is the fascinating story of Summerhill, a school in England which has been in operation for forty years—perhaps the most revolutionary school in the world — *a school where children don't even attend classes unless they want to!* Yet this school produces youngsters whose academic achievement is high, and whose emotional stability is unparalleled!

A. S. Neill, Summerhill's headmaster, bluntly declares that most parents make a mess of the job of raising children. What's more, he says, our accepted ways of discipline — our traditional ideas about respect — our taken-for-granted notions about how to teach morals — are positively evil. As a result, we often produce children who are a trial to their parents, a trial to their teachers and even a trial to themselves—and who in later life throng the offices of psychiatrists.

Every parent knows the child who whines, who resentfully breaks things, who nags, who becomes painfully bored, and who has overpowering spells of unhappiness. As a parent, you are often at a loss to know whether you're too easy with your child or too hard. In despair, you wonder what is wrong with the way you handle him. Perhaps you seek counsel; but despite the talk, despite the worry, you seldom find the answer which yields an effective change.

A better way . . .

Is there a better way to rear and educate children? Yes, says Mr. Neill, the way it's done at Summerhill! Here is a school which turns out genuinely contented and productive youngsters. These boys and girls do *not* make the impossible demands on their parents that other children do. Brought up in an atmosphere of love and approval — without adult pressure — Summerhill's *self*-disciplined children grow up to be a joy to their parents and a lasting joy to themselves.

Don't misunderstand. Neill does not advocate that we permit our children to run all over us. He is positively wrathful against parents who permit children to rule the roost, to wantonly interrupt adult conversation, to stalk into the living room and turn on the television set regardless of whether that annoys others present. He doesn't believe that we should coddle our children so that they dominate their parents and others around them.

He is, however, a firm believer in freedom for the child — *freedom without license* — and makes no bones about the unconscious tyranny of parents, which most of us are woefully unaware of.

Summerhill's meaning for you . . .

This book may well make you angry, but it will also make you *think.* It will smash many of your established beliefs about child rearing, but it will replace them with positive, constructive ideas. SUMMERHILL will demand of you a searching re-examination of your role as parent, but it will reward you with new insights.

Above all, this penetrating book will help you forge enduring bonds of love between you and your child. Respect will follow — *real* respect — not veneer respect — not the obedience which comes from fear. SUMMERHILL will help you eliminate those harrowing parent-child conflicts, with all the heartaches they cause. And this great book will help you make your home a happy, serene place for raising children who will, one day, be truly free and mature adults.

Not in many years has any book won such enthusiastic acclaim from educators and professionals.

***Here is what some leading educators and authors say about* SUMMERHILL:**

BENJAMIN FINE *(Education Editor, North Amer. Newspaper Alliance; formerly Education Editor, The New York Times; Pulitzer Prize-winning author)*

"In 25 years of reading and reviewing books on education, I have yet to find one as stimulating, exciting and challenging as the story of SUMMERHILL. Every one of its pages is filled with delightful warmth and encouragement."

ASHLEY MONTAGU *(Anthropologist and Social Biologist; author and educator)*

"Anyone who is in any way concerned with the education of children should make this book required reading."

STUART CHASE *(Author of numerous books and articles on economic and social affairs)*

"The book will, I think, stir up an argument in any intelligent family interested in education, and I hope it is widely read."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES *(Pastor Emeritus, Community Church of N.Y.; Chairman of the Board, American Civil Liberties Union)*

"His is a great experiment, and I believe in experiments."

DWIGHT MACDONALD *(Staff Editor for The New Yorker Magazine)*

"One reads it with the irritation, excitement, and finally sympathy, that any original idea always provokes. The trouble is that one can't help thinking that Mr. Neill is right."

HENRY MILLER *(Author of "Tropic of Cancer," "The Cosmological Eye," and numerous other books)*

"I know of no educator in the Western world who can compare with A. S. Neill. It seems to me that he stands alone. SUMMERHILL is a tiny ray of light in a world of darkness. Its aim is to create happy, contented people, not cultural misfits dedicated to war, insanity and canned knowledge."

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A. S. NEILL. ***headmaster of Summerhill, speaks on parents, children, and the education of both. Here are a few passages from the text of*** **SUMMERHILL:**

"If your child lies, either he is afraid of you or he is copying you. Lying parents will have lying children. If you want the truth from him, do not lie to him."

"A cynical or a spiteful parental tongue can do untold damage to a child. We all know fathers who sneer at their sons. *Butterfingers, you can't do a thing without bungling it.* Such men likewise show their hatred of their wives by constant criticism. And there are wives who rule husbands and children through brow-beating and streams of abuse."

"Girls who were spanked by their mothers grow into spankers themselves. An excellent illustration is the game in which children play school. Teacher whacks all the time."

"The future of Summerhill itself may be of little import. But the future of the Summerhill idea is of the greatest importance to humanity. New generations must be given the chance to grow in freedom. The bestowal of freedom is the bestowal of love. And only love can save the world."

Parents and parents-to-be, teachers, guidance counselors and social workers—all who are concerned with this generation and succeeding ones will be rewarded by reading SUMMERHILL. *For one of the most fascinating reading experiences of your life, obtain a copy now from your bookseller, or use the coupon below.*

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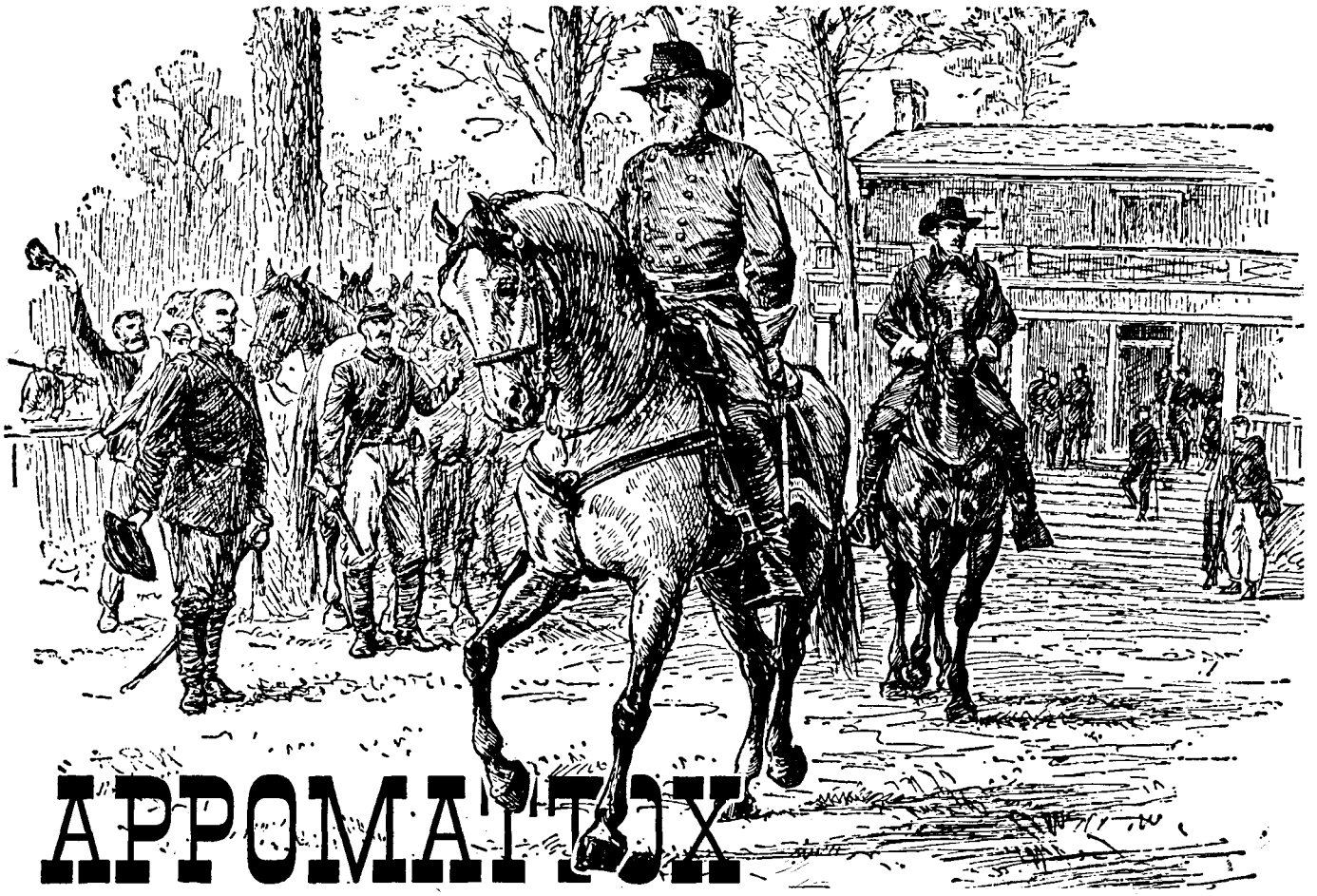

APPOMATTOX

LEE ON "TRAVELLER" BEFORE McLEAN HOUSE, APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA. FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.

Grant and Lee make peace with honor

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in — to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and among all nations."

A. Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

When you stand before the McLean House at Appomattox, you see this Virginia hamlet almost exactly as it was on April 9, 1865. And that is well, *for perhaps no place in America is so important to remember.*

In this house, U. S. Grant and Robert E. Lee shook hands and ended that war, which, in its conduct and its ending, best reveals the unique American character. Our Civil War was fought over principles; North and South, we fought hard for those principles. *We made no turning back, no compromise.* We endured hardship, privation, even disaster, but we ended it with honor.

Famous names whisper at Appomattox Court House: Sheridan, Longstreet, Meade, Jackson. Awesome battles tug at your memory: Antietam, Chickamauga, Manassas, Shiloh.

But more to be remembered are the men: The Downeasters of the 20th Maine who held the Round Tops . . . A. P. Hill's lean veterans with their swinging route step . . . The Iron Brigade with the black slouch hats . . . Hood's fierce Texans, tenderly folding their heart-holding battleflags. They had fought as enemies. Now they shared their meagre rations, and their country's future, as brothers.

It is good to come to this National Historical Park where our differences were settled, and to ponder our history since that time. *Our nation now leads the world. Its ideals, painfully seen by the light of battlefield campfires a hundred years ago, are goals for mankind everywhere.*

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Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 12, 1960

TWO CHEERS FOR THE PRESS

By T. S. MATTHEWS

WE HAVEN'T even got a decent word for it. We call it "communication." What we mean by that pompous Latinism is something so simple and difficult that we can never manage to put it in simple words. We mean something like "making ourselves understood by other people, and vice versa." And for some reason we think we can best accomplish that understanding by using words. We persevere in this absurd hope in spite of all our shattering experience to the contrary. The recent weeks at the United Nations have shown us some fearful and wonderful examples of so-called communication. In those wordy sessions, who really communicated with whom, and what was communicated? And if, occasionally, mind did indeed bump into mind, was it *words* that did it—or something else?

I think it was Louis Armstrong who said, "You can say what you like on the slide trombone, but you gotta be careful with words." And of course we're not careful most of the time, we don't think before we speak; what a politic world it would be if we did! Even if we were always as cautious and contingency-minded as lawyers, we'd still be taking a big chance of being misunderstood or of not being understood at all. As it is, we usually succeed in getting the gist of what the other fellow is trying to say, or trying to conceal; we understand one another approximately. And people who know each other well can sometimes communicate as directly as animals seem to.

When it comes to the written word, we have higher hopes. Writing slows us down and makes us more grammatical, more lawyerlike. It's a matter of faith with us that human beings actually communicate best by the written word. We allow poetry the highest rank in writing, but for our own workaday purposes we call journalism the art of communication.

Journalism used to be considered a form of writing. It differed from other forms partly in its lower quality (although some journalism has become classic literature) but mostly in its subject matter (topical) and its audience (as large as possible). Now, in our own day, journalism has exploded far beyond the limits of the written word. It is no longer possible to consider journalism only as a form of writing: it now includes television, radio, motion pictures—and, I think, advertising as well.

AS FAR as I know, the last time anyone took a good long look at the press in America was in 1947. That was when the Hutchins Commission published the results of a four-year study, "A Free and Responsible Press." Robert M. Hutchins, then Chancellor of the University of Chicago, and his fellow commissioners first had to define the press they were talking about. They decided that "the press" should include all the means of mass communication: newspapers, magazines, radio, motion pictures—even books. TV had not yet come out of its cradle, or of course it would have been added. Only advertising was not admitted.

But the press itself doesn't agree on its own limits. The newspapers and magazines regard themselves as the only true, legitimate press, and would like to exclude TV and radio—not to mention the movies and books. The newspapers can no longer deny the effective presence of the news-weeklies, but they still tend to look down their noses at all magazines as upstarts. And the big magazines claim that their national circulation and broader view entitle them to be the real leaders of the press and its true spokesmen. Advertising makes the whole shooting

T. S. Matthews

NEW EDITOR-AT-LARGE: Few men have had an opportunity to survey the frenetic, many-sided world of contemporary journalism longer or at closer range than T. S. Matthews. For thirty-five years he has viewed his craft from a variety of vantage points, from a job as fledgling proofreader to the editorship of *Time*, and has earned a reputation as one of its most ardent champions and vehement critics. With this issue, Mr. Matthews joins *SR* as an editor-at-large.

Mr. Matthews started his career in journalism in 1925 when, just out of Princeton and Oxford, he joined *The New Republic* as proofreader and makeup man. He later became the magazine's book reviewer and finally an associate editor. In 1929 Mr. Matthews left *The New Republic* for *Time*, which had been founded only six years before, and worked there as a writer, as managing editor, and, from 1949 to 1953, as editor.

Since leaving *Time* seven years ago, Mr. Matthews has written two books, "The Sugar Pill," a study of journalism today, and "Name and Address," an autobiography. He is now at work on a book based on extensive travels through America. The accompanying article, his first as editor-at-large, leads off this month's Communications Supplement. The section continues on page 109.

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match pay (except possibly books, small potatoes that have to sell themselves), but none of the other members of the press club is quite ready to admit advertising as a respectable branch of journalism.

The newspaper and magazine world didn't take much notice of the Hutchins report, but it didn't like it. The press hates criticism, especially from outsiders. The newspapers and magazines not only resented being lumped together with such embarrassing by-blows as radio and the movies, but they also didn't like the tone of the report, which they thought unsympathetic, academic, and "abstract." That was odd, because although the Hutchins Commission did strain at various gnats, it swallowed the camel whole. The Commission found fault with the press's performance but didn't hesitate to accept the press at its own valuation as a vital public necessity.

THE general public, meaning the rest of us, paid even less attention to the Hutchins report than the press did, and went right on thinking of "the press" as newspapers, or newspapers and magazines. And we also continued to accept as a fact what the press has never tired of telling us: that it's "essential to the operation of the economy and to the government of the Republic," that its whole interest is to inform and enlighten us, the people, and that there's nothing up its sleeve but its good right arm.

As Gertrude Stein once remarked: do you think we believe it? Well, sort of. We do occasionally notice the growing hoarseness with which the press keeps barking its claim, almost as if it were having a hard time speaking its piece with a straight face. And we may have noted how newspapers have become more like magazines, and magazines more like the feature sections of newspapers. We can see a reason for that. The way things are nowadays, with all this competition, the rising costs of materials and labor, even if all you really want to do is inform and enlighten, you've first got to survive, haven't you? In a competitive economy like ours you have to be commercially successful. And that means you've got to attract customers and then hold their attention, which in turn means you must interest them—yes, sometimes even entertain them. Sure, sure, we understand all that.

But we sometimes wish the press wouldn't protest its single-mindedness quite so much. Those boys are in business, aren't they? Like everybody else. And the purpose of being in business is to stay in business, isn't it? Then why is the press so touchy about being recognized as a business? Nevertheless, even the press tycoons don't like to be considered as primarily businessmen—unless they're talking confidentially or inspirationally to other businessmen—and they particularly don't like to be thought part of the *entertainment* business. That suggestion, or even a hint of it, flicks them on the raw.

And no wonder. For if the charge is true, or even halfway true, what becomes of the distinction between them and the frankly commercial elements of the entertainment trade: TV, radio, and the movies? (I still think advertising should be included; if it's not both entertaining and commercial, what is?) The newspaper-and-magazine press would be embarrassed to acknowledge any kinship between itself and these flibbertigibbet auxiliaries. But it would be more than embarrassing, the jig would really be up, if the press were to admit that its charter to inform the public had become a license to entertain it.

THE most popular, and therefore the most widely influential, sections of the American press—TV, radio, advertising, and the movies—are primarily commercial, and they make no bones about it. Furthermore, they are not simply a part of the entertainment business; in effect they *are* the entertainment business. Their aim is to attract, hold, and influence as large an audience as they can, in order to sell more of the products they advertise. In a feebler, shoddier, and less successful way, the majority of the printed press follows in their train.

But why talk about the majority? Let's look at the best representatives of the press, not the worst. Alas, dear readers of *Saturday Review*, in a democracy the New York *Daily News* counts for more than *The New York Times*. As good Americans we should not even permit ourselves that "alas," and always remember that God must have loved *Daily News* readers, he made so many of them. We can count the first-rate newspapers of the United States on the fingers of one hand, and often do, because it comforts us. We like to remind ourselves that part of our press is respectable, comparable with the best in other countries, and comes at least within shooting distance of being what it claims to be: a steady source of information and partial enlightenment, a watchdog of public manners and morals, a civilizing influence.

But these newspapers, and the few magazines that are in the same camp, make up only a tiny fraction of even the printed press in America. The vast majority of Americans pay no attention to this "quality" press—indeed are hardly aware of its existence—and depend for their "information" and "enlightenment" on third-rate regional papers, fourth-rate magazines, radio and TV. Personally, I agree with the big corporations that it's the ads Americans really like most and that have most effect on them. And nine-tenths of the fiction we read and the movies we go to are a kind of reassuring ad. To believe in the pre-eminence of the "quality" press, that minuscule minority of the whole, we have to suppose that it exerts an influence out of all proportion to its size. This seems to me a mystical belief, founded on faith unsupported by reason or fact, and running counter to the equally mystical faith that the voice of the people, if you listen to it hard enough and patiently enough, is the voice of God, or a pretty fair echo of it.

Mystical or not, irreconcilable or not, a lot of people manage to cling to this dual faith in the automatic excellence of democracy and in the power of the press—by which they mean, or try to mean, the power of the responsible, high-minded press. Let's hope they are right. Anyway, it's a point of view. And perhaps, to quote Gertrude Stein again, "It is that or bust. We cannot bust." On the other hand, maybe we can: things are busting out all over.

In the last fifty years journalism has expanded into unexpected and still largely unacknowledged new forms and fields; but "the press" itself has shrunk. We have a thousand fewer newspapers

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in the United States than we had in 1910. Now it's chains, mergers, one-paper towns, syndicated "boiler plate." Local newspapers still exist (long live the *Barrytown Explorer*! but the tendency of the successful is to become regional; and the over-all color of the popular press has changed from yellow to gray.

This press, which now includes—whether we like it or not—TV, radio, the movies, and most of our books, is the press that counts in America today. How can we say it doesn't count, when most of us read it, listen to it, or look at it—and read, listen to, or look at nothing else? By contrast with this popular journalism, the serious press stands out like a small sore thumb. And in the rough-and-tumble of our day, it's about as effective. Nevertheless, it does feel itself responsible to the public, it does try to print accurate and adequate information about what's going on in the world; and though fashion and competition have forced it too to include some genteel fun and games, it plays them down and is rather ashamed of them. It's pretty solemn about being serious. I'm thinking now of a paper like *The New York Times*, which carries seriousness to the point of self-consciousness—and if you don't think there are fun and games even in the *Times*, better have another look.

But is journalism, as a whole, serious? Does it really practise the art of communication as it should be practised? My heretical answer to both these questions is no. Journalism in America is certainly a serious business, and is practised with intense seriousness—just as intensely in the tabloids and the soap operas as in the most informed Washington comment, the most thoughtful editorial. Any professional journalist will tell you that. As a business or as a "game," its practitioners work at it hard, to the best of their ability. And in its way and according to its lights, journalism does communicate; it does tell the public what's going on in the nation, and even gives glimpses of the larger world. But it doesn't do this job in anything like the way or to anywhere near the extent it pretends to. It's much more of a reflector than a searchlight.

Ask a newspaper reader why he reads a newspaper. He'll probably look at you and say, "*Why*? You crazy or something? I just read the paper, see? Like everybody. I read the paper to see what's going on." But of course he doesn't. He reads bits of it. He reads the headlines that catch his eye, and sometimes the lead paragraph, or part of it, underneath. Most of the paper bores him, so he keeps turning the pages till he finds something that doesn't: baseball or the stock market or a favorite comic strip. The press's solemn description of this daily page-turning is "keeping the public informed."

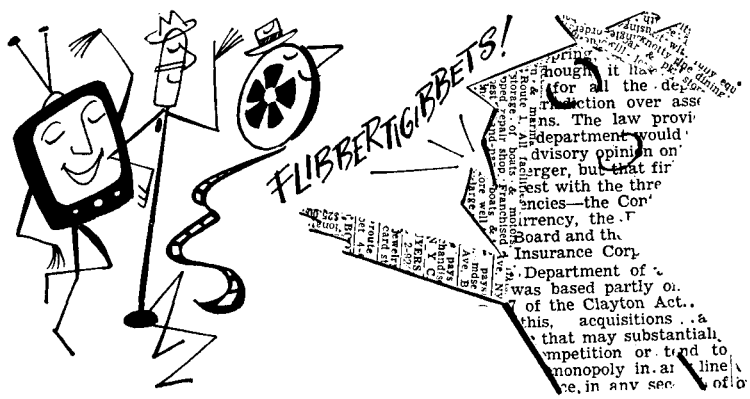
The most serious journalist I ever knew wasn't by rights a journalist at all: he was a poet who got caught in the machinery. His name was James Agee, and he died young. He wrote reams of journalism, a lot of which was suppressed or edited out, for *Fortune*, *Time*, *Life*, and Hollywood, and a few good books of his own. When his stuff was suppressed it was because it wasn't usable, it wasn't journalism. It was too serious an attempt at serious communication. The result of one of his failed assignments for *Fortune* will I think outlast the magazine, and perhaps preserve its memory.

IN THE summer of 1936 Agee and a friend, Walker Evans, the photographer, were sent by *Fortune* to report on living conditions among Southern sharecroppers. After several intensive months they came back with a pile of mercilessly sharp, painfully true, and damningly eloquent photographs by Evans and scores of thousands of agonized and most unjournalistic words by Agee. This report was a problem to the editors of *Fortune*, who pored over it, turned it this way and that, and finally, completely flummoxed, handed it back to its authors as unusable. Eventually it found its way into print as a book called "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men."

Now, twenty years later, the book has been reissued by Houghton Mifflin. Hardly by popular demand, for few copies were sold when it first appeared; but the book is monumental, and over the years its posthumous reputation has grown, with Agee's. You don't have to read very much of the book to see why the editors of *Fortune* fought shy of it. You can also see what a drastic commentary it is on journalism at its most "serious." Here is an introductory passage in which Agee speaks his mind on the art of communication as professional journalism practises it:

> It seems to me curious, not to say obscene and thoroughly terrifying, that it could occur to an association of human beings drawn together through need and chance and for profit into a company, an organ of journalism, to pry intimately into the lives of an undefended and appallingly damaged group of human beings, an ignorant and helpless rural family, for the purpose of parading the nakedness, disadvantage and humiliation of these lives before another group of human beings, in the name of science, of "honest journalism" (whatever that paradox may mean), of humanity, of social fearlessness, for money, and for a reputation for crusading and for unbias . . . and that these people could be capable of meditating this prospect without the slightest doubt of their qualification to do an "honest" piece of work, and with a conscience better than clear, and in the virtual certitude of almost unanimous public approval. It seems curious, further, that the assignment of this work should have fallen to persons having so extremely different a form of respect for the subject, and responsibility toward it, that from the first and inevitably they counted their employers, and that Government likewise to which one of them was bonded, among their most dangerous enemies, acted as spies, guardians, and cheats, and trusted no judgment, however authoritative it claimed to be, save their own: which in many aspects of the task before them was untrained and uninformed. It seems further curious that realizing the extreme corruptness and difficulty of the circumstances, and the unlikelihood of achieving in any untainted form what they wished to achieve, they accepted the work in the first place. And it seems curious still further that, with all their suspicion and contempt for every person and thing to do with the situation, save only for the tenants and for themselves, and their own intentions, and with all their realization of the seriousness and mystery of the

(*Continued on page* 118)



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Bonanza of Brief Fiction

By Granville Hicks

I HAVE been reading the *New Yorker* for a long time. It has got to be a big magazine, and I don't read the whole of it. I don't look at all the plush advertisements that clot its pages, and I don't read every line of text. But I do read the book reviews (sometimes with pain), the Washington correspondence and some other departments, and most of the short stories.

Sometimes I am told that the quality of the *New Yorker*'s short stories is declining, but I take a contrary view, and my opinion is strengthened by "**Stories from the New Yorker, 1950-1960**" (Simon & Schuster, $7.50). I find this the richest of the three collections that have been published. In particular it seems to me superior to the first collection, which appeared in 1940 and represented the magazine's first fifteen years, the years to which some people fondly look back.

Some writers appear in both volumes: John Cheever, Robert Coates, Daniel Fuchs, Nancy Hale, Oliver LaFarge, William Maxwell, and Dorothy Parker. Most of the writers in the present volume, however, have come along since 1940, and two or three of them are very young indeed. Not a few are important literary figures of the Forties and Fifties: Saul Bellow, for instance, Mary McCarthy, J. D. Salinger, Eudora Welty.

What strikes me is that some of the best stories in the collection would not have been considered seriously by the *New Yorker* editors of the Twenties and Thirties. Can we easily imagine, for example, that in its early years the magazine would have published so long and complicated and unconventional a story as J. D. Salinger's "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters"—or, for that matter, any of the other Glass family stories? In those days one would not have expected to encounter the tenderness of John Updike's "The Happiest I've Been" or the delicate charm of Elizabeth Taylor's "The Rose, the Mauve, the White" or the lyricism of Elizabeth Bishop's "In the Village."

The collection is remarkably diverse. There are artfully constructed stories such as Roger Angell's "Côte d'Azur" and Robert Henderson's "Immortality," stories in which several themes are adroitly woven together. Others are loose sketches, frankly personal. The editors say, "Narrative writers of the present generation have so often drawn upon the material of their own past that there is no longer a hard and fast line between fiction and autobiography, but we have included here autobiographical stories only where the facts are dealt with freely and imaginatively—in short, where the method used is the method of fiction, not of pure reminiscence." How elusive the distinction between fiction and fact is illustrated by Mary McCarthy's "Ask Me No Questions," which is certainly autobiography and just as certainly art.

There is great variation in tone. I have spoken of the tenderness of John Updike's story, and in "Sentimental Education" Harold Brodsky treats the same theme, young love, with the same affectionate sympathy. On the other hand, note the grimness of Penelope Mortimer's "The Parson," a highly condensed biography of a failure. Tennessee Williams is equally grim in "Three Players of a Summer Game." And Dorothy Parker, in "I Live on Your Visits," does a characteristically merciless study of a selfish woman.

More stories are serious than not, but some are funny. The funniest, I think, is Angus Wilson's "More Friend Than Lodger," in which a greedy and unprincipled but amusing young woman paints her own portrait. Roald Dahl's "The Champion of the World" has a hilarious moment when the tranquilized pheasants fly out of the baby carriage. J. F. Powers's "The Death of a Favorite" is funny in a quieter way. Philip Roth's "Defender of the Faith" is serious in its implications, but the account of Private Grossbart's wiles and stratagems is entertaining.

OTHER stories must be mentioned. Frank O'Connor opens the collection, and that is appropriate, for no one has contributed more excellent stories to the *New Yorker* in the past decade than he has. "The Man of the World" doesn't, as a matter of fact, seem to me one of his best, but he carries it off with his usual adroitness. William Maxwell, a veteran contributor but not of late a frequent one, gently calls attention to life's uncertainties in "The French Scarecrow." Saul Bellow's treatment of the young man in "A Father-to-Be" is unusual and haunting.

One of the finest stories in the book is Elizabeth Spencer's "First Dark," which creates its atmosphere and develops its situation with remarkable precision. I am not sure that "In the Zoo" is the best story Jean Stafford has published in the *New Yorker*, but the portrayal of the cruel boarding-house-keeper is very fine. Nadine Gordimer's "Six Feet of the Country" is a touching story, made more effective by its allusions to the racial tensions in South Africa. Eudora Welty in "Kin" catches the atmosphere of a Southern town in spring, the power of family ties in the South, and the poignance of old age. The collection ends with a story by John Cheever, who has written a good deal for the *New Yorker* over a long period of time and has grown in subtlety and power. "The Country Husband" is a rich and complex account of a crisis in the life of a suburbanite.

These brief remarks, I realize, are of no great value, but they may serve to suggest what a lot of good fiction the *New Yorker* has published. Not everything is first-rate, of course, but the level is impressively high. The magazine has money enough to pay its writers well and taste enough to use its money to good effect. If there is, as sometimes charged, a *New Yorker* formula, it cannot be discovered in this volume.

IN general the collection reflects the tendencies of fiction in the fifties. None of the stories is concerned with men in positions of great power—statesmen, generals, or industrialists. On the other hand, only a few describe the poor and exploited. Most of the characters are comfortably well off, though less than rich, and their problems are what we call personal, as opposed to social. Many stories, and this, too, is typical of the decade, look back to childhood, not, as a rule, to romanticize it, but rather to isolate the problems with which the authors are preoccupied.

In the stories that do not deal with childhood and youth, and in some that do, there is the note of anxiety that we think of as peculiarly modern. It is strong in Daniel Fuchs's tale of Hollywood, "The Golden West," in John Cheever's tale of Westchester, "The Country Husband," in Robert Henderson's "Immortality," Robert Coates's "Return," Elizabeth Hardwick's "The Classless Society." It is heard in Saul Bellow's story, J. D. Salinger's, and William Maxwell's. The *New Yorker* writers, in brief, speak for their times, which is of course what one would want them to do.

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Scapegoat for Tyranny

"Marxism: The View From America," by Clinton Rossiter *(Harcourt, Brace. 33 pp. $6.75) discusses the views of Karl Marx in light of communism today. Sidney Hook is head of the philosophy department at New York University.*

By Sidney Hook

IN SOME ways this is a disarming book. Its author, Clinton Rossiter, John L. Senior Professor of American Institutions at Cornell University, confesses that until a few years ago he had only a distant bowing acquaintance with Marx and Marxism. Called by the Fund for the Republic to head a survey on Communism in American life, he resolved to catch up with this hitherto neglected area of thought and action. He read some Marx but obviously more, much more, of the commentaries upon, and interpretations and criticisms of, Marx. He modestly presents his conclusions as an "outsider" in the field of Marxist studies. The reader's interest is aroused by the prospect of a fresh view of a much fought over intellectual battleground to "eyes unclouded by awe or fear or disgust —or, more to the point, by excessive familiarity" with the subject.

Nonetheless Mr. Rossiter has not read Marx with altogether innocent eyes. He is too literate a political scientist and scholar not to bring to his investigations a fund of knowledge and a set of assumptions. It is with respect to these assumptions, especially his methodological ones, that his real innocence is disclosed. He read with a mind which had already, by the very nature of the project he headed, implicitly held Marx and Marxism responsible for contemporary Communism in all its horrors, and therefore guilty of a kind of intellectual crime. To be sure, Mr. Rossiter may retort that this was a discovery on his part rather than an antecedently held dogma controlling his inquiry. But the internal evidence reveals this to be highly questionable. He says boldly at the outset that the Communists are the best and most authentic Marxists and repeats at the close "the present political and intellectual leaders of the U.S.S.R., China, and the satellites, are closer to Marx in principle and purpose than most Christians to Christ."

This is a very interesting sentence. To those who believe that most Christians have fallen away from the ideals of the New Testament, it might suggest that the Communists are almost as far removed from Marx, and that the latter cannot be understood in terms of the former. But more important, to measure how close Christians are to the thought of Christ, one must at least make an independent study of Christ's message and not identify it straightaway with the doctrines of one particular figure, church, or sect. Otherwise no instructive comparison can be made. It is simply not permissible to assume—to take even a sympathetic figure—that because Tolstoy called himself a Christian his views are the authentic views of Christ. For those who condemned Tolstoy's views also called themselves Christian. What is true of individuals is even truer of institutions. It would be absurd to define the essence of Christ's teaching in terms of what is common to all churches calling themselves Christians. Many groups have called themselves Marxists whose views are as incompatible as those of Tolstoy and Torquemada, of the Quakers and the Greek Orthodox Church.

If Mr. Rossiter had offered his study as an exposition and critique of the doctrines of that school of Marxism which triumphed in Russia and China, all would have been clear sailing. And he would deserve plaudits for a competent, if far from original, piece of work. To assume, however, that the views of this school necessarily represent the views of Karl Marx, as expressed in his life and writings, is worse than question-begging. It is to convert the brute historical fact of who triumphed into a criterion of what are the objective facts in the case. Presumably if the German Social-Democrats, who had Marx's blessings, and their Russian Menshevik cousins had triumphed, Mr. Rossiter would have regarded *their* interpretation as "the real meaning" of Marx. I am confident that Mr. Rossiter would not dream of approaching American history in this way. History may be written by the survivors but they do not "make" historical truth.

To be sure "the objective facts" concerning Marx's ideas are not always easy to establish. The scholar must accept the responsibility for his interpretation and not shove it off on history as if, by some hidden Hegelian logic, political successors are necessarily intellectual heirs. If Marx's ideas are interpreted in the light of Lenin's theory and practice, and Lenin in the light of Stalin and Mao-tse-Tung, it is not surprising that Mr. Rossiter's critique of Marx reads largely like an

"He's no good, but I value him for sentimental reasons."

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intellectual pogrom rather than a careful attempt to discriminate between ideas which may fairly be attributed to Marx and the subsequent revisions of, and accretions to them by others.

Mr. Rossiter is well aware of the fact that the legacy of Marx is in dispute. And it is perfectly legitimate to consult commentators in order to find heuristic principles of interpretation. But when the author, in listing authoritative sources for understanding Marx's thought, gives priority and greater weight to minor Communist Party functionaries like V. J. Jerome, H. Selsam, and other puny figures over thinkers like Hilferding, Mehring, and Rosa Luxembourg; when Andrei Y. Vishinsky, Stalin's attorney at the Moscow trials, is regarded as an authority on Marxism equal to Karl Kautsky, one must conclude that in this field Mr. Rossiter is still a neophyte who has difficulty in discriminating between rubbish written on party order and original thinking. It is as if one regarded Father Coughlin and Franco as more authoritative exponents of Christianity than Augustine and Aquinas.

There is no space to discuss adequately the questionable interpretations of Marx presented in this book. But I content myself with two illustrations. The first concerns a key point determining how faithful as Marxists the Communists were. As everyone knows, Marx's basic doctrine is historical materialism. Despite all its ambiguities one thing is indisputable: the mode of economic production of a society determines its political form. That is why Marx expected socialism to come in countries which had acknowledged the economic prerequisites of a socialist society. The Bolsheviks under Lenin seized power in one of the most backward countries of the world and set Marx on his head by building a planned industrial economy by means of political terror. If one calls the Soviet Union "socialist," then it is incontrovertible that Communists have repudiated, in fact, refuted the cardinal proposition on which the whole corpus of Marx's work is based. Communist terror can with much greater plausibility be attributed to the Bolsheviks' ruthless and immoral attempt to impose an economy on a country unready and unwilling to accept it, to their defiance of Marx's theory of history, than to Marx's own doctrines.

"Marx," says Mr. Rossiter, "hated the West." Nothing indicates more glaringly the anachronistic manner in which Mr. Rossiter reads today's headlines into Marx's work. When Marx wrote there was no talk about "the West" in the sense that the phrase is used today. There was talk about "the East," and the East was Russia. Marx hated Russia to a point where he was prepared to back even Disraeli and Bismarck in war against it, on the ground that Russia was for historical reasons an implacable enemy of the ideals of human freedom and that "the polar star of its policy—world domination—is still a fixed star."

One final remark about Mr. Rossiter's claim that Marx had a contempt for man and no sense of human dignity. It would be more accurate to say that Marx was absurdly optimistic about men and had an exaggerated concept of human dignity. The ground Mr. Rossiter gives for attributing contempt for man to Marx is that Marx insists on the prime influence of "social relations" in shaping human behavior: the ground advanced in support of Marx's denial of human dignity is his belief that man is continuous with nature and thus not of divine origin.

How great the influence of social relations is on man is a disputed question. No matter how it is answered, it has nothing to do with whether or not one regards man with contempt. In terms of man's creative possibilities Marx was a Utopian who had such faith in human life that he believed that some day men would live under no government—somewhat higher than the angels. Dignity is not a matter of origin but of behavior or achievement. To charge Marx with disbelief in human dignity because he denied God and immortality is a complete non-sequitur. One can live and die with dignity even if one is not immortal. Mr. Rossiter has confused theology with ethics, ontology with social philosophy. It was Marx who wrote of the working class that it "regards its courage, self-confidence, independence, and sense of personal dignity as more necessary than its daily bread." Alas! Would that it were so! Marx's errors were many and grave. He has enough to account for without holding him also responsible for the crimes of Lenin, Stalin, Mao, and Khrushchev. To make Marx the historical scapegoat of contemporary Communist totalitarianism is too easy. It tends to make us overlook the failure of the free cultures to solve the problems which gave the despotisms of this century their chance.

Marxism Reinterpreted

"The Unfinished Revolution," by Adam B. Ulam *(Random House. 299 pp. $5), brings a new interpretation to Marxism and its relation to socialism, capitalism, and modern industrialization. Theodore Draper is the author of "American Communism and Soviet Russia."*

By Theodore Draper

A peculiar revival of interest in Marxism has taken place recently in the United States, but its motives and devotees are quite unlike those in previous periods. In the Socialist phase around 1912 and in the Communist phase in the 1930s, Marxism was primarily the vocation of Marxists, whose ideological stock in trade it was. They were drawn to it as the orthodoxy of a living movement which, depending on the interpretation, sought to promote reform or, as the case often was, revolution in their own country.

Today the study of Marxism has been renewed, largely in academic circles, for an altogether different reason—to understand other countries, not our own. Anyone interested in Soviet Russia or Communist China is willy-nilly forced to pay attention to their official doctrine. In the last few years, however, a new and superficially most baffling dimension has been given the old ideology, which has become the latest fashion in a number of so-called underdeveloped or newly-developing countries, such as Cuba, Guinea, and Indonesia. The question arises: What does the attraction of Marxism for their revolutionary elites tell us about these countries—and about Marxism?

The most recent scholarly American effort to explain Marxism, socialism, and communism amounts to an exceptionally subtle, ingenious, and paradoxical answer to this question. Adam B. Ulam of Harvard University has, in effect, reinterpreted Marxism in terms of its latest manifestations. He has read back into the history of Marxism those elements which best suit the purposes of the underdeveloped countries. This perspective, which became clear only after World War II, has produced an interpretation which makes the old seem new and the new seem old.

In essence, Mr. Ulam argues that Marxism arose out of the conditions prevalent primarily in England in the early stages of industrialization before 1850. The ideal "Marxist situation," he claims, requires a society that is

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undergoing the first throes of industrialization and modernization, a peasantry of small holdings in the process of being torn away from the land, and a political set-up that most nearly conforms to the Marxist conception of the state as the "executive committee of the exploiting class." Wherever similar conditions are reproduced in the world today, Marxism will seem most relevant to the problems of industrial upheaval. Mr. Ulam flatly states: "The childhood and even the prenatal conditions of Marxism explain its fortunes as a mature doctrine and a fully grown political movement."

From these premises, Mr. Ulam deduces that Marxism usually flourishes in the least industrialized countries and inevitably withers away in the most industrialized countries. Hence he regards as "natural" the Marxist stage of underdeveloped areas at present, and his recipe for getting them over it is more and more industrialization. He suggests that Soviet Russia has already traveled this road and that its advanced industrialization has freed it from any further need or use of Marxist ideology, though it may take a long time for the Russian leaders to realize it. In part, therefore, he brings sad tidings to those who fear the spread of Marxism and communism in the underdeveloped areas, but in the nick of time he provides a happy ending, which the present generation, however, may not live to enjoy.

It is apparent that Mr. Ulam's originality consists in standing the traditional view of Marxism on its head. Not only the early Marxists, as he observes, but Marx himself, and even the Russian Bolsheviks until 1917, believed that the socialist doctrine was intended for and could come to fruition only in the most fully industrialized countries. Why, then, has it become such a fad in "pre-industrial" countries? That Mr. Ulam fastens on this problem and explores it in all its complexity testifies to the timeliness and significance of his work. But his answer is not necessarily convincing or satisfactory.

It depends in large part on a dubious historical analogy between England in the first half of the nineteenth century and the underdeveloped areas today. The difference is indicated by the fact that Mr. Ulam repeatedly refers to Marxism's appeal to the working class, whereas in the underdeveloped areas today, Marxism primarily appeals to young middle-class revolutionaries in rebellion against the impotence of their own class. As in Castro's Cuba, they must manipulate a relatively passive working class. What attracts them most in Marxism, as they understand it, is the unrestricted and unlimited use of the state to change the social order and, in Leninism, *their* unrestricted and unlimited power over the state. They may be able to force industrialization on a predominantly agrarian society but in such conditions that the social order resulting from the *mésalliance* of socialism and preindustrialization has little in common with the future society envisaged by Marx or any serious Marxist, except industrialization—and, after all, Marx had assigned that task to capitalism. Even Lenin, as Mr. Ulam might have pointed out, was finally appalled by the results of his own handiwork after he had cut the Marxist cloth to fit the Russian pattern.

By virtually reducing Marxism to the single dimension of industrialization, Mr. Ulam succeeds in creating a conceptual design that makes Stalinism represent "the triumph of the logic of Marxism over its revolutionary spirit" and presents Stalin in practice as a better Marxist than Trotsky or Lenin's other disciples. He sees no essential difference between a Marxist social development based on economic forces and a Soviet social development created by decree. He discovers a peculiarly Leninist "anarchism" in 1917, ostensibly revealed in the utopian prescriptions in Lenin's "State and Revolution," but fails to mention that they merely parroted Marx's idealized version of the Paris Commune. He attributes the Bolsheviks' belief that they would not be able to survive without a revolution in industrially more advanced states to their "instinct" rather than to their doctrine and, therefore, considers it "almost incredible" that Trotsky should have opposed Stalin's "socialism in one country." And, in the end, he falls over into the sheerest economic determinism in his proposals for a more effective United States policy towards the underdeveloped areas today. Yet, Mr. Ulam has gripped something vital in the idea that "socialism" has become the substitute for capitalism in the underdeveloped areas to accomplish the same end, and by concentrating on this aspect, he provides many fresh insights into the early history of Marxism and socialism. One does not have to agree with his main thesis to recognize a strong, original mind at work and a stimulating, suggestive, if uneven, effort to penetrate beneath the surface.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

HOMEWORK IS FOOTWORK

Here are the closing lines of ten literary works (five verse, five prose) which involve walking. Howard T. Bain of Ashley Falls, Massachusetts, asks you to identify the titles and the authors. Answers on page 118.

1. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain.
2. . . . But I with mournful tread,
   Walk the deck my captain lies,
   Fallen cold and dead.
3. At that, as if it had been the signal he waited for, Newland Archer got up slowly and walked back alone to his hotel.
4. Then slowly they,
   He looking downward, and she gazing up,
   Into the evening green wandered away.
5. And after a while they turned and walked slowly away, and no two walked together.
6. I have walked over these roads;
   I have thought of them living.
7. She hurried, and when she reached Beech Street she ran all the way up the block to her house.
8. And, as I mounted up the hill,
   The music in my heart I bore,
   Long after it was heard no more.
9. Slowly, Father Barrow turned away from the old North River—Johnny Friendly's silent partner still—and walked back to answer some of those letters in the rectory.
10. There is the trap that catches noblest spirits, that caught—they say—God, when he walked on earth.

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Landscape in the Skyline

"The Master Builders: Le Corbusier, Mies Van Der Rohe, Frank Lloyd Wright," by Peter Blake *(Knopf. 399 pp. $6.50) and Masters of World Architecture, Series II, edited by William Alex (Braziller, $4.95 each):* ***"Louis Sullivan," by Albert Bush-Brown*** *(113 pp. 112 illus.),* ***"Richard Neutra," by Esther McCoy*** *(117 pp. 177 illus.),* ***"Walter Gropius," by James Marston Fitch*** *(112 pp. 138 illus.),* ***"Oscar Niemeyer," by Stamo Papadaki*** *(112 pp. 146 illus.), and* ***"Eric Mendelsohn," by Wolf Von Eckardt,*** *(112 pp. 103 illus.) take a comprehensive look at several of the world's great architects. Albert Christ-Janer, dean of Pratt Institute, wrote "Eliel Saarinen," "George Caleb Bingham," and "Boardman Robinson."*

By ALBERT CHRIST-JANER

A month that brings such a pile of good books as this to those who love architecture is a happy one indeed. For prices unbelievable these books are adequate in format, well manufactured, with generous amounts of good-sized plates. A buy, every one!

Though your shelves may be filling up with books and pamphlets about Corbu, Mies, and Wright, you will want to add this one by Peter Blake in which he presents this famed trio with journalistic skill and architectural perception.

As historian and critic Mr. Blake is aware of the unique contributions of the pioneers of modern architecture; as reporter of the latest building news for an architectural journal he is constantly aware of their influence. From amongst all the pioneers and in the midst of a time when the building arts flourish as never before, employing thousands of talents, why did the author select these three men as subjects for his book? Because he regards them as the greatest of the *artists* of modern architecture. Proving this opinion with sure command of fact and persuasive writing, Mr. Blake will leave you convinced when you close his absorbing volume.

It is the invaluable ingredient of art itself which so markedly characterizes the work of these three master architects, no matter what their shortcomings may be on this detail or that. As Mr. Blake points out, no recent building would look the way it does were it not for all or any of these master designers.

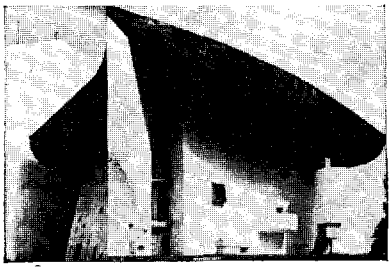
With a conviction reminiscent of that which possessed Carlyle, this author rests his case on the unreserved faith that history is the product of great individuals and not of creeds or systems. And yet, as he develops this theme he concludes with a warning against reckless performance by men of lesser stature; he predicts that in the future there will be less of the virtuoso performance and more of responsible cooperative creativity. In this opinion he is reinforced by the reasoning of Eliel Saarinen who, during the last years of his life as educator at Cranbook, often dwelt on such a theme before his graduate students. Hence, the coming era of architecture may need to combine the genius of Corbu, Mies, and Wright—the intellectual, the strict disciplinarian, and the romantic—to meet, through a new recognition of order, the requirements of yet unrealized technical changes and opportunities of hardly conceivable demands through growth and expansion. In all this, however, the individual artist is never indispensable.

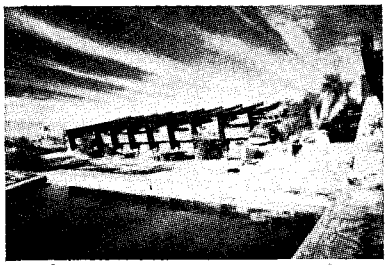
Taking as his example the artists who express fundamental truths in their work, Peter Blake has aspired to universal conclusions. And although he has not completely succeeded, he has given the reader a clear, vitally stimulating study whose breadth of interpretation deserves applause.

Before going into the individual qualities of the five monographs produced by George Braziller, a prefatory note must acclaim the general editor of the *Master of World Architecture Series*, William Alex, for his astute selection of the authors of the series' titles. He has chosen well on two counts: the biographer is uniquely qualified by experience to write about his subject; each one has notable literary skill to present his subject in an interesting fashion. Mr. Alex is well prepared to outline the series and make the all-important assignments of writers. After serving the Museum of Modern Art as an exhibition specialist, organizing such shows as "Structure and Space in Contemporary Architecture," he was a coordinator of architectural display of United States buildings at the Brussels World's Fair. He also presented the first series of Masters of Architecture last spring which included books on Le Corbusier, Frank Lloyd Wright, Nervi, Gaudi, Mies van der Rohe, and Aalto.

The genius of Corbu, Wright, and Mies are displayed in the Chapel at Ronchamp, Taliesin in Phoenix, Arizona, and Chicago's Lake Shore Drive. (left to right.)

—Illustrations from "The Master Builders."





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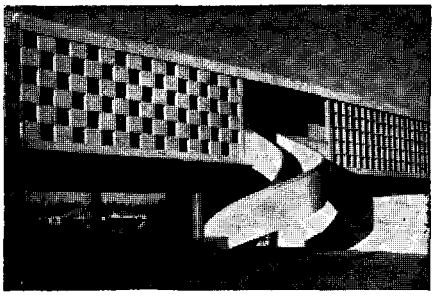
Distinguished because of its hero, Louis H. Sullivan, and because of the ability of its author, Albert Bush-Brown, the treatise on the Chicago genius is outstanding. The artist's work is generously illustrated in a set of discerningly selected plans, sketches, renderings, and photographs; for example, the oft-noted bank at Owatonna, Minnesota, has not been better illustrated—or discussed in even expensive editions.

Of special interest to architectural students and casual readers alike is the exposition of the meaning of Sullivan's famed dictum, "form follows function . . ." Mr. Bush-Brown expresses deftly and perceptively the meaning of this phrase which has been frequently blurred. According to Bush-Brown, the phrase has five essential features: architectural creativity must be natural and intuitive; architecture must grow from and express its environment; it must express its own particular function; it must be truthful to its structure and purpose; it must seek expression in ornament based on natural growth.

Overly much has been made by sentimentalists of the ornament which Sullivan too often used to dress up honest structure. It's high time for confident critics to stand up and speak plainly about some errors committed by the man who is an American legend now in the company of Whitman, Ryder, and William James. This author has done so. He names the weak points, honoring the honest man who gave his very life for his belief in truth as he saw it. The most important thing, as Mr. Bush-Brown says, is to continue to be true to the hero and to give opportunity for honest expression to those who create today. This modest profile of America's first world-figure in architecture serves such truth indeed.

Richard Neutra, a man of human proportions, is sensitively delineated in this sketch drawn by a literary artist, Esther McCoy. In the first pages Miss McCoy gives a clear picture of Neutra's European background; a deserved, brief tribute is paid to the heavy but essential talent of Otto Wagner and to the fighter, Adolf Loos, without whom the course of events in architecture might have gone in different directions. And from that background, not so well-known to the average American student, the subject steps forth into more familiar circumstances: Neutra at Sullivan's funeral, the meeting with Wright and the visit to Taliesin, his trip to California, which was to become his home and the scene of most of his subsequent activities. Sufficient reproductions illustrate the text; but connoisseurs of drawing might wish that the travel sketches had been omitted.

James Marston Fitch has rendered, in the limited space allotted him, a full portrait of his complex subject, Walter Gropius, and has selected a variety of interesting photographs which reveal the many sides of the architect-educator-commentator who has left his indelible mark everywhere—"even on the wrenches in a small hardware store in Minot, North Dakota," as a critic once put it.



—*From "Masters of World Architecture."*
Niemeyer designed small apartment units at Sao Jose de Campos—1947.

Properly, the author begins with an account and evaluation of Gropius's career as an educator. While it is the fashion now to speak lightly of the Bauhaus, many do so only because its evident contributions have been described for so many years that human perversity rejects another serious telling. No fair student of art education, however, can fail to pay respect to that brave center of creativity which Gropius founded both physically and ideologically. As one reviews the first manifesto and places it in context—many readers can do so by recalling their own experience in the twenties—the vision and the courage of the Bauhaus still seem inspired. Had such a manifesto not been written and had no valiant genius followed its gleam, what power would have led the way out of the "dark night of eclecticism"? Gropius be thanked.

Mr. Fitch then devotes equal space to Gropius's life as architect and designer. The remarkable Fagus factory —a building strange and new for its time—is recalled and justly praised. And dozens of other plates show the manifold talents of this designer who has worked so ingeniously to create so many forms. But as the latest architectural designs are studied, the contemporary student will undoubtedly ask: What place will the forthcoming Grand Central City find in history? There is great general concern among architects and designers about Gropius's philosophy and this recent use of it.

Logically Stamo Papadaki was assigned the subject, Oscar Niemeyer. Steeped in architectural history, versed in his subject through twenty years of acquaintance with the Brazilian master, this educator-critic has written an account of distinction and selected a mass of vivid photographs to make his points.

Climatic conditions of Brazil and Niemeyer's conditioning in that climate are the initial concern of the author. And rightly so. All the new building information that comes from Brazil reveals the quality of the *climate*, above all; climate has stamped exterior and shaped interior of all the structures in that new wonderland.

The precocious Niemeyer talent, early influenced by Le Corbusier, achieved scope and "the sense of the reality of a destiny" at a time when the architect was young, thus awarding him a grand life, full to overflowing with building opportunity. Niemeyer is a lucky man.

As Papadaki himself says, what can be more inspiring to the young architect than these newly built masterpieces of Brasilia? Yet they may well be more inviting to the distant observer than to those who must figure out how to use it during the next decade. Like the visionary architecture now on display at the Museum of Modern Art, Niemeyer's forms are a challenge and a dream of the future; yet his dreams are realized. But because of the particular climate in which he works, Niemeyer does not have to concern himself with such practicalities as heating and air-conditioning, which for other climates are necessities. In light of this, who knows what the eventual influences of Niemeyer's work will be?

The Einstein Tower, Potsdam, doubtless introduced its designer, Eric Mendelsohn, to the world. That was in 1919. Wolf Von Eckardt portrays the eventful life of this German architect who, like so many European artists of that generation, came to the United States to work during his latter years.

The distinctive artistry of this designer is illustrated in a series of drawings reproduced in the introductory pages of the illustrated section. One could wish that these had been made at the closing period of his life; they seem to fit our attitude today much more acceptably than they did when Paul Cassirer adjured the young architect to get down from the wild blue yonder. Mr. Von Eckardt gives the impression that this was a genius not synchronized with the mundane demands of the movement, and there is much evidence to support this thought. Four of the seven synagogues and community centers by this architect now constructed have presented his name and his quality as designer to us in America. The author gives a clean account of them and makes balanced evaluations of Mendelsohn, the least well known of the subjects in this master series.

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Space as Form

"Archipenko: 50 Creative Years," by Alexander Archipenko *(Tekhne. 109 pp. 311 illus. $20), describes the development of a great pioneer in twentieth century sculpture. Katharine Kuh is art critic for SR.*

By Katharine Kuh

HERE is an impressive book, less to be read than looked at. Three hundred and eleven illustrations trace fifty years of Alexander Archipenko's sculpture, a prodigious review of his work which at best ranks with the major art achievements of our century, and at worst degenerates into over-elegant decorations dismayingly reminiscent of "modernistic" commercial designs. The many photographs, with their illuminating dates, demonstrate how early Archipenko took the lead. In 1913 this Russian artist was already using functional color to make his cubist figures vibrate with suggested motion. He is, indisputably, one of the first sculptors to pioneer in Cubism, not by transferring the painting techniques of this movement to stone, wood, metal, or terra-cotta, but by inventing totally new three-dimensional methods.

Experimenting with concave and perforated surfaces, Archipenko evolved the idea of negative form. For him, as for many sculptors *after* him, surrounding space became as important as form itself. He played concave and convex planes against each other so ingeniously as to fool the eye and virtually cause hollows and indentations to act as sensuous swelling forms.

Born in the Ukraine seventy-three years ago, Archipenko moved to Paris in 1908, settling in the United States fifteen years later. From the start his consuming interest was and still is the human body, more specifically the pliant curves of female nudes. These he has carved, modeled, and nailed together in such a rich profusion of techniques that the whole history of art seems condensed in the photographs of his work. Pure classical figures, abstract angular metal and wood relief constructions, agitated baroque terra-cottas (a favorite medium of Archipenko's), svelte plastic forms where light emphasizes transparencies and texture—these are but a few of the styles he has explored.

Because certain stylistic features reappear intermittently throughout the artist's entire life, his book wisely groups illustrative material in such a way as to point up this consistency. For example, in three photographs shown together one can see how Archipenko modeled the same figure three times in three different years (1918, 1919, and 1956), only slightly varying dimensions, materials, and details. Though he has been criticized for borrowing his early work as later source material, there is no reason to find this practice disturbing provided, of course, these alterations and refinements intensify the original sculpture. Unfortunately with Archipenko this has not always been true, the vigorous early works often surpassing their prototypes, despite or precisely due to the greater fluency of his later sculpture. Indeed, this seems to have been Archipenko's curse—his own over-dexterity which has seduced him from time to time, allowing style and surface ornamentation to substitute for that inner vigor and life-giving invention with which his name, nonetheless, will always be associated.

Written by the artist himself, the book analyses his work, attempting to explain it metaphysically and philosophically as well as to place it historically, a tall order for any artist in assessing his own work, but doubly so for Archipenko in light of his florid, sometimes circuitous English. One wishes that he had put down his personal observations in simple conversational terms so that the earthy, pungent personality of this man might have come through more vividly. Additional text, moreover, in the form of brief quotations enthusiastically endorsing the artist and taken out of context from a curiously uneven group of writers is redundant and at times embarrassing. Archipenko does not need such props. Though he is sometimes underestimated today, he can safely stand without words on the incredibly vital evidence of this book's three hundred-odd illustrations, indelible if mute proof of his monumental contribution to the art of our century.

—Courtesy Perls Gallery.

Woman Combing Her Hair (1915).

Collector as Creator

"Confessions of An Art Addict," by Peggy Guggenheim *(Macmillan. 173 pp. $4.75), captures the changing spirit of American art. Harold Rosenberg wrote "The Tradition of the New."*

By Harold Rosenberg

AFTER spending her adult life as a wealthy expatriate in Europe's Bohemias, Peggy Guggenheim's big moment came during World War II when she fostered the development of such artists as Pollock, Rothko, Motherwell, Baziotes, Hare, and other young Americans in her museum-gallery on 57th Street, called Art of This Century. A relief from the past decade's WPA murals, Left Wing "realism," and war agency posters, Peggy Guggenheim's war-time gallery was both old-fashioned and "advanced." It echoed the heroic days of Paris vanguardism of the twenties, and it evoked the tradition of individual experiment in twentieth century art. Moreover, it was in her museum that leading artists of the new movement, now refugees from Nazi Germany and occupied Paris—Ernst, Breton, Duchamp, Mondrian—felt at home. Through her exhibitions at Art of This Century and her many parties, Peggy Guggenheim brought the young American artists into personal contact with the older generation of European surrealists and abstractionists. Meeting their "ancestors" in the flesh and seeing their paintings and sculptures alongside Kandinskys, Klees, Tanguys, Arps, and Brancusis, was of incalculable consequence to American artists and to America's artistic resurgence of the past fifteen years.

The War over, the bulk of the European Left Bank drifted back across the Atlantic; soon Miss Guggenheim, still an unreconstructed Innocent Abroad, left too. With her went her steadily growing art collection (besides patronizing individuals who attract her, she periodically fills in from shopping lists of artists prepared with the help of advisors); in the late forties, collector and collection came to rest in a *palazzo* on the Grand Canal in Venice. Here Miss Guggenheim has continued to serve the reputations of the artists she has favored, including the Americans, by opening her collection to visitors from everywhere and by collaborating in exhibitions of their work.

"Confessions of An Art Addict" is an updated version of the same author's autobiography, "Out of This Century,"

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published in 1946. Most of the old material has been drastically cut, and though it covers an additional fifteen years, the present memoir is only half as long as the original.

One can understand why, having reached her sixties, Miss Guggenheim should have lost interest in the interminable details of love affairs and crises, trips, and visits to the dressmaker, domestic arrangements, meetings with "names" and ordinary people, which had engrossed her in her earlier recollections. Still, precious bits have been lost; and since Miss Guggenheim has no great vision either of art or of her time, what can we look for but bits? Take, for example, this revelation of Bohemianism in the twenties: (the lady's husband is in jail for hurling wine bottles) "Marcel and I wandered around Paris all night longing to go to bed with each other, but we did not consider it an appropriate moment to add to the general confusion." Or the perfect pitch of this note of the next decade: "If Sherman [a British lover who had been converted to the Communist Party] were angry with me, instead of calling me a whore, he would call me a Trotzkyite."

Items like this should not be tossed away lightly. Also missing in these cleaned-up confessions are certain less-flattering remarks about art-world personages. For instance, Mr. Alfred Barr of the Museum of Modern Art, whom Miss Guggenheim once found too "cagey" has now replaced James Johnson Sweeney in the dedication. The charm of Miss Guggenheim's writing is in its matter-of-factness—her style reminds me of Harry Truman's. If her first husband made a habit of beating her up in public, or some lover found her a pest, Miss Guggenheim was the last to hide it. Similarly, she now makes no bones about her regret at having given away so many of her Pollocks, in view of their high prices.

Today, Miss Guggenheim is less concerned with telling about herself than with making a case for herself, the case of a collector who feels herself a discoverer, and thereby even a creator, of modern art. Her case rests mainly on Jackson Pollock. According to Miss Guggenheim, Pollock "produced" American Abstract Expressionism. "As to the others," she concludes, "I don't know what got into them. . . . That is why we have all this painting that isn't painting any more. . . . Today is the age of collecting, not of creation." Thus, having changed from a piece of art history into a philosopher of art history, Peggy Guggenheim, for all her generosity, unhappily ends in a peevish mood, the penalty for having abandoned her former intellectual modesty.

FICTION

War, Wacs, and Heroes

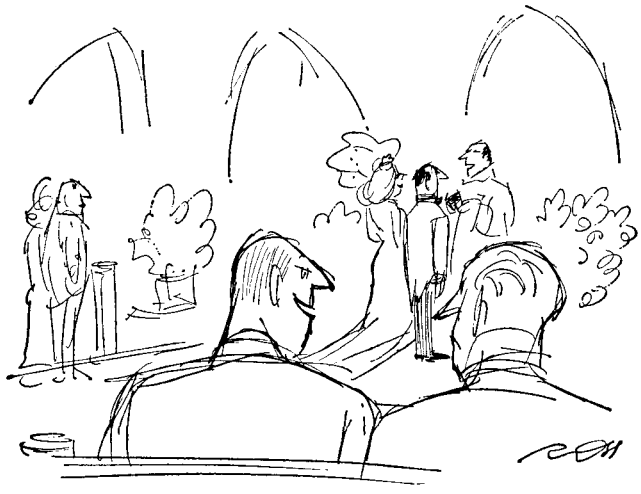
"The Soldier," by Richard Powell *(Scribners. 376 pp. $4.50), portrays military life through the career of the regular army officer. Edmund Love wrote "War Is a Private Affair" and "Arsenic and Red Tape."*

By Edmund Love

MR. POWELL herewith takes a look at the United States Army in World War II. More specifically, he takes a long look at a regular army officer in the upper echelons of command. Bill Faralon, a disgraced Lieutenant Colonel who has abandoned his command under rather mysterious circumstances, reports to his new post of duty as the novel begins. In the pages that follow, Faralon proves 1) that he is no coward, 2) that he is no dummy, 3) that he can handle men whether they be fuzzy-thinking old friends or stubborn old Marine generals, 4) that he can do pretty well with the WACs, too. This all adds up to several promotions for our hero, and believe me, he is our hero.

Those who read Mr. Powell's "The Philadelphian" will find a lot of similarity between Faralon and Tony Lawrence of the earlier book. They are similar in that they rarely make mistakes. Just as Tony Lawrence was an example of what it takes to be a proper Philadelphian, so Bill Faralon is an example of what it takes to be a modern major general. I certainly prefer Powell's ideas on this subject to most I have seen. The good generals I've known have all been extremely capable. The bad ones aren't worth writing about unless one wants to put black moustaches on them and make them into villains. If I had any fault to find with Mr. Powell in the matter at all, it would be that he makes his protagonist just a little too perfect a man. There is something of the Horatio Alger about this book. While I'm finding fault, I might just as well complain about the love affair with Claire Patrick, Faralon's WAC mistress. There's something just a little unbelievable about it. This may stem from the fact that it all seemed unnecessary, or it may be because Powell keeps letting his heroine get yellower and yellower from atabrine and thinner and thinner from K rations. It is a good idea to keep the girls well-rounded if interest in them is to be maintained.

I am an avid reader of war novels. I've been looking for the great World War II novel ever since people started writing them. I am sorry to say that this is not the one, but I do think it is one of the most entertaining of the crop. It avoids most of the mawkishness of the Norman Mailer school and there is very little of the pseudo-realism James Jones presents as his picture of the United States Army. Best of all, the story is relatively brief and it moves. The reader who picks this novel up will have a hard time putting it down again until he reaches page 376. I'm all in favor of more story tellers like Mr. Powell. He knows his trade.



"In the book he got away."

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Celtic Saga

"Ruan," by Bryher *(Pantheon. 191 pp. $3.50), recreates Celtic life in the sixth century. Sylvia Beach wrote "Shakespeare and Company," a memoir about her famous Paris bookshop of the 1920s and '30s.*

By Sylvia Beach

"DEVELOPMENT," one of Bryher's earliest titles (1920), foretells the progress, through the years, of this poet, historian, archaeologist, voyager, world-citizen whom, ever since then, we have followed with so much interest.

We of the Paris '20s and '30s met her in "Two Selves," published in the *Contact Editions*, her poems, "Arrow Music," "Civilians," the novel about the first world war, and that lovable little "Paris: 1900," like her later "Beowulf" very popular with the French.

Up to the second world war, Bryher's writings are mainly autobiographical, then, after remaining in London throughout the terrible "Blitz," she produced the most remarkable story to come out of that ordeal of the Britons: "Beowulf."

"Beowulf" heads a series of historical novels more or less on the theme of invasion and resistance. Devoted Bryher readers are to be found everywhere, particularly in America where we have adopted her, and we have left all our chores undone while we disappeared into "The Fourteenth of October," "Roman Wall," "The Player's Boy." Since we reached and passed through "Gate to the Sea" we have been waiting (two years, she has kept us waiting!) for "Ruan." And "Ruan" is worth it.

Bryher's friends know that when she vanishes for a short holiday in the summer, she is probably cruising in some little crazy boat, around the Scilly Isles, with her friend Doris, to whom "Ruan" is dedicated. And these Scillies are where she has found the boy Ruan and his people the Celts, her search leading her back all the way to the sixth century.

The term historical novel may be applied to almost any story: the Bible, the Odyssey, Sir Walter Scott, "The Tale of Two Cities," etc., but in what is generally known as the historical novel, the characters are in theatrical costumes and they live in a museum world; their speech too is strange. Yet, Bryher's Romans or Britons or Celts go about in whatever they wear every day at home or at their place of business; they come as they are. Though she certainly knows accurately every detail of their clothing, their utensils, or their dwellings, Bryher has the art of bringing in a belt, a wooden bowl, an ornament in such a way that the reader hardly notices them. But these unobtrusive details give Bryher's books their distinctive flavor, their ability to so perfectly evoke the past. For example, we only are aware that Ruan, after burrowing through the underbrush and floundering in and out of quagmires, is pretty much in tatters, like any boy after such a hike. True, he has a sheepskin thrown over him when, on finally reaching the shore he stumbles into a boat, but the poor boy is so cold, we allow him that. We are not told that the King wears a red cloak until we actually see it when his body is burnt on the pyre, and the folds of the cloak flutter in the wind and flames.

The ceremony of the King's burial and the voyage to the Islands of the Dead seen through the boy Ruan's eyes, that is, the poet Bryher's eyes, the descriptions of the flowers, the woods, and the sea are all Bryher-like and lovely.

PUZZLING PARISIAN: Many people, including this reviewer, who read Sylvia Ashton-Warner's first novel, "Spinster," closed the book with an exhilarating sense of personal discovery. Here, one felt, was a fresh voice. Though the writing seemed at times almost willfully oblique, the novelist demonstrated a singular creativity in her account of an unconventional New Zealand school teacher's experiences among native children, and her frustrated love for a complex young colleague.

Mrs. Ashton-Warner's present novel, **"Incense to Idols,"** (Simon & Shuster, $3.95), tells the story of a worldly young Parisian widow, Germaine de Beauvais, who has come to New Zealand to study piano with an exiled countryman. The plot is concerned with Germaine's emotional relationships with several men in a provincial town: the musician-teacher, a doctor, a successful business man, and, in particular, a clergyman whose old-fashioned "hell-and-damnation" sermons draw her back again and again to the church to listen.

As in "Spinster" the story is told in the form of an interior monologue. Thus the reader learns, from the heroine herself, that Germaine is young, ravishingly beautiful, fond of drink, exceptionally gifted, devastatingly soignée, and fascinating to the opposite sex. An inordinate amount of attention is paid by the author—and one can only conclude, with a novelist of Mrs. Ashton-Warner's stature, by deliberate design—to detailed descriptions of what the heroine is wearing. Yet these costumes sound much more like clothes from a provincial main street emporium than from the wardrobe of a chic young Parisian. This seemingly minor point cannot be overlooked because of the emphasis Mrs. Warner herself places on it. It is impossible to believe that Germaine is a sophisticated Parisian, or, for that matter, a gifted artist. It is quite easy to believe that between her many hours at the keyboard and her rather murky nymphomania she would feel the need of several bracing cocktails every evening in order to make the church door. Yet, in general, the heroine seems more a frustrated suburban matron than a free-wheeling young widow. Even Germaine's response to the Gospel-spouting preacher and her sense of "sin" seem rather more Calvinist than Gallic.

"Incense to Idols" is in many ways a puzzling novel, and part of its bafflement rises from the surprising and frequent ineptitude of the author's prose style. What, for instance, is the motivation behind the heroine's compulsive use of the word "Ooh" which appears every few pages?

There are compelling undercurrents in this strange novel: Germaine's obsession with an interior music and her physical inability to endure loud sound (due to certain circumstances of her birth—belatedly revealed); the musician-teacher who has, in the past in France, been charged with a brutal murder; the complexity of the clergyman's character and Germaine's effect on him; the suggestion of Biblical analogies—Baal, the whore of Babylon, and so on. Yet somehow, these dark, rich depths seem never sufficiently explored nor structurally integrated into the central theme. Since, however, nothing Sylvia Ashton-Warner writes can be a total disappointment, if one patiently pursues the plot through its turgid mazes to the uncompromising end the reader of "Incense to Idols" will be left with the sense of having been in the presence of an uncommon, though uneven, talent.

—NANCY WILSON ROSS.

DOUBLE DEALING: Commissioned by *Perspective* magazine to do a series of drawings reconstructing the architectural glories of the ancient Mediterranean world, Kenneth Strang finds himself in the middle of an international nihilist conspiracy instead. It is Steve Kladas, the Greek-American photographer working with him, who, with his deadly knowledge of the fanatics among former Greek resistance fighters, sends miscellaneous terrorists, diplo-

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mats, intelligence agents, and hangers-on into the fantastic round of maneuver and counter-maneuver which makes up "**Decision at Delphi**" (Harcourt, Brace, $4.95). There is a girl, too, a lovely, shy photographer, and a British civil servant with an indiscreet wife, and many, many mustachioed, enigmatic Greeks.

Here, in other words, is a goodly draught of vintage Helen MacInnes, which means, as any reader of "Assignment in Brittany" or "North from Rome" might guess, a brew carefully compounded of three parts intrigue to two suspense to one slick-formula romance. Miss MacInnes has given us ten previous servings based more or less on the same recipe, and if their success with the customers is anything to go by, this one should slip down as neatly and produce the proper degree of intoxication though, for some, there may also be a familiar sour taste the morning after.

It is not that Miss MacInnes fails to do her job well. She is a master of the unexpected encounter, of the terse note slipped covertly into the palm; she can evoke and maintain an atmosphere of danger and double-dealing in anything from an empty room to the smile of an old friend, and on this level must certainly be rated among the half-dozen or so really accomplished practitioners of the delicate art of the suspense thriller. Nor do I mean to say that this sort of job doesn't deserve the doing, especially here where the author is on to important-seeming material, "part of the tragic history of Greece." Indeed, for the thriller addict the book provides an exceptionally large dose of complex action, multiple suspicions, and cleverly engineered plot-turnings.

For the more demanding, the trouble lies simply in the absence of real people, and thus the lack of any truly compelling illusion that we are dealing with life at all. Perhaps this is a requirement of the form—certainly the suspense thriller seems more crowded with stereotypes in human clothing than any other art medium short of the comic strip—but one expects from a writer of Miss MacInnes's experience and pretentions more than the cardboard figures and painted backdrops she gives us, more in the way of a love affair than one which makes the romances of radio's late Helen Trent seem absolutely Proustian by comparison. But the pace is there, and all the excitement of a first-rate adventure story, and when the author manages to resist side forays of a humorous, psychological, or romantic sort, the reader is hooked, and hooked to stay.

—Barry Spacks.

THE SOUTH

After the Battle of Manassas

"The War For the Union: War Becomes Revolution 1862-1863, Vol. II," by Allan Nevins *(Scribners. 529 pp. $7.50), brings the author's comprehensive history of the Civil War to the eve of the battles of Vicksburg and Gettysburg. An avid reader of Civil War books for many years, Richard L. Tobin is communications editor for SR.*

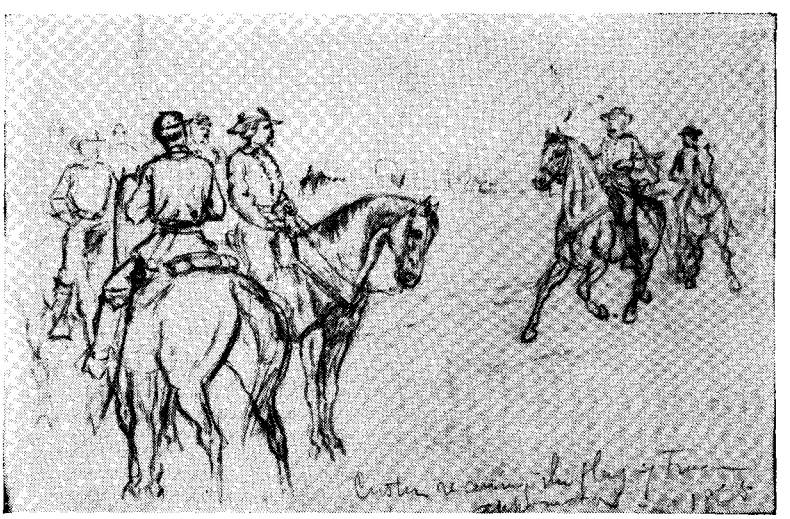
By Richard L. Tobin

THE CIVIL WAR will be for many in the coming Centennial an over-orchestrated arrangement of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," suitable for the television and carefully adapted for oversimplified presentation. There will be Jeb Stuart a-ridin' with his gold spurs, General Lee complete with accent at his oratorical noblest, Pickett treadmilling dramatically to disaster up the Gettysburg crest, Raymond Massey (wen carefully applied to right cheek) reciting the Second Inaugural before a joint session of Congress, an ersatz Stonewall Jackson dying for half an hour under the shade of the river trees. David Farragut, Ulysses Grant, Phil Sheridan, George Thomas, and George McClellan will speak as if well aware of their place in history and will be addressed as Admiral or General, never by first name. This is the accepted cliché; this is what the Civil War is likely to become in 1961, one hundred years after it all began.

But for men to whom American history is precious, serious business, for professionals like Dr. Nevins, the Civil War remains what it has always been in fact: incredible botching and incredible bravery; the screaming of helpless wounded in powder-sparked grass and flaring brush; a growing knowledge in Washington that, as Dr. Nevins here puts it, heroic war has become bloody revolution; the terrible toll (500,000 dead, by all odds America's largest casualty list); the unbelievable field skill and imagination of Confederate generals; the awful logic of Grant's dogged determination which in the end will outweigh the incredible tactical brilliance of the Lees, Johnstons, Stuarts, and Jacksons.

Take Fort Donelson. This marvelous sixth volume of Allan Nevin's work, planned for ten volumes, beginning with the Mexican War through the Reconstruction era, opens with Grant and Lincoln becoming truly acquainted for the first time through Grant's "unconditional surrender" message to the Cumberland fort. The President is almost afraid to believe what his intuition tells him: that he has at last found a general who fights. There is fresh hope in the late winter air along the river. Grant's quick, sure thrusts at Forts Henry and Donelson will lead a wise Confederate soldier to write: "To my mind the Southern Confederacy died at Donelson."

Dr. Nevins knows that heroics and hope are simply the other side of a



Appomattox Courthouse—General Custer waits to receive courier in on the scene sketch by Alfred R. Wand.

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coin. The obverse shows the riverside thermometer dropping to ten above zero in continuous sleet and snow, military lines so close neither side can build fires, wet uniforms becoming stiff as boards, and the wounded freezing to death. There is no sleep at Donelson on either side, no food nor water (though the river is in flood), no end to discomfort and wretchedness and ineptitude. Indeed, just when capture of the two great Confederate forts has suddenly exposed to the Federal invader the most important rail line in the southern nation and a Union breakthrough seems certain, jealousy and incompetence in the Union high command come near to court-martialing Grant and, in the human morass that follows, the advantage is lost for the better part of a year and 23,000 soldiers are soon butchered in the battle at Shiloh.

This splendid book brings Dr. Nevins's panorama the next step beyond "the improvised war" of Manassas into 1863 to the eve of the climaxes at Gettysburg and Vicksburg. Here Grant delivers the first solid blows in the West, Lincoln battles to maintain national sanity and union, the timorous McClellan moves ox-like against Richmond only to be dismissed because his huge army has, in Lincoln's words, become his own bodyguard and little more. Here the familiar tale of the boastful but uncertain Joe Hooker, with twice as many men as Lee, unfolds its pitiful disaster along the red quagmires of the Rappahannock in brilliance and technique quite remarkable even for Allan Nevins. One savors such writing and can only stand back in awesome wonder at the grandeur of this newest volume in an undeniable masterwork.

The Mason-Dixon Dichotomy

"The Burden of Southern History," by C. Vann Woodward *(Louisiana State University Press. 191 pp. $3.50), describes the cultural and historical heritage that differentiates the South from the rest of the country. Margaret L. Coit is author of prize-winning lives of Bernard Baruch and John C. Calhoun.*

By Margaret L. Coit

WHAT makes a Southerner? In the age of "conformism" and the "Bulldozer Revolution," Dr. C. Vann Woodward essays a search for Southern identity, and comes up with a provocative restatement of the values which still differentiate the South from the rest of the country. The new book by the author of the notable "Reunion and Reaction" and "Tom Watson, Agrarian Rebel," is entitled "The Burden of Southern History." It is appropriately named. For to Dr. Woodward, professor of history at Johns Hopkins University, what is different about the South is its history; or, rather, the particular impact that American history has had upon the Southern people.

Dr. Woodward, therefore, re-examines earlier attempts at definition by the historian, Ulrich B. Phillips, and the so-called "Fugitives" of the Tennessee Agrarian movement. Phillips saw "the central theme of Southern history" as the determination of the South to remain a racially white society. The Fugitives in "I'll Take My Stand" defined the Southern way as the agrarian way, and if this be true, the Southerner today is already one with the North; the voice of the modern South is the voice of the Chamber of Commerce. White Supremacy, like slavery, has become a "morally discredited Peculiar Institution." If "a last-ditch defense of segregation" is continued, Dr. Woodward predicts, the young people will increasingly reject their Southern heritage.

What then is left? To define Southernism, Dr. Woodward finds it necessary to describe the essence of Americanism, which he sees as the triumph of a success story. For all its adventures and misadventures, the United States today still retains a kind of primal innocence, its sense of mission as "God's chosen Israel." The American way of life is our true religion. Despite all the uproar of the recent Presidential campaign, American Catholics and American Baptists, for instance, are more alike than American Catholics are like Catholics abroad. America is a land of abundance; prosperity is our god; all problems can be solved; and history is something unpleasant that happens to somebody else.

For example, both North and South suffered the Civil War. The volcanic impact of John Brown's raid saw the old fanatic canonized in the North as a saint; in the South, he was regarded rather differently. The South has undergone frustration, the "blood knowledge" of defeat, and the wholly un-American experience of grinding poverty. It has known the horror of invasion, the shame of occupation, the terrors of a sudden liberation of a subject people. It has had to live with problems that could never be solved, and accommodate itself to conditions that it had vowed to accept.

Dr. Woodward makes it clear that the average Union soldier had little interest in equality for the Negro, and that even Lincoln would have postponed full citizenship to the 1900s; but again, the South had to bear the burden of the mass enfranchisement that was necessary to keep the Republican party in power. He points out that the Supreme Court, then as now, had to square ideals with realities; civil rights for Negroes were postponed for three-quarters of a century, until the popular majority in the North was willing to sustain its overdue commitments and to permit the Court to say what the 14th amendment had really said all along.

It is in the magnificent flowering of the Southern literary renascence, of course, that Dr. Woodward finds the most perfect expression of the Southern ethic: its haunting sense of guilt, its sense of place, as opposed to the rootlessness of typically American writers like Hemingway and their characters; and, most of all, its overwhelming consciousness of the past in the present, as Allen Tate has expressed it. Dr. Woodward overstates his case, somewhat, when he excludes New England authors, generally, from this traditionalism; for who has ever been more conscious of the impact of past time upon the present than Robert Frost or John P. Marquand?

WHAT Dr. Woodward makes clear is that Southern history is not only part of our common American heritage, but of the heritage of all mankind. For this reason, the South offers lessons from which our country could profit today. He draws a disturbing parallel between the South of the 1830s, which rejected all criticism of the "Peculiar Institution," and went down to defeat; and America today, made to feel guilty over its wealth; defensive and uncritical of its capitalistic system; unaware that all economic systems are ephemeral; and that, historically, all nations that have identified themselves with one institution and stand on it usually fall with it. Both Russia and America, convinced of their own sanctity, naively certain that none could think ill of their mission, might profit from a study of the burden of Southern history, as revealed in this stimulating and thoughtful book.

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FARAWAY PLACES

In the Shadow of the Parthenon

"Prospero's Cell" and "Reflections on a Marine Venus," by Lawrence Durrell *(Dutton. 198 pp. $5), two literary journals, penetrate the landscape of Greece and the other islands in the Aegean Sea. Kimon Friar, the translator of Kazantzakis's "The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel," is editor of a quarterly of Greek culture, The Charioteer.*

By Kimon Friar

IT WAS in the early 1940s, I believe, that George Katsimbalis (the protagonist of Henry Miller's "The Colossus of Maroussi") introduced me to Larry Durrell in a *taverna* of the Plaka, the old section of Athens that crouches under the shadow of the Acropolis and the Parthenon. Quaffing huge quantities of *retzina* and munching away at the febrous tentacles of octopi, we declaimed all the poetry we could muster to a stray audience of alley cats and the ghosts of Olympian gods. Ever since, I have thought of Larry Durrell essentially as a poet extraordinarily alive to both sensuous and metaphysical aspects of living. It does not matter what he writes: poetry itself, lectures on the relation of science to the arts, a quartet of novels, a black book in praise of Dante's white rose, or—as in this instance—travel impressions, his is the deeply personal report of a man naked in the landscape of his choice. No person, place, or thing can ever quite remain the same for us after we have seen, smelled, tasted, heard, and felt it through the senses of Lawrence Durrell, strained through the meshes of his metaphysical mind. Whatever he presents us is forever altered, as Walter Pater has forever retouched for future generations the smile of Mona Lisa. The style *is* the man.

"Prospero's Cell," which is an accounting of life and landscape on the Ionian island of Corfu, and "Reflections on a Marine Venus," which describes the Dodecanesean island of Rhodes, are now brought together in one volume. Although in an off-hand manner Durrell does list sights to see, festivals to attend, food to taste, these literary journals are by no means Baedekers for tourists, but rather binoculars for the astronomically minded and microscopes for the biologically minded who are not passing through a landscape and its people but wish to probe in depth and detail. He has read quaint, out-of-the-way books about these islands and quotes them not as a scholar but as a connoisseur of another's sensibility. More importantly, these books are studded with characters, half real and half fictitious, as strange, exciting, creatively real, and peculiarly biased as any in his novels. No one who has read "The Alexandria Quartet" has failed to realize that Alexandria itself is given as much body and blood as any actual person. Durrell has a genius for penetrating so deeply into landscape that finally no difference is discernible between animate and inanimate matter. His knowledge of the Greek language enables him to catch in the round a simple Greek fisherman (simple, that is, for a Greek), a sophisticated Greek poet, as well as a wide variety of expatriots. His thumbnail sketch of the unchanged Greek temperament will infuriate the patriotic and interest the psychologist:

> What about the Greeks? Their national character is based on the idea of the impoverished and down-trodden little man getting the better of the world around him by sheer cunning. Add to this the salt of a self-deprecating humour and you have the immortal Greek. A man of impulse, impatient of slowness, quick of sympathy, and inventive as well as assimilative. A coward and a hero at the same time; a man torn between his natural and heroic genius and his hopeless power of ratiocination.

Only Nikos Kazantzakis, to my knowledge, has poured out so unstintingly of his own creative powers into his travel books as Lawrence Durrell. Ultimately, the books of both men are an exploration of self; this is why Durrell has discovered that for centuries Greece has been the land of self-exploration and not of self-exploitation.

(additional reviews page 69)

Wing and Prayer

By Barriss Mills

FOUR years in the Navy
in the Pacific in War Two
and he never quite got over
the seasickness. It wasn't
only the big swells and choppy seas
that set it off again.
He could feel it even
when the water flowed and folded
on itself like glass,
as regular as breathing.

Then there was Guynemer,
the French ace in the other war,
who said he never learned to fly
without thinking quite deliberately,
"Stick left, left rudder,"
banking for a turn. That made him
a successful killer instead
of a sitting duck for anyone
who got behind him and solved
the pattern of his reflexes.

I'd call him a kind of poet,
for poets, too, must keep
their responses fresh, their gestures deliberate.

But let's not forget my seasick friend.
A poem is willed and contrived,
yet no poet ever quite gets over
the vertigo of being alive.

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Saturday Review

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The Intelligence Gap

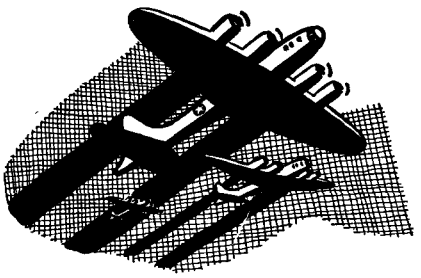
YEARS AGO we were part of the company on the shakedown cruise of a spanking-new aircraft carrier. We shall never forget the pride of the captain and the senior officers as they took charge of their floating military airfield. The fighting planes and torpedo bombing planes were lined up on deck in perfect array, bristling with lethal energy. Every bit of brass and exposed steel was polished to sunshine brightness. The captain's eyes caught the radiance and blazed with assurance. Here, he said, was freedom's most powerful rampart and democracy's finest shield. The best that modern military technology had to offer had now been welded together in this assemblage of floating and flying power.

It was all very wonderful and stirring; but it was also a little sad. For the ship, however puissant its conception, was born at the wrong time and was obsolete even as it slid out of its natal dock. Not long after its maiden voyage, there would be test explosions of nuclear bombs in the Pacific. However thick its steel plates, however valiant its fighter pilots and the gun crews, the aircraft carrier could not stand up to the explosive power of atomic fission. The ship was good for the eye and the ego, but it didn't bite into reality.

We were thinking of the carrier and its proud crew the other day when we saw a television film about our NIKE installations. The narrator's voice was appropriately proud and emphatic as he spoke of the NIKE's role in defending the American people against attack from the air. One of the main points made by the narrator was that NIKE brought the national defenses up to date. If the country tried to rely on the antiaircraft devices of World War II it would be looking to a hopelessly inadequate system. The NIKE installations, he said, offered the American people definite assurance that our defenses provided the latest in advanced military technology.

THEN the film demonstrated NIKE in action. It showed American radar picking up an approaching enemy plane. It showed the rapidity with which electronic devices followed the plane and transmitted orders to the NIKE interceptor. A NIKE device took off in pursuit, "tuning in" on the course of the attacker's flight and scoring a direct hit, thus destroying the plane.

Theatrically, the film was excellent. In terms of relevance, however, it was a dud. The film might just as well have been extolling the primitive antiaircraft gadgets of World War II. Any Americans viewing the trailer who came away with the feeling that NIKE offered protection against attack were falsely reassured. For the film showed NIKE shooting down a conventional piston bombing plane. It was not even a jet. Piston planes are no more likely to be used for attack in a major war than are the old meandering, bulbous dirigibles. Even supersonic jet planes are fast becoming outmoded as bomb-carriers in modern military technology. Attack today means missiles. Missiles attain speeds more than ten times that of the fastest jets. An interceptor device has to travel faster than the missile if it wants to catch up with it.



It is possible that the film in question was an old one. If so, it should have been recalled. In any case, far more serious than the misleading nature of the film is the fact that NIKE installations are themselves obsolete. A NIKE provides no security in a missile-*cum*-thermonuclear age. Missiles in descent develop a velocity up to thirty times the speed of sound. The NIKE doesn't begin to travel in that kind of company. Sending a NIKE after a missile would be like sending a cop on a bicycle after a Thunderbird. The hundreds of millions of dollars spent on setting up and operating the NIKE installations have not bought genuine protection. If it is argued that NIKE defenses were conceived at a time when piston planes were the main instruments of surprise attack, the answer is that piston planes went out of military fashion ten years ago but the NIKE lingers on.

The NIKE, moreover, is only one item in a vast array of military hardware that was outmoded even as it came off the drawing boards. In many cases, the policy-makers were aware of this insufficiency, but it was felt that even fractional security on an interim basis was better than nothing at all. In some instances, the Pentagon has acknowledged that a decision was made to continue production not because of any military validity but because of the need to avoid economic dislocation.

If we are concerned not about the appearance of security but the fact of security, then our concern should indeed be directed to the existence of costly gaps. The biggest of these gaps is not between the speed of the NIKE and the speed of an attacking missile, but between the general problem of security and the public understanding of the fundamental facts affecting that security.

There is still only a dim awareness that the concept of security through military power in an atomic age is itself unworkable. The United States has been arming prodigiously for ten years, yet we are more insecure today than when we began. The reason for it has less to do with what we have done or have

(*Continued on page* 107)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE STAY-AT-HOMES

In reference to Horace Sutton's article "Why They Don't Visit the USA" [*SR*, Oct. 15], there is a simple reason, although it may not be known to many U. S. citizens. It is the procedure required by the government for any kind of visa to enter the U. S. Any foreigner who has to undergo that trial will be glad to stay away if he can help it.

William B. McManus.

New York, N. Y.

Editor's note: *For an outline of the delays and obstacles that confront visitors to this country, see SR's January 9, 1960, issue.*

MAMMA KNOWS BEST

Gilbert Seldes's editorial, "Invitation to Serfdom" [*SR*, Oct 22], pinpoints the massive misconception of supreme ego with which people in the news media endow themselves.

In saying that the industry's "first and overriding obligation to the public is to remain independent of outside pressure—even independent of State," Mr. Seldes overlooks the very reason such organizations and such people exist—to make a buck.

Pursuit of the dollar has caused the media and their personnel to produce some pretty reprehensible rubbish in the "public interest" as they see it. If Mamma State helped to reduce the amount during recent weeks, she has my thanks.

David K. Barth.

Chicago, Ill.

WHAT PROVINCIALS?

As an international civil servant whose children attended the International School of Geneva for some years, I should like to correct Frederick L. Redefer's somewhat inaccurate account of that institution in his article "The Care and Feeding of Provincials" [*SR*, Oct. 22]. I do this because I believe that the school can well serve as a model for international education.

First of all, the English and French sides of the school are *not* isolated. There are activities in common, and it is obligatory for the children following each curriculum to spend part of their class time on the other side. The world's major languages, histories, cultures, and religions are brought to the child at a very early age.

As to a single curriculum, however, the practical difficulties are insurmountable. If the child on completion of secondary school is to go to Oxford or Ohio State, take the Swiss *maturité* or the French *baccalauréat*, he must prepare for completely different sets of examinations which in themselves reflect the standards and cultures of the countries in question. The International School manages to prepare children for whichever national university system they choose by separating them into appropriate groups in the last year of their studies.

A. P. Ruderman.

Washington, D. C.

I was privileged to be a student at the International School of Geneva last year and the year before, and I enjoyed it very much.

In recent years it would have been a valid criticism to say that there was little contact between the English and French sides. Now, however, there has been a great effort to unite the school, and courses are being taught in French on the English side. Furthermore, the study of French is compulsory for all students. The most important thing to be gained at the school, I believe, is an international understanding through meeting people from some fifty different nations.

However, two of Mr. Redefer's points are well taken. There is little contact with the Swiss secondary school students, and such examinations as the College Boards, General Certificate of Education, and the French *baccalauréat* prevent students from taking wider courses of study.

Kenny Greenberg.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE POET'S MISSION

George Barker's none too convincing article, "Poem in an Orange Wig" [*SR*, Oct. 22], reveals a contradiction that I cannot reconcile: "For the poet, society is an institution dedicated wholeheartedly to the pursuit of its own lies. It is the moral duty of the poet to speak about these lies; it is what makes him a poet, and it is also what makes him an enemy of society."

Later he writes: "I feel, more and more, that I really know nothing about society except that I don't like it, and nothing much about poetry except that I do like it. And the affection I have for the art of poetry seems to increase in proportion to my disaffection from society." If he knows nothing about society except that he does not like it, why should it be his moral duty to speak out about the lies which he says society wholeheartedly pursues? I wonder what Emerson, Whitman, or Tennyson would have thought of this article.

Laban Lacy Rice.

Warwick, Va.

I must thank *SR* for the many nuts of truth in George Barker's "Poem in an Orange Wig." They were worth chewing with relish.

Doris B. Armstrong.

South Bend, Ind.

We need more such "enemies of society."

A. C. Wilton.

Philadelphia, Pa.

RECORD REVISED

In Sydney J. Harris's review of C. S. Lewis's "The Four Loves" [*SR*, Sept. 10], he comments on the author's treatment of conjugal love and ascribes his "slight and shallow references" to it to the fact that Mr. Lewis is unmarried. The implication is that C. S. Lewis was never married, but in this assumption the critic is mistaken.

C. S. Lewis married my niece, Joy Davidman, in 1955. They lived in Oxford, England, until her death last July 15. I am sure Mr. Harris and those of Mr. Lewis's large and admiring following will be glad to be set right in this matter.

Lina S. Lippner.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1390

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

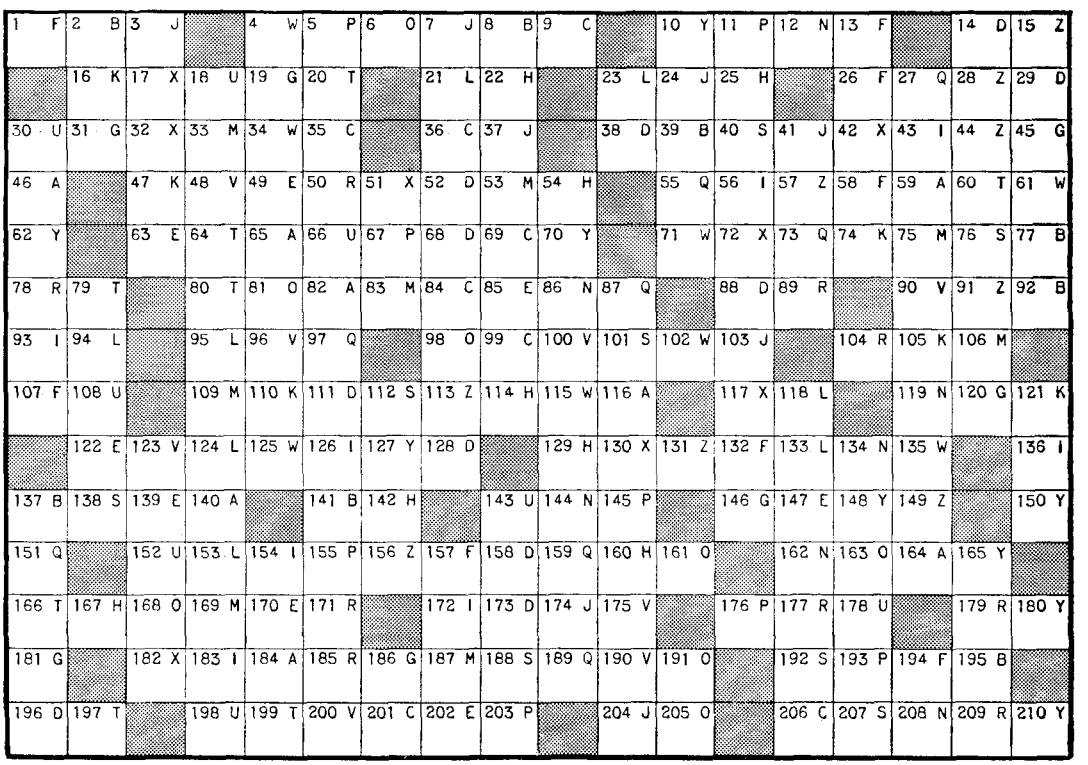
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The one whose "laugh was ready chorus" in "Tam o' Shanter".	164 65 184 140 46 82 59 116
B. Name of tree of the Pacific islands with highly irritant juice.	92 195 77 2 141 137 39 8
C. Wartlike.	206 9 84 69 35 36 201 99
D. Likelihood.	38 68 29 14 111 88 173 52 196 158 128
E. Situated at a border.	63 85 49 122 147 202 170 139
F. Becoming white.	157 13 107 26 58 194 132 1
G. Arctic cetacean which often becomes 20 feet long.	19 31 186 181 120 45 146
H. Important Indian of our early Northwest (2 wds.).	22 142 114 167 25 160 129 54
I. Conquered for a second time (comp.).	126 172 43 93 183 136 56 154
J. Weightiest.	24 3 37 174 41 7 103 204
K. Obliterate.	121 16 47 105 74 110
L. Hebrew word at head of psalms, probably meaning stringed instruments or melodies.	153 124 133 21 118 95 23 94
M. Charging with gas.	187 169 109 53 75 33 106 83

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. The peer's poor relation in "Our Mutual Friend."	119 162 134 86 12 144 208
O. Confine in any way.	163 6 168 81 98 161 205 191
P. Exceed in value.	155 67 176 145 5 11 203 193
Q. A rhinoceros.	151 73 87 189 55 159 97 27
R. Principal adversary; esp. Satan.	78 171 104 177 185 179 209 50 89
S. A coastal region.	112 76 192 188 207 138 101 40
T. The seven daughters of Atlas and the nymph Pleione.	80 79 60 199 166 20 64 197
U. Cosmos.	18 143 152 30 178 198 66 108
V. Common term in Baltimore and other old cities for a semi-detached dwelling (not in Webster; comp.).	123 48 90 175 190 96 200 100
W. Equipped with imposing entranceway.	71 34 4 61 125 102 115 135
X. Completely in one act.	17 51 42 72 117 182 130 32
Y. Cheerful, profligate character in "Old Curiosity Shop."	70 10 150 148 180 165 127 62 210
Z. Tending to increase desirability.	15 57 91 131 28 44 113 156 149

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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THE PACIFIC

MARCO POLO first talked of it. From a promontory in Panama Balboa first saw it. At the head of his diminishing fleet Magellan first crossed it to the Marianas and onward to the Philippines. In creaking barkentines whalers from Salem rolled on its swells. In memorable tales and immortal oils the artists of the Occident recorded it. And now in the age of the 600-mile-an-hour jets and the new comfortable ships, the great Pacific, largest of all oceans, is for the caravels of new and irrepressible explorers unfolding as a sightseer's sea.

The Pacific and all it holds, its cultures and its klongs, its smells and its bells, the rice and the sautéed ducks' tongues that come steaming from its kitchens, the whole pigs that bake in the hot rocks of its underground ovens, the razor peaks that come skidding down to the cathedral quiet of the lagoons that lie at their feet, the crowded alleys filled with sandal-sloughing citizens, shimmering silks in daring colors dyed in some backwater vat by a betel-chewing mama, incredible bazaars and primal dances by the light of flaring torches. Little waterside hotels that evoke scenes from books that have passed into classics. Battles fought and beaches remembered. Ukes, canoes, thunderheads scowling on some far-off moss-green mountain—all this is the Pacific, here chronicled in a thirty-four-page portfolio.

Eddying from the cover is Dong Kingman's painting of the incomparable harbor at Hong Kong, a city whose all but unbelievable civilization is elsewhere portrayed in words by Mrs. Kingman, the eminent Chinese-American novelist Helena Kuo who began her career on a newspaper in Shanghai, wrote of the coming of the Japanese in "I've Come a Long Way." James Michener delineates the Pacific peoples, a paper embellished with Michener's own sightseer's map prepared with artist Doug Anderson. "Hawaii" the book and Hawaii the state are explored by Academy Award-winner (for "From Here to Eternity") Daniel Taradash, who will write the screenplay for the Michener book of which there are now 413,000 copies in print. To Japan with the esteemed Indian essayist Santha Rama Rau; to Australia with Richard Tregaskis, the veteran Pacific voyager who wrote the unforgetable "Guadalcanal Diary"; to Bali with Bernard Kalb, the New York *Times*'s Djakarta-based correspondent who visits there as New Yorkers buzz to Miami. Barnaby Conrad, bullfighter, writer, artist, and motion-picture producer, has painted an original oil of a scene outside Papeete, here reproduced for the first time. And the local man tells of an experiment in education where, among the flowers and the caress of the strings, the twain may yet meet.

—H. S.

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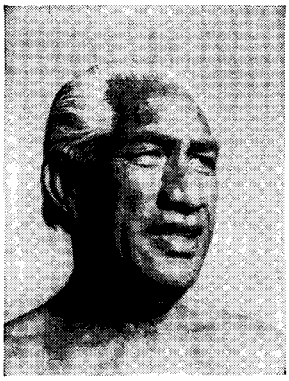
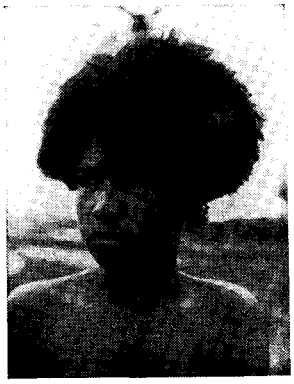
THE PEOPLE OF THE PACIFIC



Hawaiian



New Guinean

Fijian

Bornean

By JAMES MICHENER

THE PEOPLE of the Pacific provide the traveler with about as interesting a set of contrasts as he will find in any of the world's major geographical units. Among the vividly differing groups, one can exercise his imagination to the extreme and never become completely satisfied that he has untangled the mysteries that envelop the area.

To grasp the broad general dichotomies is relatively easy, for many years ago experts agreed that the Pacific islands had been populated by three major strains. In the Borneo-New Guinea complex, including outlying islands as far distant as the New Hebrides, the islanders are Negroid, and include some of the most primitive and ferocious human beings now alive. The islands on which they live tend to be hot, humid, and densely jungled. What is worse, they are infected with some of the world's most loathesome diseases: leprosy, dengue, elephantiasis, and the great killer, malaria. Existence is extremely difficult, pigs, bananas, and a few fish constituting the diet, and tribal warfare is marked by incessant headhunting. Judged by any pragmatic scale, the civilization of these islands is very near the bottom of known human existence, the only peoples warranting a lower position being the Tierra del Fuegians, whose life in their colder climate is just barely endurable.

The Negroid peoples who inhabit this first sector of the Pacific are known as Melanesians (*Melas*, black; *nesos*, island) and are considered by some experts to be not pure Negroid stock, but Negroids modified racially by some of the peoples we are to meet later. At any rate, the Melanesians I have known —and I lived among them for three years—were very black, short, well-muscled, kinky-haired aboriginals barely out of the Stone Age. They were delightful friends, good huntsmen, alert, and given to cannibalism. Apart from the aborigines of Australia, they were by far the most primitive people I had ever known, so what I am going to say next has treble significance.

Time and again, on islands like Guadalcanal and Espíritu Santo, I watched the Melanesian primitives recruited from the jungle and within six weeks transformed into very skilful truck drivers or jeep-engine overhaulers. Many an American fighter pilot who landed his airplane on Henderson Field on Guadalcanal will remember the Melanesian bushboy who wheeled a ten-ton gasoline truck up to the fighter plane, stopping it within inches of the fuselage. This driver had learned his trade during the few weeks after he escaped from the heart of the jungle.

The Melanesian men I knew could learn almost any job requiring manipulative skill. They were sharp-witted in social situations, but centuries of inadequate diet had made them stunted in appearance and subject to premature aging. To look at, they were as unprepossessing as any people I have ever seen, but to live with around their campfires or when a festival was in progress, they were delightful, and many an American enlisted man made fast friends with these Stone Age warriors.

The modern traveler who wishes to visit Melanesians in their home surroundings has many exciting opportunities to do so. The easiest visit would be to some well-established Melanesian island like New Caledonia (French) or New Guinea (Australian in the eastern half, Dutch in the west). Port Moresby, for example, on the latter island is a fine, well-policed, attractive city where Melanesians drive buses. I remember the shock I got when I saw a television play made from one of my stories. The central actors were on a yacht lying off Port Moresby, which is more sedate than Boston, and the first line of dialogue was the old classic, "Will those drums never cease?" I don't suppose

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Port Moresby has heard drums in the last fifty years.

More exciting for me are the Melanesian islands at the other extreme, for when I think of Melanesia I think of the grim yet exhilarating days I spent on the cannibal islands of Malaita and Malekula. I could wish no adventurer a more challenging trip than to sweat his way across either of those dark, brooding islands where so many white men, missionaries and sailors in particular, met their deaths. I suppose that the most exciting single trip I have ever taken was the painstaking traverse of Malekula, for here was a real journey into the past.

In between, insofar as difficulty of access is concerned, are islands like Guadalcanal and Espíritu Santo. For hundreds of thousands of Americans who were stationed on these islands, they will always represent the South Pacific. We must remember that in World War II most men who saw the Pacific saw only Melanesia, so that it has a special importance in the history of America.

North of Melanesia lie the thousand minute and scattered islands of Micronesia (Little islands). One of the largest and most important is Guam; representative groups would be the Carolines, the Marshalls, the Marianas, and the Gilberts. By a curiosity of history and the peace treaties of the postwar world, the United States today governs most of the Micronesian Islands, excepting the Gilbert and Ellice groups, which are under the British flag.

The Micronesian peoples are substantially farther up the scale of social evolution than their Melanesian neighbors. They have adjusted rather comfortably to the modern world, and indeed two of the key words of our present atomic age derive from Micronesia: at Eniwetok and at Bikini we demonstrated the incredible power of the weapons that characterize our period. For some decades, now, Micronesia has been held together primarily by airplanes, each island or group having its own airstrip.

Micronesians are supposed to represent a mixture of Negroid, Malayan, and Polynesian stocks, but today they form a distinct group in the Pacific. They are a handsome people, light brown in color with magnificent black hair and dark eyes. They tend to be heavier than their undernourished Melanesian neighbors, from whom they are further distinguished by their capacity to navigate, fish, and use the ocean generally as their home.

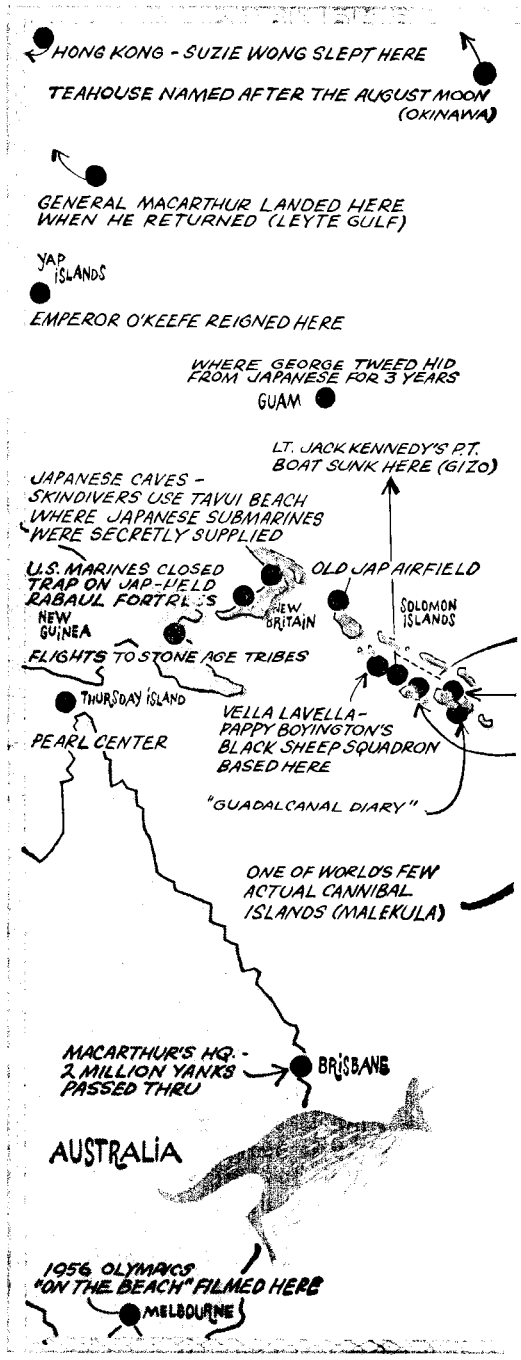
To visit Micronesia is not easy, since military permission is required for all the islands under American jurisdiction and since none of the islands, excepting Guam, offers ready physical access. To romantic anthropologists, Guam itself is highly disappointing, for its quota of neon lights and tin shacks is the highest in the Pacific; but to people like myself who look forward to the rapid assimilation of most peoples and to their rapid advance into the modern world, Guam is quite reassuring. I realize that my point of view is debatable, so I never press it, but I suspect that far more is accomplished by helping people adjust to modern life than is preserved by keeping them in picturesque bondage. At any rate, whatever one's reactions to this fundamental problem of the Pacific, they are exacerbated by a visit to Guam.

The islands of Micronesia, and the life lived on them, are among the most alluring in the world to confirmed nessomaniacs, if I may coin a word to cover people who are fascinated by island cultures. So far as the disease of nessomania is concerned, I contracted it young and it has run a virulent course in my bloodstream. Today, I would suppose that one can savor true island life better in Micronesia than anywhere else in the Pacific, and the works of the distinguished British colonial servant Gribble have done much to identify what the allure of real atoll life consists of. After all, the finest single book ever written about the romance of islands, Stevenson's "Treasure Island," concerned Micronesia.

Polynesia (many islands) is by all odds the most fortunate of the three major divisions of the Pacific. It contains the most spectacular islands, the most historic spots, and certainly the most attractive and advanced people. Islands like Tahiti, Bora Bora, and Oahu need no praise from me. They are perfect gems, and the people who originally lived on them were poets, navigators, and very good civilizers. These are heroic islands, and today they are both easily accessible and increasingly enchanting.

To see the people of Polynesia at their best one ought to go to New Zealand Samoa, where Stevenson lived and died, for here one can see the most physically attractive people on earth. They are big, statue-straight, tall, crop-headed, tawny-skinned gods. To see four elderly Samoans walking sedately down the road is to see an evocation of human grandeur. Because they early evolved a substantial diet in which meat and fowl and fish played equal roles, along with excellent vegetables, they are much larger physically than either the Melanesians or the Micronesians. Could it have been this happy accident of diet that enabled them to devote much of their time to music, to architecture, and to poetry? Whatever the reason, they did evolve a civilization that embraced astronomy, navigation, geometry, and civic speculation, and although it is true that they existed even as late as 1780 in what was equivalent to the Stone Age, since they failed to discover ceramics or an alphabet, they had perfected their social structure to an enviable polish.

It is now easy to visit Polynesia, with Honolulu serving as one of our fifty state capitals and Papeete soon to be linked to the United States by jet, even though the route is somewhat indirect. And don't believe cynics when they tell you that Hawaii is no longer worth


HONG KONG - SUZIE WONG SLEPT HERE
TEAHOUSE NAMED AFTER THE AUGUST MOON (OKINAWA)
GENERAL MACARTHUR LANDED HERE WHEN HE RETURNED (LEYTE GULF)
YAP ISLANDS
EMPEROR O'KEEFE REIGNED HERE
WHERE GEORGE TWEED HID FROM JAPANESE FOR 3 YEARS
GUAM
LT. JACK KENNEDY'S P.T. BOAT SUNK HERE (GIZO)
JAPANESE CAVES - SKINDIVERS USE TAVUI BEACH WHERE JAPANESE SUBMARINES WERE SECRETLY SUPPLIED
U.S. MARINES CLOSED TRAP ON JAP-HELD RABAUL FORTRESS
OLD JAP AIRFIELD
NEW BRITAIN
SOLOMON ISLANDS
NEW GUINEA
FLIGHTS TO STONE AGE TRIBES
THURSDAY ISLAND
PEARL CENTER
VELLA LAVELLA - PAPPY BOYINGTON'S BLACK SHEEP SQUADRON BASED HERE
"GUADALCANAL DIARY"
ONE OF WORLD'S FEW ACTUAL CANNIBAL ISLANDS (MALEKULA)
MACARTHUR'S HQ. - 2 MILLION YANKS PASSED THRU
BRISBANE
AUSTRALIA
1956 OLYMPICS "ON THE BEACH" FILMED HERE
MELBOURNE

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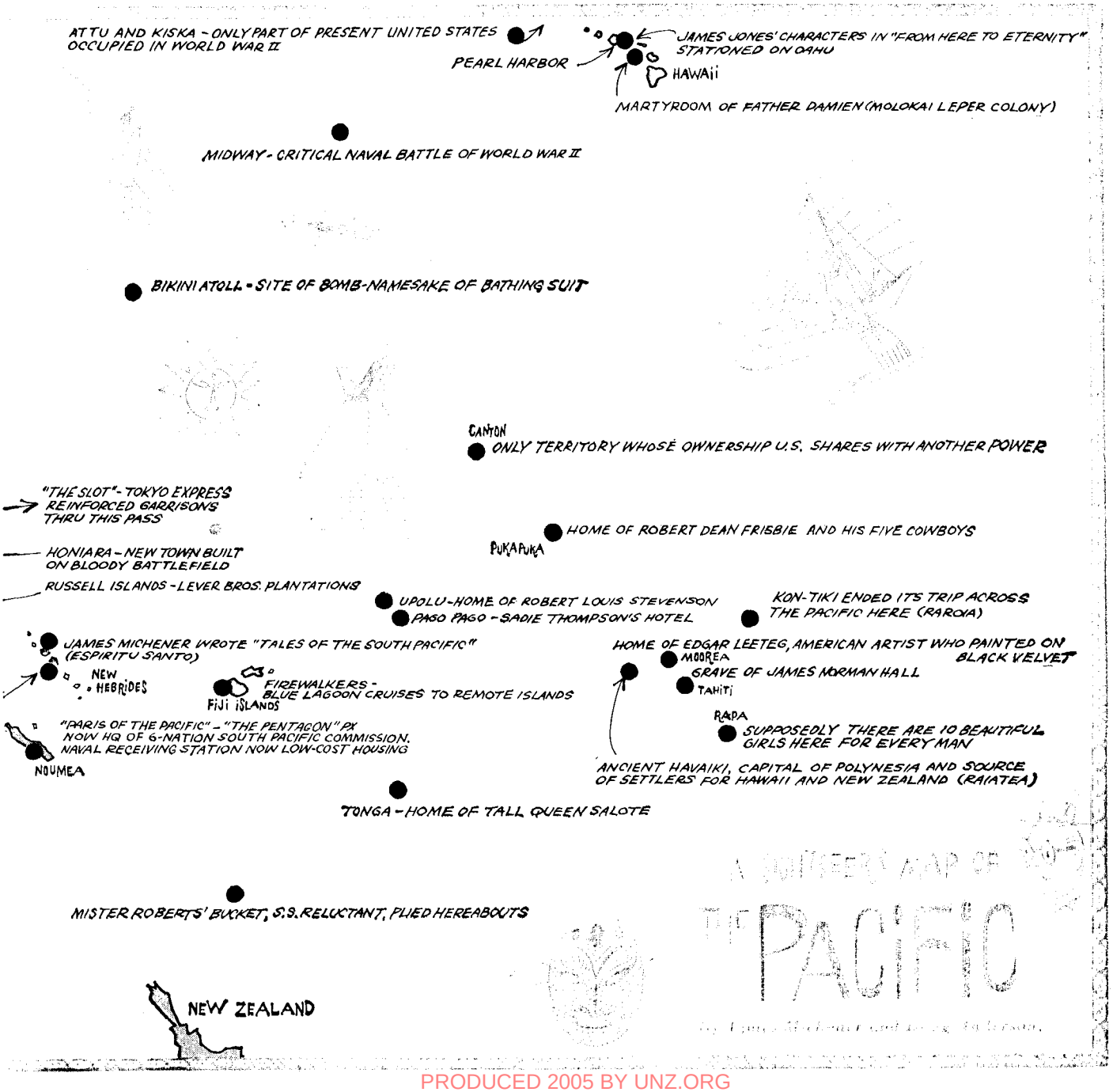
visiting, or Tahiti either. A hundred years from now the essential grandeur of this Polynesian race will not have been erased, and if one wants to see it in less modern dress there are no island stops anywhere in the Pacific that are more honestly pleasant than Tonga, Rarotonga, and Moorea. Had Polynesia been truly erased, its loss would have been a tragedy, but there is still enough left to go around, and in the low islands east and south of Tahiti one can find atolls that are almost as primitive in their joyousness as the others that I have referred to in Micronesia.

BUT as might be expected, the most fascinating of the Pacific islands are those that stand mysteriously on the borderline between the three major groups. If one wants to study a society that partakes of both the Polynesian and the Melanesian, conserving, as some claim, the best of both, he can easily travel to Fiji, which stands at the true crossroads of the world. Here the Negroid race is seen at its sterling best, modified perhaps by countless generations of Polynesians who traveled either through or past the islands on their journeys to the eastern islands such as Samoa, Tahiti, and Hawaii. Before I first lived in Fiji I had come to know Melanesia intimately, Micronesia rather well, and Polynesia adequately, but it was not until I settled down in the Grand Pacific Hotel in Fiji that I began to acquire a synthesis of the ocean area. I could wish no one a better vacation than some of the ones I have had in this vaulted, stuffy, well-run hotel on the waterfront in Suva. Here one sees British colonialism at its best, the Melanesians at their most congenial, and the echoes of Polynesian life at their most provocative. If I have sometimes caught the spirit of the Pacific, it is probably because of the intellectual apprenticeship I served at the GPH. Whenever the war permitted, I ran off to some kind of duty or other in Fiji, propped myself up with gin and tonics at the GPH, and talked with whoever was about. I transformed myself into a good listener, and I learned some of the details that go into governing an ocean. Looking back upon those somnolent days during which

(*Continued on page* 68)


ATTU AND KISKA - ONLY PART OF PRESENT UNITED STATES OCCUPIED IN WORLD WAR II
PEARL HARBOR
JAMES JONES' CHARACTERS IN "FROM HERE TO ETERNITY" STATIONED ON OAHU
HAWAII
MARTYRDOM OF FATHER DAMIEN (MOLOKAI LEPER COLONY)
MIDWAY - CRITICAL NAVAL BATTLE OF WORLD WAR II
BIKINI ATOLL - SITE OF BOMB-NAMESAKE OF BATHING SUIT
CANTON
ONLY TERRITORY WHOSE OWNERSHIP U.S. SHARES WITH ANOTHER POWER
"THE SLOT" - TOKYO EXPRESS REINFORCED GARRISONS THRU THIS PASS
HOME OF ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE AND HIS FIVE COWBOYS
PUKAPUKA
HONIARA - NEW TOWN BUILT ON BLOODY BATTLEFIELD
RUSSELL ISLANDS - LEVER BROS. PLANTATIONS
UPOLU - HOME OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
PAGO PAGO - SADIE THOMPSON'S HOTEL
KON-TIKI ENDED ITS TRIP ACROSS THE PACIFIC HERE (RAROIA)
JAMES MICHENER WROTE "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC" (ESPIRITU SANTO)
HOME OF EDGAR LEETEG, AMERICAN ARTIST WHO PAINTED ON BLACK VELVET
MOOREA
GRAVE OF JAMES NORMAN HALL
TAHITI
NEW HEBRIDES
FIREWALKERS - BLUE LAGOON CRUISES TO REMOTE ISLANDS
FIJI ISLANDS
RAPA
SUPPOSEDLY THERE ARE 10 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS HERE FOR EVERY MAN
"PARIS OF THE PACIFIC" - "THE PENTAGON" PX NOW HQ OF 6-NATION SOUTH PACIFIC COMMISSION. NAVAL RECEIVING STATION NOW LOW-COST HOUSING
NOUMEA
ANCIENT HAVAIKI, CAPITAL OF POLYNESIA AND SOURCE OF SETTLERS FOR HAWAII AND NEW ZEALAND (RAIATEA)
TONGA - HOME OF TALL QUEEN SALOTE
MISTER ROBERTS' BUCKET, S.S. RELUCTANT, PLIED HEREABOUTS
NEW ZEALAND
A SOUVENIR MAP OF THE PACIFIC

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WHERE THE TWAIN WILL MEET

By HORACE SUTTON

IN A greening mountain valley in Hawaii, looking down on the Pacific and the pleasure domes of Waikiki, an exciting project is under way that may do more for U.S. relations with Asians than any other plan yet concocted in the marble halls of diplomacy.

Here on the heights above Honolulu, where the weather is always balmy and the bright sunlight seems a symbol of all that is affirmative, hands are already at work clearing the ground for the East-West Center that will prove a unique experiment in education and understanding. The Center will bring Americans and Asians to live together and learn together in an atmosphere of American democracy. The dormitories have been designed to stir the utmost mixing between students from the East and the West. Living quarters are to be arranged in groups of apartments each of which will house ten students. Eight of the ten will be foreigners and two will be from the U.S. Each student will have a private cubicle for sleeping and studying. The cubicles will surround a central bath. On the floor below will be a living room for the exclusive use of the ten students in the quarters above. The auditorium will include a theatre capable of handling any type of theatrical production, from a Noh play to Shakespeare in the round.

By 1966, when the Center is scheduled to be in full operation, there will be 2,000 students in residence, 400 of them Americans. The Americans will be taking Asian studies, while Asian students will be able to study any curriculum of their choice. The only required course will be corrective English if necessary. The ideal student nominated from the U.S. will be one who is already trained for a career and who wants to work in Asia. The Center's planners feel that such a type, eager to learn and eager to communicate, will make the perfect companion for Asian visitors. Furthermore, the atmosphere will be an ideal one in which to observe the American in training. It will be readily apparent whether or not he can get along with Asian peoples, a fact that might otherwise not be discovered until after he was on the foreign scene further complicating the American position abroad.

The ideal Asian student will be the potential leader, the man who may well be directing his country's destiny two

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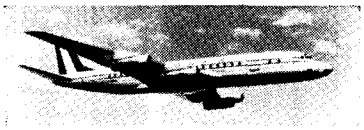

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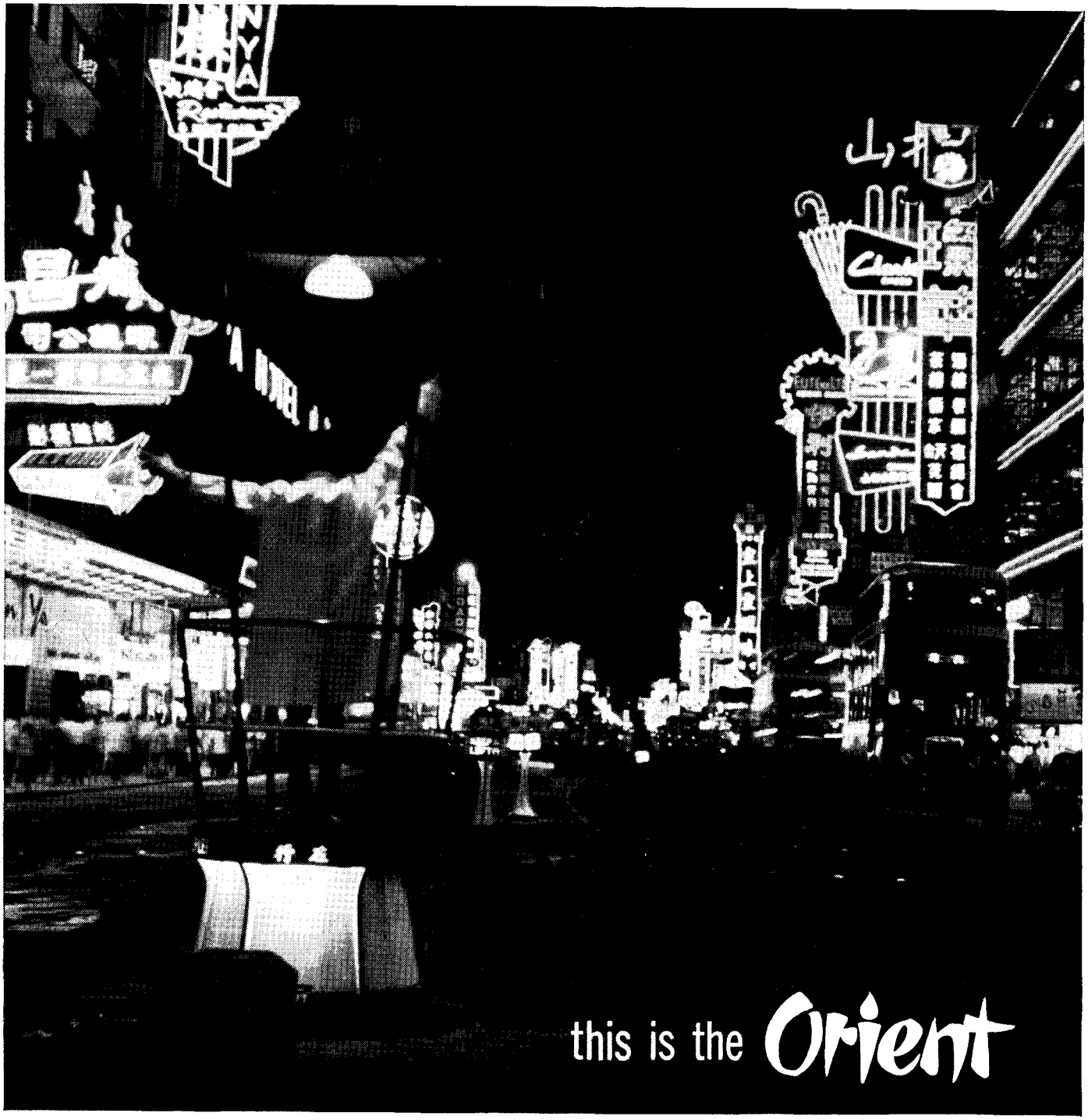

As Oriental as you like, yet no temple bells tinkle in this street. When evening comes to Hong Kong, the neons take over the colour from the day, guiding the visitor to some shopping, a sampan trip on the harbour or Cantonese Opera. A late supper of bird's nest soup and Peking duck is followed by a rickshaw ride back to your hotel. Hong Kong is an exciting city . . . visit it soon and discover the Orient for yourself.

the Orient is **HONG KONG**

British Crown Colony

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decades from now. In choosing its foreign students, the East-West Center will not seek political appointees. Ideally, it would prefer to communicate with foreign countries on a university-to-university basis, side-stepping government altogether. Eventually it hopes to establish an international advisory commission that will nominate students.

The East-West Center will grow out of the University of Hawaii and lean heavily on it during its formative years. The university at Honolulu has wide experience in Oriental subjects, having introduced its first courses on Asia forty years ago. Fully a fourth of its faculty are men and women of Asian extraction, and its scholars and teachers of whatever ancestry have conducted vast research in Asian fields and made many forays into Asia in pursuit of their specialties. The university will make available its outstanding Oriental library, will call up its experience gathered during twenty years of international conferences. Every ten years since 1939 it has staged East-West Philosophers' Conferences. It sponsored an International Race Relations Conference in 1954, and an Afro-Asian Student Leaders' Conference last winter.

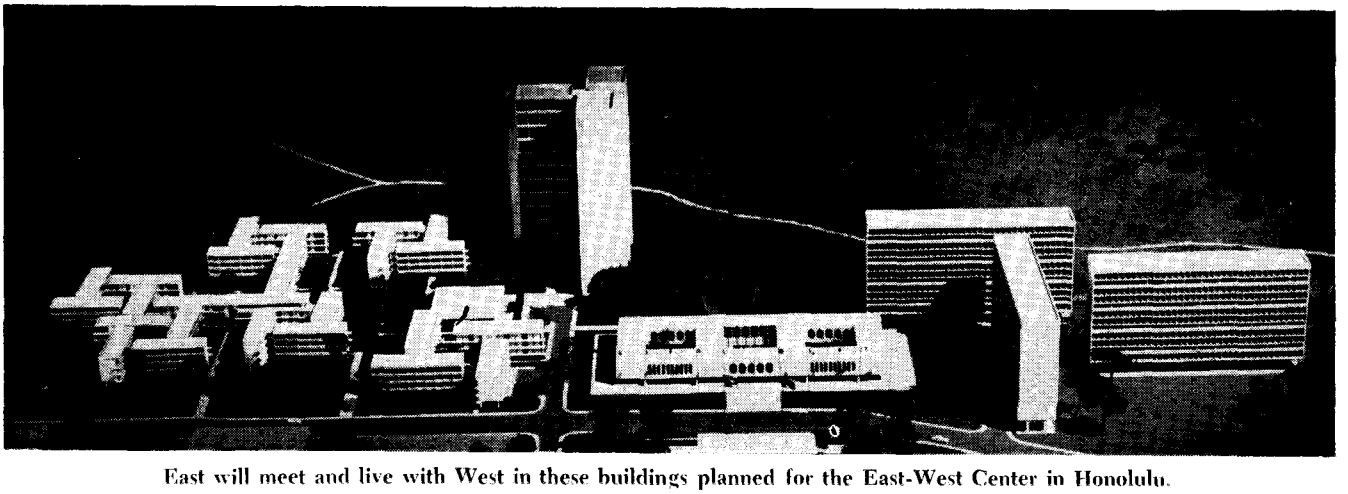
Aside from the immediate and obvious advantages of the university plant, Hawaii feels that it is, all factors considered, better suited than any other place in the U.S. to display U.S. aims and ideals and at the same time to be of real aid to the Asian. The visitors who come to the islands from other continents will learn about America in a community that is mixed racially and that is outgoing and friendly. The climate is perfect for any Asian type, and the state is one of the most politically active areas in the nation. In the last election 94 per cent of the registered voters went to the polls. Lest students return home with the misapprehension that all America is like Hawaii, courses will include field trips to the mainland.

The Center will urge the student to relate his studies to his home environment. Says John Stalker, the university's Director of Overseas Operations and a dedicated proponent of the Center: "If we talk economics to the student, we will talk to him within the context of his country's economy and its problems. It doesn't do the visiting agricultural student much good to see a 15,000-acre truck farm in New Jersey when he'll never have more than two or three hectares at home. What good does it do to send a Japanese or an Indonesian to California to see rice being planted by airplane?" Stalker recalls a group of visiting Thais who were sent from Bangkok to New England to learn statistical analysis. Looking at the marvelous automatic machines clicking and humming and spitting out answers, they were both awe-struck and perplexed. "How," they asked, "do we go about collecting the statistics to feed into the machines?"

Specialized training rather than normal academy study will be the Center's theme. Much of the work will be on-the-job training, for which a state-wide program already exists in Hawaii. The program, which as yet uses only 20 per cent of the state's capacity for this kind of practical schooling, will be transferred to the Center. Communications specialists from abroad will go to work with Hawaii's telephone company. The small farms of the islands, many of them tended by farmers of Oriental ancestry working with improved American methods, will be ideal for field experience. Students of government will be able to work in Hawaii's unique multiracial, multilingual legislature. Says Stalker: "We won't merely teach them theory in a classroom, but we'll actually be able to establish internships where students can watch American government at work. No other state can offer such a facility."

The founders of the East-West Center trace its launching to a speech made by Senator Lyndon Johnson to the National Women's Press Club in Washington in May, 1959, calling for the establishment of such a center. His call crystalized a sentiment that had long been dormant in the islands. For one thing, the university was eager to expand its international dabblings. The territory, looking toward approaching statehood, was eager to perform a service for the nation. Moreover, private interest in the university's international programs had been so great that a citizens' committee was formed to encourage more frequent meetings of the East-West Philosophers' Conferences. A Hawaiian-Chinese-American real estate man and banker named Hung Wo Ching took it upon himself to raise money for a philosophers' session to be held in 1964, five years earlier than the ten-year cycle. He set out to raise the money, brought in donations in $1,000 units, amassed $124,000. The conference is to be held in 1964.

During the Student Leaders' Conference of last January and February, the university had more offers from private homes than it had students to billet in them. One black visitor from Kenya, one of the toughest of the conferees, was sent to live at the home of a white Hawaiian, the wife of a Japanese-American. The kid from Kenya, like any other, festooned the furniture in his room with wet bathing suits and dirty clothes. One day when he came back from a session he found his hostess had picked up his clothes, dropped them in the washer, returned them to his room washed and ironed. When he found them that night the tough boy



East will meet and live with West in these buildings planned for the East-West Center in Honolulu.

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PACIFIC TIME TABLE

	Air	Sea
San Francisco to Honolulu	4 hours 45 minutes	4½ days
San Francisco to Tahiti	14 hours	8½ days
San Francisco to Sydney	15 hours 40 minutes	9½ days
San Francisco to Tokyo	11 hours 15 minutes	14 days
San Francisco to Manila	15 hours 30 minutes	17 days
San Francisco to Fiji	11 hours	11½ days
Seattle to Tokyo (over the Pole)	7 hours 25 minutes	
Honolulu to Tahiti	9 hours 10 minutes	5 days
Honolulu to Sydney	11 hours	12 days
Honolulu to Tokyo	7 hours	8 days
Honolulu to Manila	11 hours	11½ days
Honolulu to Fiji	6 hours	7½ days
Tokyo to Manila	4 hours 25 minutes	
Tokyo to Sydney	14 hours	
Hong Kong to Bangkok	2 hours 50 minutes	
Bangkok to Singapore	2 hours 10 minutes	
Singapore to Djakarta	2 hours 25 minutes	

LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES:

Many Philippine women love cigars, and can carry on a conversation while smoking a cigarette barrio-fashion—the lighted end inside the mouth. Philippine men who should know report that the most beautiful women in all the world are Zamboanga mestizas. The prettiest Malay girls are reputed to come from Bulacan; the best dancers, from the Bicol provinces; the best cooks, from Pampanga; and the most expensive to date, from the Eastern Visayas.

At weddings the groom must furnish gifts for the bride, pay for her trousseau, and the wedding food. These costs are offset somewhat by gifts or money from the best man and the wedding guests. Once married, family financial matters are handled by the wife, who frequently displays considerable business acumen. If the couple are living with their parents, however, home rule is vested with the oldsters.

Bare bottoms are found to be most comfortable by Filipino children, although tee-shirts are occasionally worn to cover the chest. Men's trousers display the manufacturer's label prominently over the back pocket. In the provinces, you will see women carrying burdens balanced gracefully atop their heads, and you will marvel at their superb posture. Filipinos are excellent dancers, being graceful—sometimes to a fault—with men seen walking down the street holding hands. At the same time, it is taboo for a boy and girl to hold hands in public.

—From "Orient Guide," by Donald Sea Briggs.

from Africa was incredulous. "You don't understand," he said. "I'm black, and I've been a servant to white people all my life." Then he burst into tears.

What is known in the Islands as the aloha spirit pervades all facets of Hawaii's life. During its last session the Hawaiian legislature appropriated $750,000 to build facilities for the East-West Center. It also voted another $124,000 for Center operations, an amount that represented 40 per cent of the cash available to the state. Fifteen Hawaiian politicians personally advanced money to provide scholarships for two Hawaiian students to matriculate at the Center. The university provided twenty-one acres of its own property as the site for the Center, a land area valued at nearly $3,000,000. As usual, private citizens were moved to action too. It was the same kind of spirit that moved Hawaii recently to translate and have printed 25,000 copies of a primary reader for Laotians who had no textbooks. Hawaii was the first state, and remains the only one, to have contributed an entire hospital for Tom Dooley, the young doctor working in the Far East. Last year the state dispatched a team of "Aloha Ambassadors" on a good-will tour of Asia. Three couples of mixed Asian and Polynesian origins traveled across Asia making friends for the U. S.

Says Stalker: "We'll be furnishing ambassadors to all the East one day. We breed a kind of kid who is multiracial and multilingual. He can eat with a fork or chopsticks and be at ease all over the world. Anticipating such a day, Hawaii is hurrying to reintroduce Oriental languages in its schools. The new pupils, done up in pony tails and jeans and speaking pure American teen-talk, will not learn the language of their forbears, but they will learn good Japanese, not the peasant language of the immigrants. "Maybe we don't have minerals and natural resources," a Hawaiian was saying the other day. "But we got people, and brother, we got people like nobody's got people."

The logic and spirit displayed by the Hawaiians proved irrepressible. Moreover, Moscow had already moved to establish a foreign student program of its own called Friendship University. Finally, last August, the clincher came through from far-off Washington, 5,000 miles away. Congress amended a State Department appropriation bill to provide $10,000,000 for the first increment of the Center. There are no buildings yet which the Center can call its own, but the first students are already in residence, and understanding between Americans and other peoples of the world is already being improved there under the benevolent sunshine of our newest state.

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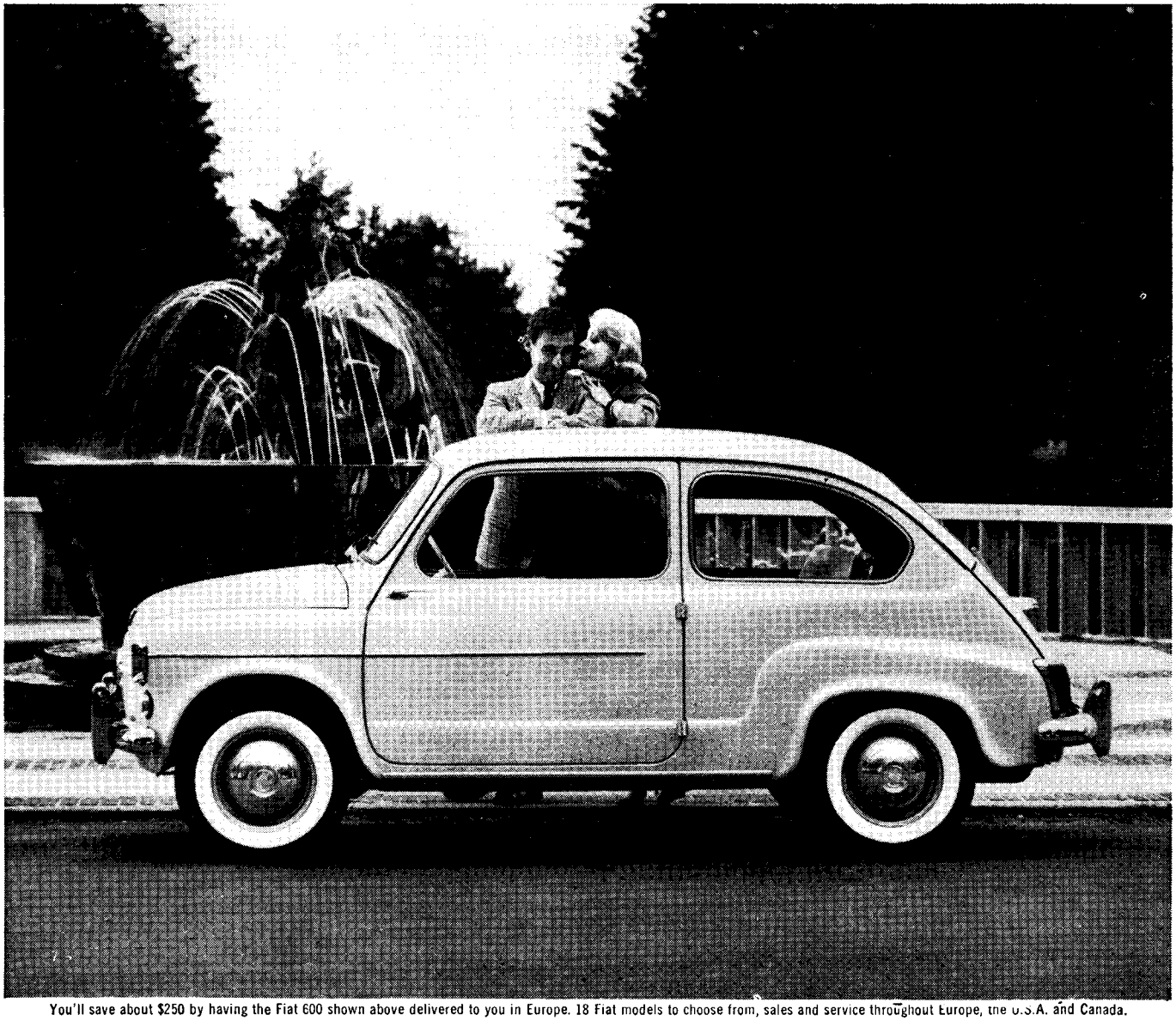

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MIDNIGHT IN KAILUA

By DANIEL TARADASH

KAILUA is a little town on a big island called Hawaii. If you're there on a Sunday in late August and you have a midnight impulse to stroll along the drowsy six-block waterfront, you're apt to be quite alone. There'll be no neon or billboards, but the stone church, built in 1837, may be tenderly floodlit. And the astonishing night-blooming cereus, large as cantaloupes, will be smiling at you along a wall of the garden. It will be warm but you'll turn a corner and meet a breeze. You'll long for music and, upon the wish, you'll hear it coming from an inviting but unmarked tavern off to one side. Its capacity is half a hundred customers but on this occasion, you'll be the only one. As if playing to a full house, three large, smiling, barefoot Hawaiian ladies will stand, strumming their ukes and singing their corny, lovely melodies. When you ask the barmaid the name of the place, she'll answer, "Kona Steak House." Ah, you'll have dinner here tomorrow night. But no, you won't, because she will tell you the Kona Steak House hasn't served food for over a year now. Why, then, haven't they changed the name? The waitress will reply indulgently. For to her, and I suppose to anybody who lives in Kailua, the answer is obvious: No one has been able to think of a better one. You may not be surprised then, to learn that when it *was* a restaurant, the Kona Steak House never served steak.

I tell you this small tale because to me there's something very Hawaiian —and American—about it, something to be expected and enjoyed in the contrasts of a state where a Japanese is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a Hawaiian is the minister of Kawaiahao, the oldest and most famous church in the Islands, and a Chinese has the honor of being president of the highly important Hawaii Visitors Bureau.

The task of converting James Michener's remarkable and admirable novel, "Hawaii," into a motion picture script is, to put it moderately, a thorny one. Recently, I spent a month in the Islands in search of the near-spiritual charge a writer needs to assume such a challenge. I found it, I believe, in the people. There is a quality about them that deserves and demands to be written about. And I like to think that it was this, too, that gave Michener a good part of his inspiration and momentum. I met all manner of Hawaiians: Hawaiian Hawaiians, Oriental Hawaiians, *haole* and *hapa-haole* Hawaiians, Big Fives and little fives, *malihinis* and descendents of the missionaries, Republicans and Democrats, and the Golden Men whom Michener described. I am not naïve enough to think they do not have vices as well as virtues and prejudices as well as prides, but in this they merely reflect and verify the novel's unrelenting insistence that all men are brothers. What strengthens their brotherhood and makes it exciting and stimulating is that they are united in one love: the State of Hawaii. It is a passionate love, the kind we impoverished souls of the other forty-nine reserve for humans. It's a warm and confident love, one that is founded on an intimate knowledge of their own history and the thrill of the history they are making as they demonstrate a special kind of Yankee integration to the world.

LOVING his state, the citizen of Hawaii *knows* his state. Though an eminent historian has said that nowhere else have fact and fiction become so indistinguishable, almost everyone in Hawaii considers himself an authority on the Hawaiian past. But his finger-tip familiarity with it *is* truly astonishing. He can reel off the dates and places and faces of the Alii and the Kamehamehas and the times and manners of the missionaries and the circumstances of the immigration of Oriental labor (to the point where some refuse Michener the privilege of being a novelist). Not one-fiftieth of Californians know one-tenth as much about California as the average Maui resident knows about Maui. And now you *can* call me naïve. For I found it enlivening to believe that people with such ardor for, and knowledge of, their land are a little less venal, a little more generous, a little less brutal, a little more tolerant, than their other brothers of the USA. Michener dedicated his book to "All the peoples who came to Hawaii" and the screenplay may well be for all the people who are there now.

If you go to Koloa, which is on the island of Kauai, on a weekend in early September, you'll be seeing a Japanese *Bon dance*, which is certainly a very serious affair. This outdoor Buddhist ritual, celebrating the return of ancestral spirits, starts around eight in the evening and proceeds until exhaustion. You'll be watching several hundred women (many of them exquisitely fragile high-school girls and all in varying, multi-hued kimonos and obis) and a scattering of men circle endlessly around a high platform in rhythmic and charming dances. You'll hear the high-pitched, keening voices of the chanters atop the platform as, one by one, they call off the sing-song songs. And the barrelly boom of a great drum as it's struck by what resembles a battering-ram. And in the midst of it, if you listen closely and believe your ears, you'll find a chanter varying his message. Without pause or change of beat, but with considerable change of melody and total change of language, he will bring forth "Oh Susanna, Oh Don't You Cry For Me. . . ." Very Hawaiian, that. Very American.

And so on those days when ideas choke in the mind and the typewriter keys become hateful and a sense of humor is the only rescue for a writer, Hawaii can cater to that, too. With gratitude, I remember Kailua and Koloa.

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OUTSIDE PAPEETE, TAHITI

a painting by Barnaby Conrad

Te Haere Nei Te Tamaroa O Koke I Te Rava'ai

THIS PAINTING shows a scene in Tahiti's Paea district and, just to be Gauguinesque, I've given it a Tahitian title. It means: "The son of Gauguin goes fishing," and refers to Emile (in the center of the canvas with the large *opu* bulging over the shorts), the sixtyish son of the greatest interpreter of the Tahitian scene. Paul Gauguin, who was known as "Koke" (that being as close as the Polynesians could get to his name), died in 1903 in the islands. Gauguin *fils* seems to have inherited none of his father's talent, and by trade is a professional son, posing for tourists' photos, ten francs apiece. He also fashions bamboo fish traps which he sells, and occasionally he goes fishing. In the picture he has caught a Moorish idol and some *iihi* and *manini,* which abound in the nearby lagoon. At the upper right one sees bearded Bengt Danielsson out for a stroll. He arrived in Tahiti in 1947 by rather slow transportation, *Kon Tiki,* and has remained ever since. "Paint me in a priest's cassock," he joked as he posed. At the left, in the Fiat Jolly Wagon, is the Huntington family on the way to Taravao for a picnic. David is the author of "Tahitian Holiday." In front is a fighting cock worth a hundred dollars, one of the many that perform on Sundays and over which great sums are won and lost. (The best fighters are from California.) The church is about twenty-two kilometers from the town of Papeete, a short distance from where we lived last summer and the summer before, and the scene seems typical to me: all life revolving around Tahiti's one road. The procession is endless—and endlessly fascinating. I'm afraid I'm beginning to agree with Rupert Brooke, who rhapsodized: "There the Eternals are, and there the Good, the Lovely, and the True." — B.C.

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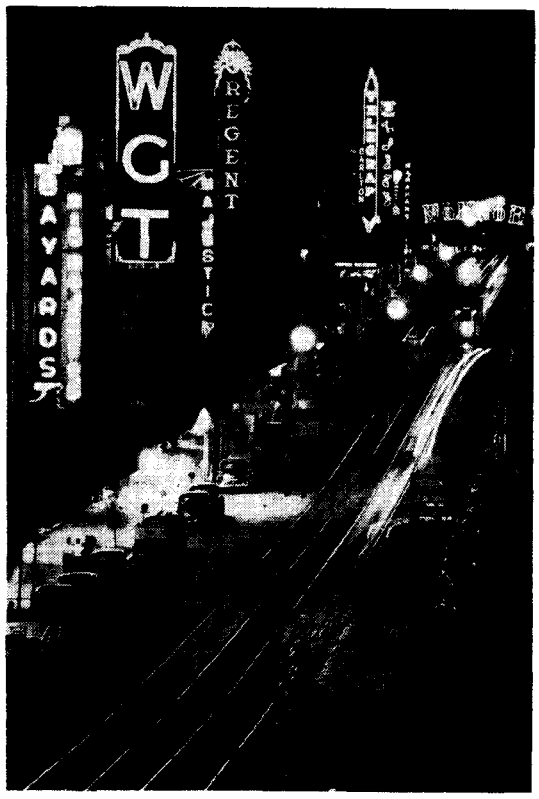

DOWN UNDER LOOKS UP

By RICHARD TREGASKIS

SOMETIMES the old guard or fair-dinkum Australians are inclined to view their country's new acceptance of ballet, opera, painting, existentialist coffee shops, international cuisine, and hotels with twenty-four-hour room service—just a few of the many effects of the Great Migration—as fairly close to what we in America might call subversive. But to the tourist these things are unmixed blessings, because available at almost the prices of the old, more primitive day.

In the last fourteen years, which is to say since the start of Australia's mammoth effort to bring European and American migrants in, and force-feed a new giant of a nation into full strength, the country has undergone a decided personality change, especially in the areas which tourists are apt to visit.

The change is by all means a pleasant one, from the traveler's point of view. In the days before the migrant program, it may have been fine that the average Aussie was an independent, two-fisted Anglo-Saxon sportsman and beer-drinker, and that personal service, in the sense of catering to the comforts of the visitor, was just not in the Australian tradition—as any fair-dinkum digger was glad to inform you.

But this pattern of hospitality was apt to be hard on the tourist, especially if he were not the type for whom most of the hotels were designed—the rugged sheep rancher from the Outback, visiting town to sell mutton or wool and go to the race meetings.

Now, however, there are new deluxe hotels; modern buildings of glass and steel are replacing painted board; the streets show a potpourri of new autos from all nations; and the sidewalks and shops of Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane exhibit women's styles worthy of the Rue de Faubourg St. Honoré or Via Veneto.

As a place to visit, Australia, even in the old days, offered an all-star cast of sports and outdoor attractions: such things as 2,000 miles of beaches second to none, practically free camping and fishing facilities of a scale and scope beyond imagining, facilities for tennis, swimming, surfing, horse-racing, soccer, and cricket almost unbelievable in a nation with less population than the city of London—unbelievable, that is, except if you understand the natural wealth of Australia, and her striving to be the world's best in sports, somewhat as a compensation for her small population.

But since World War II, Australia, once a countrified maiden aunt who lived on a sheep ranch, has undergone a major face-lift.

Even the visitors who came to Australia as recently as the Melbourne Olympics of 1956 will be surprised at the changes. The effort of will—and the concomitant massive government financial outlay—that have changed Australia have been a fourteen-year endeavor, but the flowering did not begin to be visible until two or three years ago.

Australia's massive effort at updating herself and increasing her wealth has followed a sure method: bringing in European and American settlers on a scale never tried in a modern nation. Her population, under a new, postwar Ministry of Immigration, has been increased by one-quarter, that is, by 2,000,000 selected immigrants who were scientifically chosen and scientifically distributed over Australia for maximum civilizing and development effect.

One laudable result of this, from the tourist's point of view, is that on Aus-

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This Is Australia?

tralia's year-round seashore strip called the Gold Coast, or in Brisbane, Sydney, Perth, or even Melbourne, you can now eat dinner in almost any language: French, Dutch, Italian, German, Spanish, Hungarian, Greek, Chinese. In Sydney, to be more specific, one may find Chalet, Beppi's, Tulips, Buona Sera, Rhinecastle, Bistro, the Latin Quarter, and Nanking, Tai Ping and the Green Jade.

There are sophisticated coffee shops with art galleries and bookshops, clusters of them; and sweatered and bearded young existentialists who will argue willingly about Baudelaire and Jean-Paul Sartre, or the merits of Bird Parker as a horn player, or dash off, read, and discuss a bit of free and occasionally blind if not blank verse. In Sydney, some of the *Nouvelle Vague* intellectual centers are called PamPam, Moka, Espresso, Jedda, Kashmir, and Chat Noir.

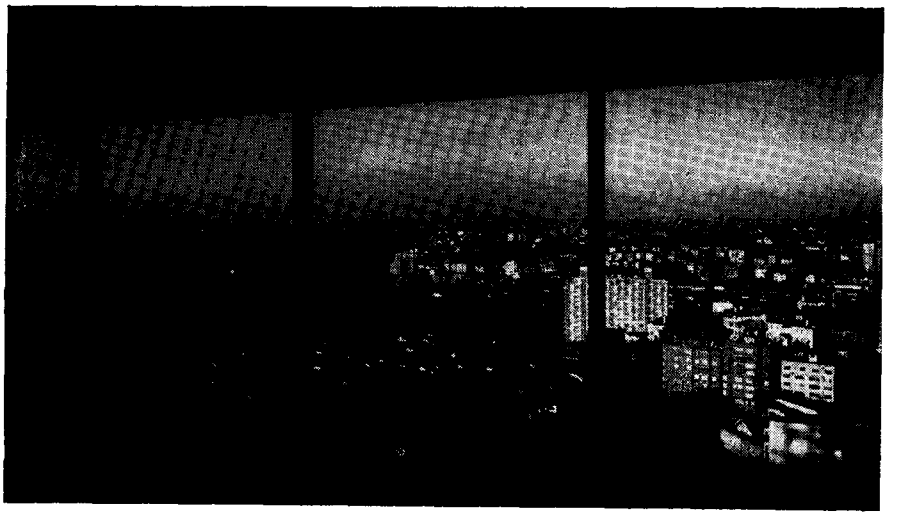
Nowadays, there are new little-theatre groups even in such Outback towns as Cloncurry and Darwin, new ballet and opera events (Sydney even has a splendid new Opera House, and there is a national ballet company), new art museums, new delicatessens where Liederkranz would no longer be accused of having spoiled, and sidewalk cafes where Dubonnet is no longer frowned on as a drink for socializing lady friends.

Now, besides these marks of a new European heritage, there are strong evidences of American culture too: drive-in theatres and glittery new motels (with swimming pools and names like Miami Keys, Florida Gardens, Santa Barbara, and Waikiki). In Surfers Paradise—which some old guard Australians call Little America, though thick Central European accents are much more common—there are aquacades with waterskiing ballets, fruit juice bars, and hot dogs and ice cream; and everywhere in Australia, the symbol of American mobility, the U-Drive-It car rental agency, under the familiar names of Hertz and Avis.

Best of all, there are now in Australia brand-new hotels with all the services and material blandishments of their American counterparts, most notably Sydney's Chevron Hilton; but there is also the year-round string of beach resorts called the Gold Coast, 500 miles north of Sydney and 50 miles south of Brisbane. There, two massive new hotels, Surfers Paradise and Lenons Broadbeach, offer modern splendor which few of the 4,000,000 GIs who stopped in Australia during World War II could have imagined.

I was startled at 2:30 one morning on my last visit to Australia to hear in my mind the question: Am I dreaming or is this really Australia? We were

The 14-year force-feeding of the new giant has resulted in a new sophistication and such comforts as Sydney's Chelsea Restaurant, left. The splendid harbor view below is from Sydney's Chevron Hotel, one of a string to be operated by Hilton. The coffee house signs, lower left, festoon a street in Sydney. The motel, lower right, decorates a resort called Surfers' Paradise.



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staying in the Chevron Hotel in Surfers' Paradise, and a splendidly uniformed waiter with a thick Teutonic accent and the deferential manner of one born to the tradition of service was setting down my drink on the private terrace of the room. Getting room service at that hour of the day would be a feat in many Manhattan or San Francisco hotels. But twenty-four-hour room service is only standard, not even deluxe, in the Chevron and the Broadbeach.

A few years ago, a request for room service at that hour would probably have resulted in a challenge to fair-dinkum fisticuffs with the burly digger who would be on duty as night manager. I remember my first visit to Australia in 1947, when I checked into a Sydney hotel on a Sunday and found there was no hot water. I registered a complaint with the chambermaid and I well remember her reply: "A big strong man like you worried about a little thing like hot water!" I told her I had just come in from America by air and needed cleaning up.

"Then I'm not clean, eh?" she responded indignantly, with the rapid pride Australians are famous for. And she added the threat: "And I'm on *your* floor, too," as if to say she would make sure I lived in proper discomfort.

When I came back again to Australia in 1954, the infusion of energetic and often sophisticated foreign blood hadn't yet taken effect. A visiting European tourist in one of the old Sydney hotels (there were no new ones) told me: "Service is just not in the Australian tradition. The assumption is that a good Australian can shift for himself, as any good frontiersman should. Australians wouldn't pay for hotel service, anyhow."

But the remarkable thing is that now, through intelligent government handling of the migrant influx and government economic controls, the tradition and facilities for service have come to this outdoorsman's country at a very small increase in prices.

Those visitors who remember the fifty-cent steak-and-egg dinners of the postwar era will be pleased to know that you can still buy the best cuts of steak in the stores for fifty to sixty cents a pound, and that the room rent in the flashy new motels of the Gold Coast is three to four dollars a day and includes bright new housekeeping appliances like refrigerators and stoves.

You can get a good steak dinner at a first-rate restaurant in Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, Melbourne, or the Gold Coast for two dollars, and be entertained at a night club for less than half the tariff on New York's Upper East Side, Los Angeles's Sunset Strip, or Miami's Collins Avenue.

Best of all, the natural advantages of Australia, those that have always made it a sportsman's paradise, are still there —still at their former workingman's prices, testimony that even when a Conservative government is in power, the nation may have a strong prejudice in favor of Labor.

The great beaches of Sydney, scallop after scallop of white sand and clear aquamarine water, are public strands, with public bathhouses and low-cost public amusement facilities like rental stands for surf-o-planes (surfing pillows) and the paddle boards known as surf skis. The water shows—lifesaving demonstrations and surf races in whale boards, part of the festivities put on each year by the volunteer lifesaving squads of Bondi, Cronulla, Manley, Coogee, Palm Beach, and such like—are free to spectators.

AND, on the Gold Coast, which in my experience with resort strands in many countries is by far the best, is still a public beach despite the opening of the new luxurious hotels like Lennons Broadbeach and the Chevron. When you leave the two swimming pools of the Chevron and head for ocean bathing a few feet away, you share your swimming with local residents and any visitors who choose to come from Brisbane or anywhere else, including many new Australians speaking with German, Italian, British, Dutch, and Yank accents.

All the way from Southport in the north to Coolangatta and Tweed Heads

Pacific Thermometer

	NOV.	JAN.	JUNE		NOV.	JAN.	JUNE
Australia	67	72	55	New Zealand	61	66	54
Fiji	77	80	75	Philippines	77	75	82
Hawaii	75	71	77	Singapore	81	80	82
Hong Kong	70	60	82	Thailand	80	80	85
Japan	52	39	70				

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in the south, this best water of all, and this wide, white powdery strip of sand, are yours for nothing.

And quite aside from its minimal cost, the Gold Coast offers the best summer resort anywhere. Here are clear waters, as clear and warm as Miami's or the Virgin Islands' Magen's Bay, but with many more varieties of surf than Waikiki. Here are wide sand beaches and a firm sand bottom to swim over. If you can imagine Waikiki without coral, Miami Beach with all kinds of surf, long, short, and medium, Southern California with clear, warm water, Waimanalo or Magen's Bay with deluxe hotel rooms at $10 a day and twenty-four-hour room service, and a young eager intellectual set who will sit over espresso and talk in three or four languages, and paint or write poetry, you have the new Australia, as epitomized in the Gold Coast. Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, and Perth offer the same in lesser degree.

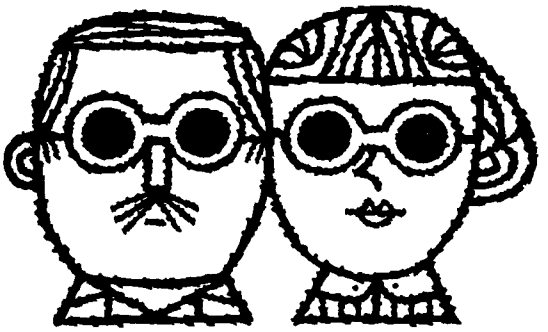
THERE is one joker in the bargain-rate attractiveness of the new Australia—it's a long way from home. That is, 7,000 miles across the ocean from California.

True, there is daily jet service from San Francisco by Qantas, the Australian airline, and a twice-a-week jet schedule on PanAm. The Boeing 707s on these two direct lines float you to Sydney in a mere sixteen hours' flying time—less than twenty hours including refueling stops.

It's a measure of the initiative of the new Australia, parenthetically, that Qantas has become the first and only airline to schedule round-the-world jet service. And once in Australia, you will share the benefits of the nation's air-mindedness in being able to fly across the continent at its maximum width in eight hours, or hop the 500 miles from Sydney to the Gold Coast by the Electra of TAA, Australia's all-jet airline, in two.

But of course, if the time required in flying to Australia or around it is no longer a handicap (last year, before the jet service, it took twice as long to get there), there remains a substantial hurdle: the cost of a ticket. The round-trip fare by jet tourist class from California is $1,008.

However, once you are in Australia you will find incomparable sports advantages at bargain rates, and a new sophistication for a change of pace. In as short a time as a week, the high cost of transport to this faraway land Down Under will be averaged out by the low daily cost of the unique attractions of the new Australia. After all, it isn't the first cost of a trip to a vacationland that counts, it's the upkeep once you get there.



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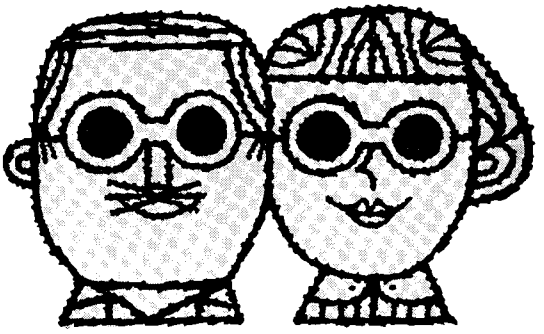

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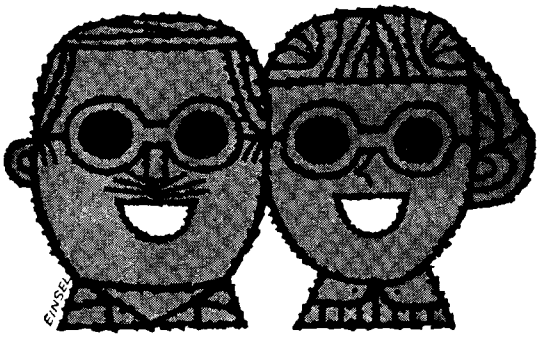

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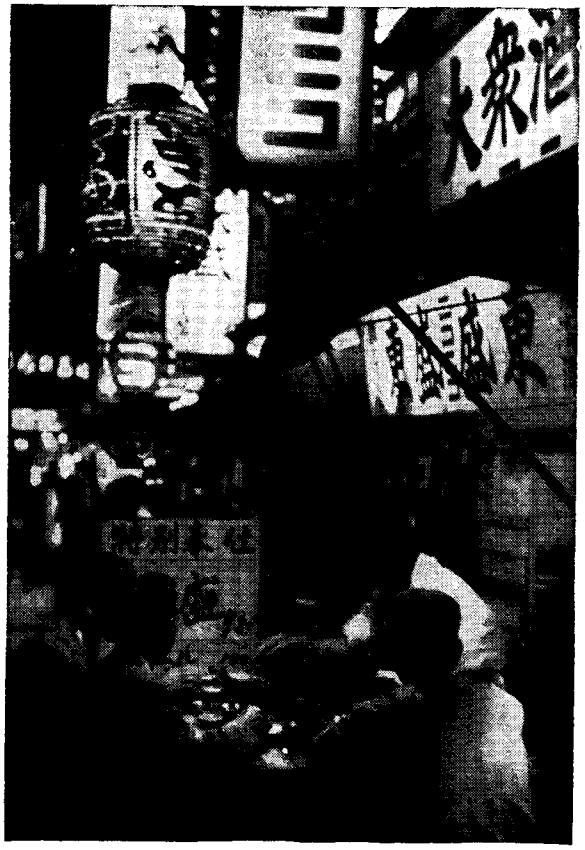

EEL ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT

By SANTHA RAMA RAU

THE LAST time I was in Tokyo I was told that one couldn't really claim to have lived in the city unless one had done the following six things: visited the double bridge to the Imperial palace; admired the glamourous women of downtown Tokyo; been to (or given) a geisha party; eaten Tokyo's summer delicacy of river eel; walked along the Ginza avenue at that magic moment of evening when the city has moved from daytime work to evening pleasure; been to a production at the Kabuki theatre. Dutifully I set off to prove that I *had* lived in Tokyo, and found that these activities did, in fact, capture for a visitor a great part of the character and the special excitement of the biggest city in the world.

Sprawling about in flat marshlands on the banks of the Sumida river, Tokyo is no sightseeing paradise. Unlike other Asian cities it has few ancient monuments and ruins to offer (except the scars of the last world war), and its most recent boast is the construction of the tallest structure in Asia—a TV tower as high as the Eiffel Tower. A taxi driver today is apt to point out not the old and grand evidences of Tokyo's past, but this evidence of its driving modern energy. Yet, as in New York, Tokyo's whole interest is in its atmosphere, in its sense of being a Big Town, in an electricity in the air, in the metropolitan confidence of its citizens. Significantly, of the aspects of the city that I was assured were most famous and most typical, all except one are things to *do*, not things to *see*.

THE simple matter of standing on the bridge to a palace that you cannot enter except on Imperial invitation reminds you that this is the seat of the oldest monarchy in the world, the product of thousands of years of civilization, a capital in a genuine sense, filled with the bustle of politics, commerce, high society, and hard work. The other activities are even more evocative of the city's special character. It is a place to enjoy yourself, a place of good living, of noisy, expensive, varied entertainment, where you can pay $1,000 for a geisha party (if you are giving it), or $5 a ticket to the largest legitimate theatre in the world. And that is only the beginning of your view of perhaps the most diverse and lively theatrical scene that any city can present. Fifteenth-century *Noh* plays in all their measured cadences, or seventeenth-century classics, jostle with translations of Tennessee Williams or Eugene O'Neill, with modern Japanese plays, with musical comedies, puppets, vaudeville, girlie shows, night clubs,

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and the infinitely precious private dance performances.

To confirm its big-city atmosphere, Tokyo is packed with luxurious hotels, good hotels, cheap hotels, lodging houses, and Japanese inns (most expensive of all) because it is assumed that any Japanese or foreigner, given the chance, *must* want to visit the city. You can live and eat as though you were in Paris, New York, Rome—or as though no country except Japan existed. There are countless restaurants—not merely the ones serving eel on a summer night on the riverside—that range from the ones so rarified that they almost make the Pavillon look coarse, through Russian, Chinese, and Indian speciality houses, and extend to the casual snack bars where the Japanese like to stop, in passing, for *sushi*, a delicious local "sandwich" composed of rice, raw fish, and a variety of garnishings. Long before the Four Seasons decided that first-rate art was a suitable accompaniment to dining, the Japanese restaurants of quality were hanging exquisite pictures in each separate dining room to keep the eye as well as the palate pleased by their careful arrangement of the food on equally carefully chosen bowls and dishes.

In a way, a stroll along the Ginza under its celebrated willow trees brings you literally and figuratively to the heart of the city. To the Japanese this diversion is so special that it has a name of its own—*ginbura*, idling along the Ginza—an avenue lined with shops catering to millionaires and dime-store shoppers, bars for an exclusive rendezvous or beer parlors for rowdy student meetings, penny arcades, fancy restaurants, and *sushi* stalls, the whole splendid hodgepodge of an active, gaudy, important city.

BUT behind the neon lights, the people running for subways, and the advertisements for strip-tease shows is a world of special chic and of deep originality. Whoever conned us into thinking that the Japanese are a nation of "imitators" should investigate Tokyo further. The elegances and innovations, the peculiar integrity of a civilization and its unique outward manifestations are, in my opinion, clearer in Japan than in any other country of Asia. Houses, decor, embellishment, manners, food, dress, and form of living are intrinsically Japanese. Arts, crafts, amusements (Kabuki and geisha entertainment, for instance) are neither borrowed from nor duplicated in other countries. Japan has, besides, its own intellectual life of universities, scholars, philosophic thought and practice, the most active literary movement, and the

(*Continued on page 66*)

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BALI

By BERNARD KALB

UBUD, BALI.

BALI, the 2,095-square-mile Kohinoor of the Indonesian tiara, is a glittering example of an island that, without any real effort, still lives up to its reputation. I remember, coming here for the first time several years ago, wondering whether any island could be all those things—"fabled," "enchanted," a "demi-paradise," "paradise," "the last paradise," and, as Premier Nehru called it on his visit here in the early 1950s, "the morning of the world." Well, those descriptions overdid it a bit, even sentimentalizing an unsentimental island and people, but the spirit of the reactions is still valid.

For Bali, more than ever, stands out in an anxiety-ridden world as one of the last refuges where Man is constantly being celebrated. From birth, with its flowery festivals, to death, with its elaborate mournful-joyful cremation, Man is the big news here. The local newspaper, a four-sheeter, carries what the non-Balinese world regards as big news—nuclear bombs and Hollywood, Eisenhower and Khrushchev. But this really cuts very little ice with the Balinese, even with the more sophisticated handful who are aware of outer-world goings-on. The Balinese—the more than 2,000,000 of them—tolerate this news, but they are not fundamentally impressed or even interested. Their lives revolve around each other and their festivals, their temples, their gods. The glow of security here, even against a background of saddening poverty, is a twentieth-century marvel. Bali, to the Balinese, is the only center of the world, the heartbeat of their Hindu-Bali religion, the ultimate mother island.

This is one of the real pleasures of being in Bali. There is something about Bali that makes a visitor—even a visitor who has changed his money at the unrealistic legal rate of forty-five rupiahs to the dollar—feel as though life, stripped of cosmic problems and cosmic ambitions, were really quite a treat after all. Bali, in its own gentle *gamelan*-tinkling way, is a land of gusto.

Of all of Bali's handiworks, the dance, to my own taste, is supreme. It is in the dance, particularly the *legong* as performed in the village of Pliatan, that the Balinese, a supple and graceful people who walk the earth without shaking it, express their artistry with

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Japan

Continued from page 57

most polished film production of all the continent.

I remember being taken by an old *sensei* (scholar) to an exhibit of paintings by his favorite artist, where an essential part of the show was poetry. Each impressionistic, washy, lovely picture of fruit and vegetables *had* to be accompanied by a charming poem (written by the painter) decorating one side of the scroll in flawless calligraphy (yet another important accomplishment in Japan). And where else in the world could one be invited to a moon-viewing party, or a looking-at-the-first-snowfall party, or even an incense-smelling party, and be expected, as a matter of ordinary procedure in the life of a cultivated person, not to make conversation, but to write a brief poem on the experience as a tribute to one's senses?

I remember, years ago, a long, elaborate, and fascinating dinner with some of the great actors of the Kabuki stage, whose clothes, manners, style of speech, and behavior are as rigidly controlled and formal as those of Imperial courtiers. The entertainment at the dinner that night was one of the gentlest and most puzzling I had ever seen. A cherished dancer called Ohan-san performed a brief, allusive dance. The accompanying words were translated to me by my husband as "I stand alone on Arashi Hill and watch the gaily colored autumn leaves fall as the moon slowly rises." Ohan-san scarcely moved: a slight change of posture, a fluid movement of a hand, a tilt of the head, an unobtrusive rearrangement of the feet, no change in expression of her face. But afterwards our host was in tears, saying, "Have you ever seen such intense emotion? The whole tragedy of a love-forsaken girl is there." I began to realize what a world of subtlety and style lay behind Tokyo's brassy exterior.

Possibly more typical, but not really contradictory, was a minor exchange with a stranger in a bar when my husband and I were last in Tokyo. It was not a fashionable or a cosmopolitan place, and we were clearly foreigners. The man at the next table leaned over, mostly out of curiosity, to exchange cups of *sake* and, inevitably, to ask where we came from. We told him and politely inquired in return where *he* came from. "Tokyo, of course, Tokyo," he replied, laughing at our ignorance, and added with pride that he was a real *Edokko* (child of Tokyo) and that although there were many strangers in Tokyo these days, we could always tell the *Edokko* from the provincials, the country bumpkins, the visitors from distant islands by a simple test—the *Edokko* would be the only one obviously and expressively enjoying himself.

Kyoto, Japan's cultural center and for hundreds of years its capital, is both a complement and a contrast to Tokyo. In many ways it is a snobbish city, and in many ways it has every reason to be. It holds so much of Japan's cultural heritage; its beauty is unmatched; its speech and manners are the most refined. A muted courtesy accompanies you everywhere in Kyoto—from strangers, tradesmen, waitresses—and seems a part of the air of the city itself. A friend of mine will never forget a trivial but typical incident. He climbed on a bus and discovered only after it had started that he had no change. Nervously he handed the driver a 1,000-yen bill, expecting the usual reproaches. Instead, the driver, with the full approval of the other passengers, stopped the bus, got off, changed the bill at a nearby shop, and returned to apologize for the delay. Evidently the inconvenience seemed to everybody far less important than a minor kindness to a foreigner.

Kyoto is much calmer in atmosphere than Tokyo, but unlike Toyko it offers the visitor a dizzying variety of palaces, castles, temples, and gardens, representing the flashiest periods of Japanese history as well as the most restrained. My own favorites among Kyoto's innumerable sights are the Katsura summer palace, the quietest, most perfect building I saw in Japan, flawless in proportion, decorated with light, almost fugitive paintings on screens and sliding panels, surrounded by a garden of continual variety. For utter serenity and for an entirely different concept of gardens, the Ryoanji is the most impressive. It sounds absurd in descriptions—a dozen or so rocks set in a bed of carefully raked gravel—but it is incredibly beautiful and only when you see it do you realize why. The moss garden just outside the city is perhaps the most vivid contrast to the severity of Ryoanji. Lush, romantic, shaded by tall trees, carpeted with deep moss with a texture as gentle as velvet, the garden represents another aspect altogether of a particular Japanese genius that few countries can equal.

Of course Kyoto has its horrors too. In the modern section of the city is the Asahi newspaper building with a vast, garish mural all across the front. The theatre for modern plays offers a remarkably arresting and ugly three-dimensional mosaic. But these evidences of progress are easily blotted from your mind by something as simple as a walk through Gion, an ancient, unchanging section of town. There, on each side of roads too narrow to allow a car, geisha houses discreetly advertise their

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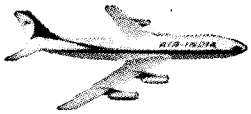

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flowery names, inns and tiny exclusive restaurants throw splashes of light onto the dim evening alleys. And always, from behind the lovely wooden façades, the thin, haunting music of a *samisen* follows you down to the river.

The Japanese countryside is justly acclaimed for its beauty. Its coasts (particularly the Izu Peninsula with its tortured pine trees and fantastic rocks, looking like a Japanese painting brought to life), the cherry blossoms of spring, mountainsides flaming with autumn maples, the pure, exquisite outline of Mount Fuji, all of them are a delight to the eye and a constant pleasure to Japanese and foreigners alike. But to me, the full, diverse, stimulating, and peaceful life of Japan's cities is the most engrossing aspect of visiting Japan.

Michener

Continued from page 43

I found refuge from the war farther north, I am astonished that I have never in my writing drawn upon any of the compelling stories I heard in Fiji, preferring to work with Melanesian and Polynesian settings, but I often feel that as I grow older I might well return to Suva and the fascinating yarns I heard in that congenial climate.

The most exciting single island that I have so far visited, so far as stories or casual exploring were concerned, is Rennell Island, off the tip of the Solomons. It would take a much longer article than this even to outline the mysteriousness of this island; briefly, it is an enclave of Polynesian life in the midst of Melanesian islands, and how Polynesians established themselves here has never been adequately explained. It contains a magnificent lake at some altitude, so that during the war seaplanes could land safely. The people are handsome specimens with the amiable custom of providing any stranger who alights on the lagoon with two or three of the most attractive daughters of the local chieftains. As you might guess, there has always been a pretty constant attempt on the part of voyagers to get to Rennell.

At one point in the war the island fell under my supervision—I had been asked to write a brief history of the place—and I went there with the most remarkable officer the United States Navy ever had. John Burke weighed about 300 pounds, was a New York socialite, a brilliant politician with an almost assured seat in Congress when he got back home, and an insatiable curiosity. I once spent some weeks in the remote jungles of Rennell with Burke, who carried with him only a deck of cards and a copy of the New York "Social Register." At night we would sit in a palm hut with flickering torches while he thumbed the "Register," muttering to himself, "Hmmmmm! Admiral Kester married a Rockwell from Southampton! I could get Lucy Rockwell to put the bee on Kester. . . ."

John Burke was a mere lieutenant, but he had more raw political power in the Navy than any other officer I knew. People sometimes ask me how I got to see so much of the Pacific, and I have tried to explain that John Burke was my assistant and he thought nothing of commandeering airplanes to take us wherever we wanted to go. The Navy was afraid of him. I once heard him say, "Admiral, if you cross me, I'll break you." He had a particular liking for Rennell, where the chiefs, recognizing in him 300 pounds of jovial authority, wanted to make him paramount chief of the islands, which in a way he already was.

To visit Rennell with Burke was an experience without equal. Today you can't get to Rennell. It's off limits to the world. During the war there were so many white babies born, most of them New Zealanders, that the governing powers decided the unique racial structure of the island might be destroyed.

Anyway, if you could get there you couldn't take John Burke along, so you would lose half the fun. When I left the Pacific at the end of the war he automatically succeeded to my office, and on the first afternoon in his new command he finagled a plane, took my entire staff aloft to celebrate, and flew into a Melanesian mountain.

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The Appian Way

"Rome for Ourselves," by Aubrey Menen *(McGraw-Hill. 244 pp. $15), recaptures the Rome of the Caesars and the Popes. Author of "Athens in the Age of Pericles," C. A. Robinson, Jr., is professor of classics at Brown University.*

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

"ROME FOR OURSELVES" is essentially a breath-taking picture book, a magnificent panorama of art and history which gives the things one wants to see and study during a visit to the Eternal City. The 151 plates, forty-one of them in color (not entirely satisfactory for the mosaics, however), show churches and classical ruins, statues and fountains, paintings and manuscripts. The captions are long and so full of interesting information that one puts the book down feeling, if only briefly, that he has relived the Rome of the Caesars and Popes. The one thing I especially looked forward to, as I read the text with its frequent insistence on the present, was a rich portrayal of Rome's streets, modern buildings, and busy piazzas, of children sailing their boats in fountains and people using the monuments of yesterday without any apparent realization of their innate beauty. There is disappointingly little of this from a city that can still remind us that architecture is the mother of the arts, and yet fifteen dollars could hardly buy more.

Aubrey Menen, the author of this immense book, was born in London, the son of an Indian father and Irish

—From the book.

Church of St. Ivo, Borromini.

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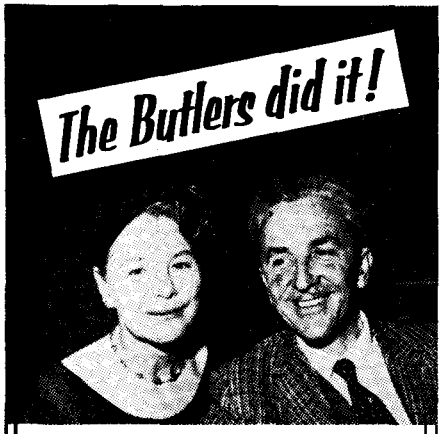

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—From the book.

Detail from a fresco by Pinturicchio showing St. Catherine of Alexandria disputing with philosophers.

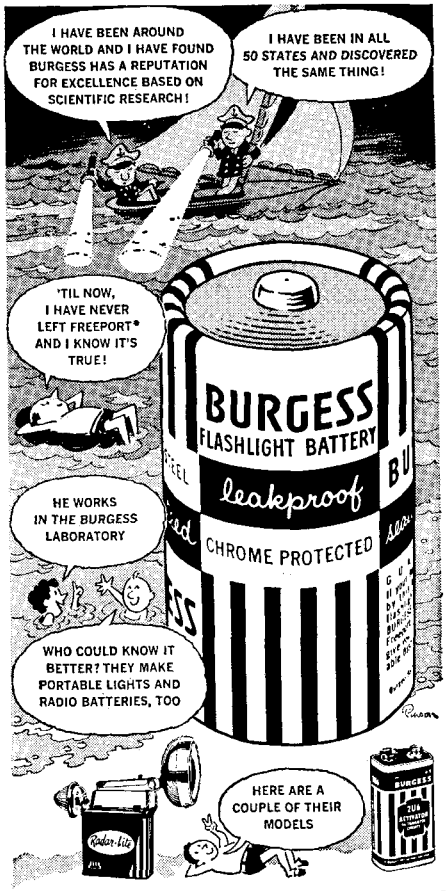
mother. He is a novelist and has appeared in *The New Yorker* and elsewhere. He loves Rome, lives there, and considers it the most beautiful city on earth. I agree. And for that reason I wish he had taken his text more seriously, for his account of Rome, from its origins through the millenniums to the present, is long and often dull. Moreover, since he cannot convey at a high and sustained level the thrill of history, he occasionally takes refuge in pointing out its "bunkum," or in treating great subjects with a lightness that does not achieve true humor.

This can also be quite misleading for the person who approaches the book with the desire to learn. As an example, here are a few observations about the classical Romans:

> [They] considered their method of Imperial government a subject for hilarity or despair. Their literature was the canon of taste, although everyone [i.e., our forefathers] knew their historians were conscious liars and such poets as they had (they were very few) were admittedly sycophants, imitators or lewd. The art of the Romans was reverently copied, though they had none, being forced to borrow all of it from the Greeks. . . . Their empire was considered one of the greatest achievements of civilization, although it was run on a system of looting rendered merciful by corruption.

Each of these statements is false. The alternative is not to suggest that the Romans were angels, but rather to quote to Mr. Menen from his own caption to the dome of the Pantheon, whose design "called for genius of a high order."

And that brings me back to the point where we should properly end. The photographs are exciting and superb and have been selected with real skill.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"Mexico," by Erico Verissimo (Orion. 326 pp. $6), combines history and travel to give the reader the essence of the Mexican character. Carleton Beals's many books include "House in Mexico" and "The Coming Struggle for Latin America."

By Carleton Beals

JUST as English writers are often worse interpreters of the United States than Frenchmen, so Spanish writers are incredibly blind in evaluating their former New World colonies. Even worse, often, are writers from sister countries.

The present volume about Mexico by the outstanding Brazilian novelist Erico Verissimo, here rendered into English by a superb translation, is a delightful exception: sensitive, clear-sighted, many-dimensional. Though he never gets off the travel-bureau beat, he sees people, details, meanings, and artistry that no tourist would ever observe, and this book is perhaps the best personal-impressions - plus - background - plus - philosophy type of writing about Mexico to appear in a quarter of a century—far superior to D. H. Lawrence or Aldous Huxley or the absurd venom of Graham Greene; and it is unmarred by the current U. S. national hysteria that provide a petulant undertone to Selden Rodman's recent and otherwise sensitive "Mexican Journal."

If Verissimo sometimes leans too heavily on Freud, and thereby misses most of the implications of "Mexican politeness" for instance, in the next

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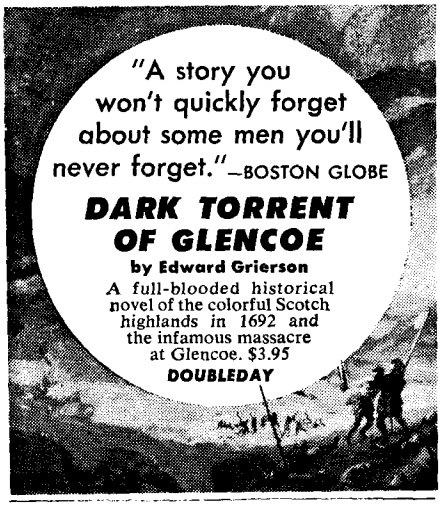
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paragraph he retreats good-naturedly. Such asides are at least thought-provoking, without the murky jargon of those seeking to make a shotgun wedding of Freud and sociology.

As a thoroughly civilized human being, Verissimo is somewhat appalled about Mexican preoccupation with blood, violence, and death, the dark introspection and sense of tragedy that pervades nearly every Mexican soul, but his conclusions are never "moralistic" (though faintly so with respect to his appraisal of Cortés). He is aware that every human phenomenon has a cause and explanation; his passion is to *know*, not so much to evaluate, so that his spirit is peculiarly Gallic; it has poetry and deep nostalgia, and above all human love, and no sentimentalism; or perhaps most important it has the sweet reasonableness that so animates the Brazilian mind and soul and sets it apart so decisively from most of Spanish America.

The ample but brilliantly selective history he presents does not consist of stones laid out in a museum; he sees it all, feels it all, tastes it all, so that the reader has the sensation of flowing along with the current of olden times. In good part, he handles more contemporary history through conversations with actual participants, which makes for lively reading. Perhaps Verissimo leans too heavily on Jose Vasconcelos, once a brilliant revolutionary educator. Now Vasconcelos has since become a "mocho"—a religious fanatic—and a lover of the Spanish conquest. Vasconcelos provides a perfect foil for Verissimo's deeper understanding, but the author's method here does not permit full correction of Vasconcelos's persistent distortions and gross omissions.

Long a resident of the United States, Verissimo is acutely conscious of the dichotomy of the North American world and the Mexican culture. Americans do things with gadgets; Mexicans do things themselves. Americans do things better, but Mexicans, for all their tragedies, get far more enjoyment out of living. Being a Brazilian, the author adjusts admirably—though he is at times nostalgic for North American chrome—to the land of "melted down clocks." He is aware he needs many lifetimes to comprehend the essence of Mexico, but it took him "no more than a minute to love it." Logic versus magic. He can no longer do without either. His final touch of patriotism cannot be begrudged, especially as it is a hope, not an arbitrary fiat like North American patriotism—the hope that some day "between the American thesis and the Mexican antithesis, Brazil may someday come to be the desired synthesis." But he adds, "Quien sabe?"—Who knows?

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

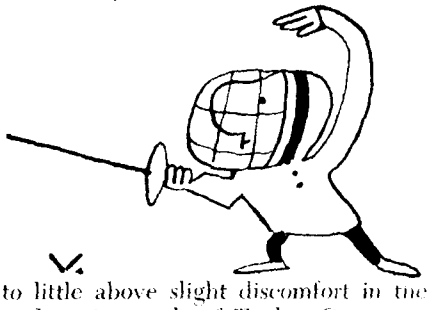
Norma, Norma, Nonconformer

ARTHUR LAURENTS holds the number-four ranking in America's postwar generation of Broadway playwrights, and has also flourished as the writer of the book for "West Side Story" and "Gypsy." His greatest talent has always seemed his ability to put his characters into situations which, though prevalent in life today, are usually ignored or sentimentalized by other writers. He sees common American behavior with unchauvinistic clarity but with a certain naïve concern.

In his latest play, "**Invitation to a March,**" Mr. Laurents takes a sporadically clever swipe at some rather unpleasant though not appreciably exaggerated specimens of American conformity. And he takes a softer look at a couple of practical romantics who go happily through life by obeying two simple rules, "Know what you want," and "Do what you want."

The whole business is presented as a sort of fairy-tale sermon relieved by sophisticated wisecracks. Sleeping Beauty is a young girl named Norma Brown, who is about to be married to a gray-flannel suitor. Norma has developed the syndrome of falling asleep whenever she is reminded of her imminent suburbanite existence. While lying asleep from an overdraught of talk about Connecticut living, she is awakened by a lower-class Prince Charming named Aaron, whose sword is the plunger-stick he has brought for fixing the toilet. From this point on, the play becomes a gentle contest in which Norma must choose between the forces of conformity and an immediate marriage to the forces of nonconformity, which prescribe marriage only as a step to be taken after sufficient experience and self-discovery. Thus Mr. Laurents's play lies somewhere between Barry's "Liberty Jones" and Samuel Taylor's "The Pleasure of his Company." Mr. Laurents uses the musical comedy device of allowing his characters to address remarks directly to the audience from "down in one."

While the play has the merit of being about recognizable contemporary situations and characters, the continual jumping from one short demonstration into another is hard on actors. The performer most successful at overcoming the author-director's didactic impluses at the same time that she serves them is Eileen Heckart. Miss Heckart, as the very model of a modern *nouveau riche* matron, delivers the high comedy with devastating effect, and on the few occasions when the script allows us to see her reveal the bedrock defenses of the position she is stuck with, her sudden, full emotion makes everyone else onstage seem deficient. As her opponent, Celeste Holm (who took over from Shelley Winters less than two weeks before the Broadway opening) is at her best when she can catfight it out with the other women, but most of the evening she has the thankless task of trying to convince us that her inner happiness is as real as Mrs. Grogan's outer variety. As the sleepy Norma, that long-legged baby lamb, Jane Fonda, fully justifies the amount of dialogue required to urge her to change into a bathing suit. Furthermore, she manages to discuss pregnancy "as if she were having an apple instead of a baby." And James MacArthur has a nice moment as her plumber-prince when, in the middle of his pleading with her to recognize him not as a plumber but as a real estate man, he turns to the audience and says matter-of-factly, "I am." Richard Derr rises



to little above slight discomfort in the underwritten role of Tucker Grogan, a man of inherited wealth and position who lives in a system where "money makes money" and never develops sufficient strength to follow through on his most genuine impulses.

"Invitation to a March" contains more than enough ingredients for a good play, but Mr. Laurents seems to have been unwilling to choose one form for his parable. One could predict a better result if he were to transform it into a delightful musical like "The Fantasticks," or if he were to go back and fashion it into an elegantly surfaced high comedy, or if he were to make it into a grimmer drama in which the parents get their comeuppance. But in fluctuating from innocence to wit to social drama it keeps abandoning its momentary gains. Mr. Laurents may not want to march, but is it too much to ask that he keep going in one general direction? —HENRY HEWES.

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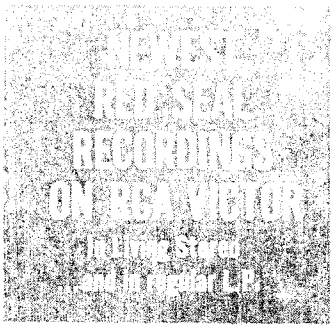

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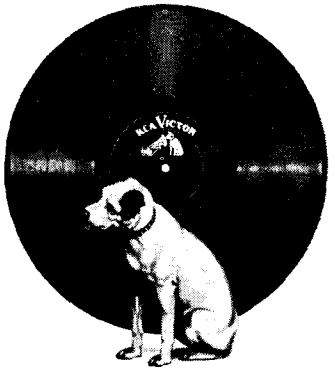

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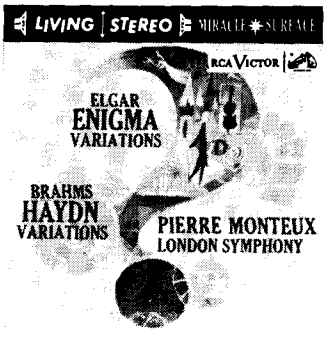

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Dimitri Comes to the Aid of "Boris"—Debuts

"BORIS GODUNOV" hasn't sounded as well in years as it did in its most recent Metropolitan hearing. Some of the credit goes to conductor Erich Leinsdorf for his solid grasp and sure production of the music, to the cast headed by George London, and the chorus trained by Kurt Adler. But as much (at least) belongs to Dimitri Shostakovich, whose version of the orchestral score was heard for the first time in this country.

This is the third solution to the problem of Mussorgsky's incomplete orchestration the Metropolitan has offered and, to these ears, much the best. It is decidedly leaner than Rimsky-Korsakov's long-favored version, but not nearly so anemic, tonally, as the Karol Rathaus edition utilized by Fritz Stiedry a few years ago. It makes particularly pertinent use of the low brass to give a supporting column of sound where Rimsky's more often acts as a curtain between voices and audience. Considerably more percussive means are utilized to punctuate, italicize, and otherwise intensify the effect of the text. For the most part the editorial hand is only inferentially Shostakovich's, but in some of the set pieces a rattling snare or a decorating woodwind leaves little doubt whose mind is at work. I could have spared the stage band in the Coronation Scene, but in the main the esthetic judgment represents Shostakovich at his (1940) artistic best.

In promoting audibility of the English text by John Gutman, the scoring also enables Mussorgsky to be represented at his expressive best. George London's Boris is a more brooding, fear-stricken characterization than previously, the dark portraiture intensified by his vocal timbre. He always had the impulse to be a fine Boris; he has now developed the dramatic means—minus air sawing and needless staggers—to realize that impulse broadly, yet incisively. In its own way, Giorgio Tozzi's Pimen is of equal artistic substance: impeccably articulated, in a voice of rolling richness in which tone and word are inseparably bonded. Ezio Flagello's Varlaam has developed into one of the best in recent years, and the other good works include the capable playing of his companion Missail by Robert Nagy, Paul Franke's Simpleton, and Gabor Carelli in a brief stint as a Boyar. Norman Kelley's Schuiski is well characterized but the top range sounds uncomfortable for him. The male side was more than a little let down by the Grigori-Dimitri of Brian Sullivan, who goes about it all much too strenuously. Naturally, vocal quality goes, and verbal articulation as well.

The ladies (something of an afterthought in "Boris") were good inversely to the size of their parts. Mildred Allen sang Xenia capably, and Mignon Dunn was an expert Nurse. But Margaret Roggero's Fyodor lacks the appeal of Mildred Miller's, and Martha Lipton's Innkeeper fails in the important element of verbal clarity. A similar shortcoming afflicted Blanche Thebom's Marina, a part which is rather weighted down by her projection of it.

Leinsdorf's direction and his choice of the Shostakovich scoring were contributory to warm appreciation of Mussorgsky's masterly creation, but not the notion of ending with the death of Boris rather than the forest scene, or of shifting the Polonaise from the middle to the end of the Polish Scene. Moreover, to bring Dimitri back on-stage as Marina's dancing partner after Rangoni has urgently warned him to leave before he is seen by the guests contradicts the text of this version.

Among the several new singers of the week Gabriella Tucci came to the Metropolitan for her debut as Butterfly with the kind of equipment one likes to hear and see in a new singer. Included were a well-placed, soundly controlled voice, able to sing the notes as written with clarity, a sweet vibrance and emotional impact: a dramatic conception aided by appropriate stature and the ability to move as the part requires, steadily and surely in everything she did. In short, Miss Tucci, who was heard in San Francisco last year, is a good Butterfly. With Jean Morel conducting his first Puccini in this theatre with care and understanding, and Carlo Bergonzi singing the music of Pinkerton beautifully, the continuously enchanting decor of Motohiro Nagasaka framed a true and worthy production of Puccini.

ONE would have hardly believed that the same theatre and the same management were sponsors of the "Carmen" seen earlier on the same day. Tyrone Guthrie's staging has always had its pros and cons for those who regard Bizet as more than an excuse for theatricality; but it had style, pith, a point of view. It has now been "taken over," as the expression goes, by Ralph Herbert, whose vulgarizing hand is busy at almost every point in the first two acts. It includes such a questionable device as using a stage window for Carmen to peer out and watch José pick up the flower she threw in his face, thus ruining the story point that she *knows* he will pick it up without bothering to look. The overstaged brawl of Act I, the hopping up and down on tables in Act II, the coarse accent in some of the bodily posturing, the silly "curtain" to Act II all do exactly what staging is not meant to do—distract attention from the music.

In the circumstances it was hard to determine whether Kerstin Meyer's debut as Carmen represented her conception or Herbert's. It went in for a good deal of teeth-baring and back-bending in simulation of "passion" of a mostly superficial kind. Miss Meyer has a pretty face and the black wig she wore framed it well, but she has neither the grace of movement nor the lightness of foot for a suitable Carmen. She has an intelligent grasp of the musical detail of the part and phrases it well; unfortunately her voice is limited both in size and color for a theatre of the Metropolitan's dimensions. She was, clearly, unable to manage her sound through much of Act I, but even for the Card Scene there was not much thrust at the top or richness at the bottom. The middle segment of the voice has quality: but where does one find a role precisely limited to it?

JON VICKERS's first Don José was something else, however: as good-looking a soldier as one could ask, possessed of the vocal power to make much of the latter phases of the role. What he still lacks is the control of his big voice to get around the lyric writing of Act I with color as well as style (excuses were offered that he was a cold-sufferer this day). The "Air de fleur," topped by a tasteful pianissimo, lacked appealing vocal color or real beauty of sound. Calvin Marsh as Morales and Teresa Stratas as Frasquita improved both their opportunities and the good sound of the ensembles.

Sviatoslav Richter continued his methodical exposition of himself vis-à-vis the piano literature in the third, fourth, and fifth of his Carnegie Hall recitals. A warmly thoughtful version of the Schumann "Novelleten" on Tuesday and some flavorsome Debussy were followed on Friday by more sizable Beethoven (Opus 31, No. 2) and on Sunday by a long-lined but rather earthbound treatment of the Schumann "Fantasia" (in lieu of the Liszt B minor Sonata). Jan Holcman will offer his view of the five recitals in a forthcoming issue.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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England's Institute of Recorded Sound

By JAN HOLCMAN

LONDON.

DURING my recent stay here I spent an evening with Brahms, Tolstoy, and Tennyson, listening to personal renditions of their own works and wondering how much one could learn from a poor recording if one had a pair of good ears, a bit of imagination and, of course, fortunate access to this priceless historical material captured as early as 1888.

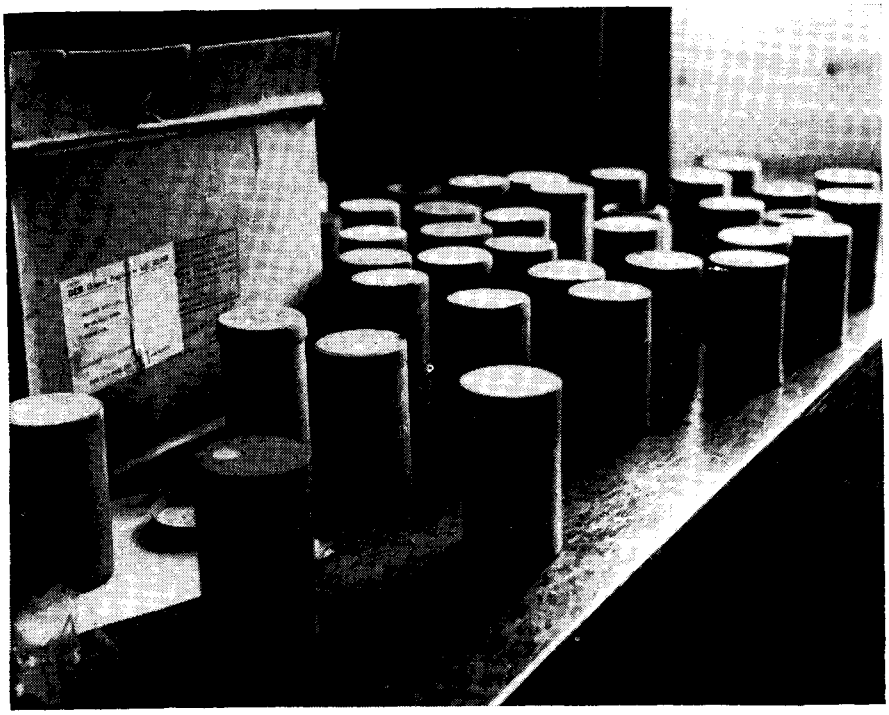
Opportunity for such an exhilarating experience was afforded by the British Institute of Recorded Sound, a non-profit organization located in one of the buildings of the British Museum. In a relatively short time this palace of sounds has collected artistic performances and speeches of a vast number of eminent men from numerous fields and nationalities recorded in the last eight decades—evidence collected in an attempt "to preserve for posterity sound recordings of all kinds and to serve as a center for their study."

Founded in 1955, the Institute has achieved a noteworthy pre-eminence in its rapidly expanding realm. Its archives contain materials ranging from modern commercial discs to the fragile cylinders that mark the beginning of the recorded era. Its collection includes music of all types, periods, and nations; languages, dialects, folklore; ethnic studies of anthropologically interesting groups and of their ceremonies; speeches by leading statesmen, echoing historical events; the voices of prominent poets, actors, scientists, politicians, and even animals. The library also boasts a special shelf of unreleased and privately-made discs of notable personalities in various areas of life.

One enters a listening booth and waits till the outside-operating technician supplies the selected discs, which can be heard either through the earphones or via a loudspeaker in the booth. In this cubicle you can hear an 1889 cylinder of Brahms playing one of his Hungarian Dances or listen to every broadcast speech by Winston Churchill. Moments of Paderewski, both as pianist and speaker, are preserved here, as well as GBS, Robert Browning, the inimitable Tennyson, and a host of others. The immediate appeal of hearing such a performance is an emotional one. Before one can evaluate historical significance or educational merit (how a particular poem is to be read, a specific score to be played), the ghost-recital evokes exciting sensations relative to the "presence" of the select spirits about to be heard. The oldest cylinder in the collection (transferred onto a tape) and the worst in tone fidelity is the Brahms. Here surface noise is the soloist. In fact, there is hardly a musical sound at all, but the awareness that it *was* Brahms himself playing, and that no other earthly record of him as a piano soloist exists, makes anything endurable.

The voice of Leo Tolstoy came with remarkable clarity, resounding in a 1904 disc spoken in German. He also recorded in Russian, French, and even in a version of some of his "Thoughts for Every Day" in English on an unpublished HMV. I was also invited to hear one of twenty-seven copies made of a reading from "Ulysses," a disc privately recorded by James Joyce and privately distributed to friends. The copy I heard was autographed by Joyce himself and stands in the "priceless" category. Perhaps still more irreplaceable is Shaw's reading from the opening of "Richard the Third"—the only copy in existence and a gift from the National Trust. Whereas other records of Shaw and Joyce are available from time to time on 78s, several Shaw versions are the sole possession of the British Institute.

The Institute still is in its early phase. An adequate catalogue of the archives and adequate funds are among its pressing needs. A current tentative index approaches 50,000 discs and several hundred tapes with 78s constituting about three-quarters of the total. Arranged according to manufacturers, these records occupy a huge damp-proof basement which can accommodate up to 200,000 shellacs. The discs, especially the fragile and valuable cylinders, must be cultivated like flowers in a hothouse (for temperature) and protected from possible warping or other damage. Following the example of similar libraries, the Institute also collects duplicates (20 per cent so far). Of its constantly increasing volume (intake about 1,000 78s monthly), approximately 1,000 are folk LPs, and some 3,000 are vocal recordings. The



A few of the "1,000 unique cylinders from the early 1900s."

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Patrick Saul

majority of orchestral performances (about 10,000) recorded from 1925 to the end of the 78 era are stocked in this house of sounds. A large percentage of the collection is chamber music; instrumentals, which are still sold on the collector's market, remain less numerous (3,000). There are even fewer "popular" items. The discography furthermore contains nearly 5,000 spoken records (speeches, etc.), many of literature and drama.

On the ground floor I visited the offices and a fairly large concert-lecture hall with a grand piano and 150 seats, which also contains a modest amplifier and a modern speaker. There is an excellent Edison apparatus to play back cylinders, attached to a fashionable English tape recorder. The fate of the soft wax cylinder somewhat resembles that of the unfortunate bee that dies immediately after laying its eggs. The tape recorder is here the vital safeguard for, to prevent this—to coin a word—thanatogenetic process, the recorder copies cylinders in the first playback operation, which is often also the last.

During the course of my visit, a remarkable gift arrived from the Cambridge University (England) psychosociological laboratory. Two cases were opened containing 1,000 unique cylinders from the early 1900s of unlisted items of anthropological recordings, including numerous ceremonies and celebrations of primitive tribes. I heard two initiation songs of the Arunta tribe of Australia, sung at Charlotte Waters on April 3, 1901. The sound was good enough to be intriguing, and the strange concert featured the magnetic rhythm of a rather singular drum. This gift collection, perhaps the most valuable of its kind in the world, was recorded originally by anthropologists in Africa, India, South America, and Polynesia, all before 1914.

Whereas many of the items of the Institute are essentially of academic interest, it maintains a policy of spanning the entire spectrum of recorded sound. A small circulating library, subsidized by the Arts Council, lends its separate collection of 8,000 discs (half of them LPs) to lecturers, educators, institutions, musical societies, prisons, and other groups. The library does not extend its services to individuals. Visitors utilizing the facilities are offered listening booths equipped only with a volume control. All the reproduction and playing equipment is handled by a staff member to avoid damage to the expensive instruments and recordings. Supported in part by the voluntary contributions of a few hundred subscribers (with an obligatory minimum of $3 annually), the Institute publishes four times a year an informative bulletin containing knowledgable and specialized articles and data related to recordings, record catalogues, performing artists, etc. The entire staff consists presently of only six people.

The hidden dynamo behind the Institute is its "mythical" Secretary, Mr. Patrick Saul, a bachelor in his mid-forties. "Inspired" by Stokowski's 1927 reading of a Bach Toccata, he began collecting discs at fourteen, and in 1947 took the first steps to create the embryo of what is now the Institute. The developer of this panoramic undertaking at first received as little as three pounds weekly, and how he could manage will remain a secret of his modesty. He has acquired a solid knowledge of his subject, as evidenced in his own articles, and now conducts a worldwide correspondence which produces new contacts, information, exchanges, gifts, admirers, lecturers, contributors, and members. These efforts to create and sustain a living museum of documented sound are beginning to attract many musicians previously indifferent to the project. Moral and some philanthropic support is given by a few societies and organizations, such as BBC and the Arts Council, and a number of charitable trusts. Yet Mr. Saul faces a great array of legal and financial barriers that retard the fulfillment of his dreams. Some strange clauses seem to have been invented especially to interfere with the Institute's growth. One of the bulletins states: "We find ourselves in a vicious circle, a *reductio ad absurdum* of this dilemma being reached when one body refused us capital on the grounds that we had no income, and another was unwilling to make a contribution to our income on the grounds that we had no capital!" Mr. Saul has also waged a long and uncharacteristically patient battle against the severe and senseless copyright laws or other idiotechnicalities that impede the freedom of copying or obtaining radio tapes of broadcasts from all over the world, tapes which are important and vital to the Institute's collection. Moreover, technically the Institute is even restricted from making copies of its own rarities. Needless to say, these are laws of little concern to the amateur collector. But there are also certain laws which the Institute has established for its own advantage; and several principles, regarded as constitutional by the Institute, have been erected for the purpose of best realizing proposed goals of the organization. The first prohibits disposal of any disc or tape due to changes of taste or economic reasons unless a duplicate remains in the archives. All discs are retained with relevant texts, notes, etc. The next principle refers to non-specialization, i.e., the Institute must accept any recording in reasonable condition offered as a gift. The scope of the collection includes even jazz, which nowadays has become the object of serious study. In the hands of an imaginative scholar a vulgar arrangement of a pop tune can indeed provide as curious ethnological material as primitive or ancient music. Finally, artistic and historical relevance are not always compatible fellows. "The only safe rule is to be omnivorous," says one member of the Institute.

Aware that the most elusive category of records is unpublished and private samples, many crumbling in the vaults of recording companies or the attics of artists' families, Mr. Saul ceaselessly tries to reach the most unapproachable sources. Occasionally his efforts are rewarded by such "finds" as several discs of Hofmann, who interests Mr. Saul personally. Mr. Saul reports that most private collectors are very cooperative in allowing their material to be copied for the Institute (a wise psychological gambit for those still uncooperative). Yet I find that his optimism on this point overlooks one basic fact, which can give some usually generous collectors second thoughts about their generosity. I am referring to the Institute's reluctance to make available copies of certain rare records even on an exchange basis. It is well known among collectors that to get a copy of a privately owned rare disc one often must offer an equally valuable disc as an exchange item. I can understand Mr. Saul's dilemma when he tells me: "Usually we get private copies or rare records on condition that no further copies will be made for other sources. Take, for instance, the twenty Pugnos we received from one original collector. If I give a copy of a Pugno to Mr. X and its original collector wishes to have something copied from Mr. X's library, he has less left to bargain with." But if it is poor strategy to dispose free of an item in which the other collector is interested, it is also risky for us collectors to give free anything elusive to the Institute. Experience has taught me that at times it is even unwise to reveal prematurely

(*Continued on page* 86)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: POP VOCALS

SINGER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Anderson, Ernestine: "Nature Boy," "Fascinatin' Rhythm," "Harlem Nocturne," "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," etc. Mercury MG 20492, $3.98.	Whether it's one of the titles at the left, or such a little-known Rodgers and Hart tune as "Nobody's Heart," or vocal versions of such instrumentals as Ellington's "Just A-Sittin' and A-Rockin'" and "I Wish I Was Back in My Baby's Arms" or Edgar Sampson's "Stompin' at the Savoy," Miss Anderson combines style and sound in a degree that some much better-publicized singers might envy. Hank Jones, piano, Jimmy Cleveland, trombone, Benny Golson, tenor, and Ernie Royal, trumpet, are among the musicians who add to the interest of the disc, as do the arrangements of Ernie Wilkens and Gigi Gryce.
Bailey, Pearl: "Gettin' a Man," "Satins and Silks," "I Hate Men," "Not Now, John," etc. Roulette R 25125, $3.98.	Inasmuch as Miss Bailey can make the simplest sentiment sound seductive, she is fairly irresistible when given the opportunities of "Gettin' a Man," "Nobody Makes a Pass at Me," and "Pas Ce Soir." It's doubtful that Cole Porter meant "Satins and Silk," "I Hate Men," or "Always True to You Darling in My Fashion" to have the smoky tint Miss Bailey imparts to them, but they survive the treatment intact. Don Redman, who was a great name in jazz before Miss Bailey had a nickname, takes full charge of the backgrounds.
Bergen, Polly: "Four Seasons of Love." Columbia CS 8246, $4.98.	Miss Bergen's multiple gifts do not include a memorable voice (rather a hearty throb), but she is showwise enough to conduct this sentimental excursion without straying into technical underbrush. The range is from "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year" to "June in January," with mensural attention to "April in Paris," "September in the Rain," etc. Other tunes include "Canadian Sunset," "Moonlight in Vermont," "Autumn Leaves," etc. Frank de Vol and his orchestra help turn the calendar pages.
Cain, Jackie, and Kral, Roy: "Sweet and Lowdown," "Experiment," "Fun Life," "Wingin' with the Wind," etc. Columbia CS 8260, $4.98.	Jackie, as might be suspected, is the she-voice which sings the upper line in these mostly duo versions of ten tunes that have been scatted or scorched ere this: "S'Wonderful," "Cheek to Cheek," "Mountain Greenery," "Hallelujah!" and "They Can't Take That Away from Me," in addition to those listed. When they have a happy thought for a variation on the master line of Gershwin, Berlin, Porter, or Youmans, the results have the fresh sound of fascination: but they become overinvolved rather often. Miss Cain's solos on "Experiment" and "Fun Life" (from "The Nervous Set") suggest that she could go it alone successfully. The good little ensemble playing the jazz backgrounds includes Barney Kessel, guitar, Larry Bunker, vibes, Al MacKibbon, bass, and Kral himself on piano.
Cooke, Sam: "Only Sixteen," "All of My Life," "Blue Moon," "For Sentimental Reasons," etc. Keen 86101, $4.98. "Cooke's Tour": "Faraway Places," "Bali Ha'i," "London by Night," "Galway Bay," "Arrivederci, Roma," etc. RCA Victor LPM 2221, $3.98.	A before-and-after vista of the talented Cooke, who began as the member of a Gospel group and is making repeated impacts on the "Hit Parade," most recently with "Chain Gang." The Keen disc shows a younger but no less appealing version of the voice which floats smoothly through the globe-girdling sequence. He sings pops well as a matter of course, but his unusual qualities are most marked in "Galway Bay," much heard but rarely better sung. Should he hold to this trend and not be magnetized from his true course by too sudden success, Cooke could be a singer worth hearing for some time to come. Glenn Osser's arrangements and his conducting of them are also elements of favor.
Christy, June: "When You Wish Upon a Star" "Small Fry," "Swingin' on a Star," "Give a Little Whistle," "Baby's Birthday Party," etc. Capitol ST 1398, $4.98.	Lest it be supposed that Miss Christy is taking a trend to juvenalia, it should be noted that when she sings about "Swinging on a Star," the emphasis is firmly on "Swinging." However, she comes to the aid of the lyric now and then with appropriately modified versions of "When You Wish Upon a Star" and "Scarlet Ribbons." In this one Larry Bunker is on the drums, as part of the Joe Castro Quartet.
Day, Doris: "Ohio," "I Love Paris," "On the Street Where You Live," "Sun in the Morning," "Sound of Music," "A Wonderful Guy," etc. Columbia CS 8261, $4.98.	Though Doris Day could charm the ears with vocal personality alone, she goes to considerable trouble to make a consecutive experience of this twelve-part study in theatrical magic by Rodgers, Berlin, Lerner and Loewe, etc. Not least contribution to its quality are the accompaniments of that master craftsman Alex Stordhal, whose contributions to the care and fostering of vocal cords have been celebrated from early Sinatra days. Fine recording too.
Fitzgerald, Ella: "You Go to My Head," "Willow Weep for Me," "Lost in a Fog," "So Rare," "Tenderly," etc. Verve MGVS 6100, $5.98.	Miss Fitzgerald at her best is in a class beyond compare, but she has given competition something even more remote to aim at in this treatise on the art of the popular song. As a doctorate thesis, take her treatment of "I've Grown Accustomed to His Face." It is just as kind to Lerner as to Loewe, ornamenting the vocal line of the latter with a few choice touches of her own which acutely express how much she enjoys singing this fine song. "I'll Never Be the Same," "Stairway to the Stars," "I'm Through with Love," "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year," and "Everything Happens to Me" are among the other apt choices that sound much apter as voiced by Miss Fitzgerald.
Staton, Dakota: "Body and Soul," "Solitude," "I Can't Get Started," "Be Anything," "You're Mine, You." Capitol ST 1427, $4.98.	The volatile Miss Staton is back in the good form of her early discs in this collection, after some deviations. More than a little of the credit belongs to that knowing sax man, arranger, and tasteful musician Benny Carter, who has given Miss Staton a dozen different yet similarly tailored guises in which to show her vocal wares. "Dedicated to You," "Close Your Eyes," "My Wish," "The Very Thought of You," "Whispering Grass," "Old Folks," and "Congratulations to Someone" are included in Miss Staton's all-star lineup.
Sanders, Felicia: "Speak Low," "This Is New," "Green Up Time," "September Song," "Here I'll Stay," "Foolish Heart," etc. Time S 2007, $5.98.	Add "Thousands of Miles," "Stay Well," "Westwind," "Mon Ami, My Friend," and "Oh Heart of Love" to the list of contents noted, and it is clear that what Miss Sanders is concerned with here is the catalogue of Kurt Weill, in much of its considerable variety. She has an intelligent appreciation of the values in all his types of songs, though her vocal quality is better suited to the tearful than the cheerful variety. Irving Joseph is credited with the arrangements, which are enterprising if too elaborate now and then for the sentiments involved. —I.K.

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The English Handel

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

IN THE years that lay between the composition of "Saul" and "Israel in Egypt" (both 1739) and that of "Samson" (1743), Handel exercised new aspects of his power. The compositions of those four rich years included not only the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" and the Opus 6 Concerti Grossi, but also his last two Italian operas, "Imeneo" and "Deidamia," "Messiah," and that most intensely English of all his music, "L'Allegro, Il Penseroso ed Il Moderato." This productivity is astonishing, even coming from one of the most lavish and rapid of great composers. Under existing circumstances we are unlikely to be afforded proper performances, live or recorded, of "Imeneo" and "Deidamia." At least one recording of the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" has come and gone. Elsewhere the recording picture differs greatly.

Of "Messiah" we have a plethora of confusing "versions." The most recent, and not the least satisfactory or eccentric (that distinction belongs to the latest Beecham version on RCA Victor) is a stereo recording on Westminster, WST-306, with Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Vienna Academy Chorus, with Pierrette Alarie, Nan Merriman, Leopold Simoneau, and Richard Standen as soloists. Like the first Scherchen-Westminster "Messiah" of some years back, it has been labeled confusingly: "Original Dublin version (1742)," a description without appreciable meaning. The Concerti Grossi of Opus 6 are alwas very much with us on records, most recently in an Epic stereo version (BC-1074 and BC-1089) recorded at Halle, Handel's birthplace in what is now East Germany, by the Handel Festival Orchestra under Horst-Tanu Margraf. But until now we have not had a recording of "L'Allegro, Il Penseroso ed Il Moderato." We almost have one now, and that is cause enough for mild rejoicing.

Taking 225 of the 328 lines in Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," Charles Jennens prepared for Handel's purposes a text alternating the joyful pastoral mood of the one and the somber pastoral humor of the other, changing only a very few of Milton's lines —wisely, from the composer's point of view. Then, being a rash and sometimes foolish man, Jennens added a closing section of his own devising, calling it "Il Moderato." Because Handel, in some later performances of the work, omitted this closing section by no means indicates that he considered his score for it inferior to Parts I, II, and III in the way that Jennens was inferior to Milton. It is regrettable that the Decca stereo recording, a Musica Aeterna Presentation as performed at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (DXSA-7165, $11.98), dismisses "Il Moderato" airily and leaves it unheard. For this action deprives us, among other things, not only of the wonderful Purcellian air "Each action will derive new grace," but also of the beautiful aubade beginning "As steals the morn."

WHAT these records contain, superbly recorded, is a generally excellent performance, by soloists and an orchestra and chorus guided by Frederic Waldman with well-conceived style, of the three parts of "L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso." The soprano soloist is Adele Addison, the tenor John McCollum, the baritone John Reardon, the harpsichordist Albert Fuller. What perhaps is most pleasing here is the pervading uniformity of style. But this does not mean that the "high spots" (with one exception) are neglected. Those who may listen expectantly for "Haste thee, Nymph," "Come and trip it," "Let me wander, not unseen," and "Hide me from day's garish eye" will not be disappointed. Only in the most renowned excerpt of all, in fact, will they not find the familiar numbers enhanced by their performance here, made more expressive by being heard in context.

Mr. Waldman and Miss Addison seem equally to blame for the letdown at "Sweet bird," that spring shower of colcratura. Here an oratorio-cantata pall has been allowed to settle over what is essentially an Italian opera aria, a display piece of enduring freshness. Mr. Waldman's tempo walks when it should be flying, and the otherwise admirable Miss Addison is not equipped for birdsong at whatever tempo. To hear this number performed with justice and abandon, we must turn to Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's almost incredibly agile singing of it with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Josef Krips (formerly English Columbia LX-1010, and perhaps even now available in some form).

Despite these disappointments in detail, by all means hear this recording of "L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso," a work that comes very close to equaling the charm of "Acis and Galatea." As Winton Dean said in his magnificent book "Handel's Dramatic Oratorios and Masques," it "makes an impression of extraordinary freshness and youth; its abounding joy in first sensations has a flavor of the early romantics, the generation of Schubert and Weber, Keats and Constable." That freshness, youth, and abounding joy are well projected in the recorded performance. Decca has produced the album handsomely, using three of Blake's watercolors for the Milton poems—one in color on the album itself, two in black and white on the record sleeves. The accompanying booklet has rewarding notes by Emanuel Winternitz and provides the complete text as sung, with musical examples. Everything about the presentation except the lopping-off of "Il Moderato" and the failure of manner and technique at "Sweet bird" makes this one of the best Handel recordings of recent years.

To a Dead Birdman

By James Simmons

SOONER or later, sooner or later
The flaw logic expects
Adds this aerial navigator
To a list of wrecks.

I too am excited and ask the cause.
A man of stunts was killed
Doing dangerous things for applause
And money and to be thrilled.

Braver than Christ, each day
He was present for death
With less incentive, a banker's pay
And the people's held breath.

When his time came no sleight of hand
Was revealed; he died,
And his name wears the tinsel band
And decorations due to pride.

Who would be Godlike often deride
The commoner part of god.
Seven a day were crucified
But goodness is hard plod.

Courage before death is a treasure,
And some men need to be chaste,
But to use a vessel only to measure
Its strength is waste.

Yet my heart leaped with him when he died
Although his act had no grace
Of a swallow. He faced what only a suicide,
What I am afraid of, would face.

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The Two "Ariadnes"

By ROBERT LAWRENCE

THE SPINNING of generalizations is a foolish pastime. Still, this writer would venture the opinion that probably in no other opera have composer and librettist worked together more fruitfully than did Strauss and von Hofmannsthal in "Ariadne auf Naxos." The great Austrian poet's grasp of theatre magic is here at its best, with wit and pathos miraculously interwoven. The composer's sensitive response heightens the poetic impulse. Originality of style and atmosphere sets this score apart from any other repertory piece.

And now it has been recorded on stereo by RCA Victor (LDS 6152, Soria Series, $20.98) with an album liner of unbelievable beauty, containing —in addition to libretto, thematic analysis, and background notes—a series of setting and costume designs by Ernst Stern made for the earliest production of "Ariadne" in Stuttgart in 1912. Their mood is so right, their colors so vivid that one hopes the Metropolitan Opera Association, in its long-awaited production of the work, may put them to modern use. Certainly they re-create for the listener, as he glances through the booklet, that whole bizarre world of Ariadne, Zerbinetta, and Bacchus.

The release of this new recording prompts an inevitable comparison with the five-year-old monaural version by Angel (3532 C/L, $14.98), considered standard until now. Recently the writer played them both. Each retains its individual points of advantage, as well as its limitations; each is in the top-drawer category. But if one were to select the more idiomatic performance of the two, the palm would go to Angel.

This is so in spite of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's overrated Ariadne. A little more sentiment, a shade more expression, and the phonograph might have dissolved in caramel sauce. There are moments of genuine characterization in her reading; but the style—for this taste—is sugary, the voice lacking in breadth and color.

What really determines a choice for the Angel "Ariadne" is that it brings us a gallery of dramatic portraits, whereas RCA Victor offers a list of roles ably sung. The fussy, yet lovable, Music Master of Karl Doench; the brilliantly played Dancing Master of Hugues Cuénod; such well-projected minor parts as the Lackey and the Wig Maker of Otakar Kraus and Erich Strauss make of this an inspiriting performance. Rita Streich is charming and technically secure in the difficult music of Zerbinetta; Rudolf Schock is a good Bacchus; and I find the trio of women (Naiad, Dryad, and Echo) superior in vocal flexibility to the group on RCA Victor.

Beyond this admirably molded ensemble, the superb central element of the Angel "Ariadne" is the Composer, as sung by Irmgard Seefried. The part itself remains one of Strauss's finest, a touching portrayal of youth, idealism, courage. Every inflection of the role, musical and dramatic, is captured by Miss Seefried with a poignancy that must move the most obdurate listener.

The conducting of Herbert von Karajan is soft and evocative; that of Erich Leinsdorf in the RCA Victor album more passionate and generally brisker. For the specialized poetic atmosphere of "Ariadne," I prefer von Karajan's dreamy approach; but Leinsdorf's incisive command and taut pacing have much to recommend them. Unfortunately, the engineering of the RCA Victor version distorts at times the balance between voice and instruments, making of Strauss's thirty-seven-piece orchestra a truncated symphonic ensemble rather than the chamber group which the composer intended. One wonders why, with all the present striving to reproduce on stereo the spatial effects of stage movement, the definitive orchestra-pit sound, as heard in the opera house, has not yet come into play. It would protect the singers from the blasting studio tone which now so often engulfs them.

LEONIE RYSANEK, RCA Victor's Ariadne, is overweighted by her monologue but sings with taste and tenderness in the final duet. Jan Peerce is an ardent Bacchus; Roberta Peters a bright but not yet fully developed Zerbinetta. Outstanding in this set is the splendidly sung Arlecchino of Walter Berry, who fares less well when he doubles in the character part of the Music Master.

For the role of the Composer, RCA Victor has engaged the distinguished soprano Sena Jurinac. She performs with skill and insight; but one cannot help feeling that in her we should have, instead of a Composer, the ideal Ariadne, for Miss Jurinac has the dark, vibrant voice required for the part. One wishes, moreover, that both the artists who recorded Ariadne might have listened to a disc (lately reissued by Tap Records, T-306, in an album called "Twenty Great Sopranos—Twenty Arias") by Maria Jeritza, who created the role in Stuttgart with Strauss conducting. When awaiting, in her great aria, the coming of the Messenger of Death, she names him softly, on a high B-flat pianissimo, like a silver chime: "*Hermes.*" Mme. Schwarzkopf here produces a crescendo, and Mme. Rysanek a wild forte. How much better it would have been had they been induced to follow the score.

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Prokofiev and the Wolves

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PROKOFIEV: *"Peter and the Wolf"*; KHACHATURIAN: *"Masquerade" Suite. José Ferrer, narrator; Sir Eugene Goossens conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra.* Kapp 6002-S, $5.98.

PROKOFIEV: *"Peter and the Wolf"*; SAINT-SAENS: *"The Carnival of the Animals." Beatrice Lillie, narrator; Julius Katchen and Gary Graffman, pianists; Skitch Henderson conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* London 9248, $4.98.

When Tchaikovsky wintered in Italy, sunny Tuscan skies made him homesick for the frozen steppes of his snowbound native land. (Once back in Russia, of course, he was perfectly wretched and could not get away fast enough.) A somewhat similar fit of nostalgia seems to have overtaken Serge Prokofiev in the winter of 1935-36, while he was touring Spain, Portugal, Tunis, and Morocco in company with the violinist Robert Soetens. Bright Mediterranean sunshine set him to thinking of winter-dark Russian forests, gray wolves, and a boy named Peter who was not afraid of them.

To amuse himself, Prokofiev began writing text and music of a work for narrator and orchestra called "Peter and the Wolf." He mentioned the project to colleagues. One thing led to another, and when Prokofiev returned to Moscow in April he found himself with the completed sketches of "Peter and the Wolf" and a commitment for its first performance. Working at top speed, Prokofiev finished orchestrating the piece one week before the premiere, which took place May 2, 1936, at the Children's Theatre in Moscow.

"Peter and the Wolf" was an instant hit. It did not require superhuman prescience to see that it was bound to reach a wide audience. A potential market existed wherever there was a symphony orchestra that played youth concerts. This covered a good deal of ground.

The State Music Publishers of the USSR brought out "Peter and the Wolf" with English, Russian, and French texts. All were used. The success of "Peter and the Wolf" was in fact almost embarrassing to Prokofiev, since it tended to overshadow his more serious works. From its Western triumphs, however, the composer reaped little other than fame. Since Russia did not subscribe to the Bern Copyright Conven-

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tion, music published in the USSR is for all practical purposes in the public domain. Leeds Music is the official Soviet music representative for the Western hemisphere, but its status is more nearly that of an auctioneer than a policeman of copyrights. It makes works available and collects on behalf of Moscow whatever it can.

For the Latin American trade, Leeds has brought out a Spanish version to which it holds copyright. Leeds also makes available a tape recording of the musical portions of the work, played by the State Symphony Orchestra of the USSR under the direction of Gennadi Rozhdestvensky. On this may be superimposed a narration in any desired language. In a Monitor recording it is Spanish, spoken by Carlos Montalban. The French version, released by Le Chant du Monde, uses the same orchestral tape, with the late Gérard Philippe as narrator. The State Symphony also is heard in a Greek-language recording made in the USSR, as well as in Italian, German, and Scandinavian versions.

In the well-stocked domestic catalogue, possible choices range from the urbanity of Basil Rathbone, narrator for the Columbia recording, with Leopold Stokowski conducting, to the near-burlesque interpretation by Arnold Stang, heard on an ABC disc with Herbert Haufrecht and the ABC-Paramount Studio Orchestra. One can hardly avoid mention of Richard Hale and the late Serge Koussevitzky for their part in making "Peter and the Wolf" known in this country. This version, made in the late Thirties, is still available on the Camden label. Those with a taste for women's daytime radio-TV shows may have Arthur Godfrey on Columbia, with the Kostelanetz Orchestra for good measure. Horror-picture fanciers who admire Boris Karloff will be charmed by his suave performance with Mario Rossi and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra for Vanguard. For lovers of the British theatre, there are Stanley Holloway and Cyril Ritchard; for admirers of Zero Mostel, there is Zero Mostel.

Among the newest additions to the list, those for whom a universe of theatre-going pleasure is summed up in the words "Bea Lillie" will have no difficulty in making their choice. Mr. Ferrer's performance is that of a knowledgeable man of the theatre with a keen sense of timing. Musically, both London's and Kapp's performances are sprightly. While the Everest disc has merit, Captain Kangaroo tends to lay it on a bit thickly, and Stokowski is absolute master of every musical effect save the light touch needed here. The recording would make a better showing if it were not in such choice company.

—JOHN BRIGGS.

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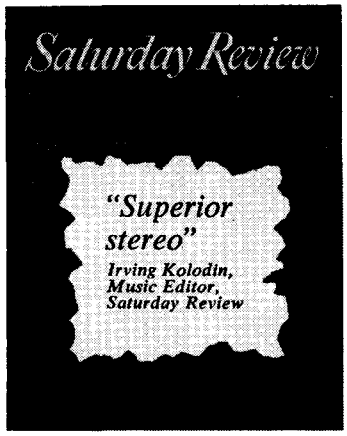

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Puccini: MANON LESCAUT—Complete
Renata Tebaldi; Mario del Monaco and other soloists with Chorus and Orchestra of Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome — Conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. (3 records) OSA 1317

Schumann: PIANO CONCERTO IN A MINOR
Schumann: WALDSCENEN
Wilhelm Backhaus-Vienna Phil. Orch.-Gunter Wand
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BIRGIT NILSSON SINGS EXCERPTS FROM TRISTAN UND ISOLDE
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Gilbert & Sullivan: H.M.S. PINAFORE—Complete
D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. and New Symphony Orchestra conducted by Isidore Godfrey. (2 records) OSA 1209

RENATA TEBALDI—ITALIAN OPERA ARIAS
Puccini: *Madama Butterfly—Un Bel Di; Ancora Un Passo Or Via; Con Onor Muore. Turandot — Signore Ascolta; Tu Che Di Gel Sei Cinta. Manon Lescaut—In Quelle Trine Morbide, Sola, Perduta, Abbandonata.* Verdi: *La Traviata—Teneste La Promessa; Addio, Del Passato, La Forza Del Destino—Pace, Pace Mio Dio.* Giordano: *Andrea Chenier—La Mamma Morta.* Boito: *Mefistofele L'Altra Notte In Fondo Al Mare; Spunta L'Aurora Pallida.* OS 25120

Beethoven: SYMPHONY No. 3 "Eroica"
L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Ernest Ansermet
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Prokofiev: PETER AND THE WOLF
Saint-Saens: CARNIVAL OF THE ANIMALS
Bea Lillie, Narrator—London Symphony Orchestra. Skitch Henderson CS 6187

Bizet; arr. Sarasate: CARMEN FANTASIE
Sarasate: ZIGEUNERWEISEN
Saint-Saens: HAVANAISE — INTRODUCTION AND RONDO CAPRICCIOSO
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Beethoven: SYMPHONY No. 9 "Choral"
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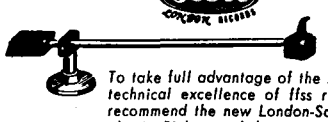

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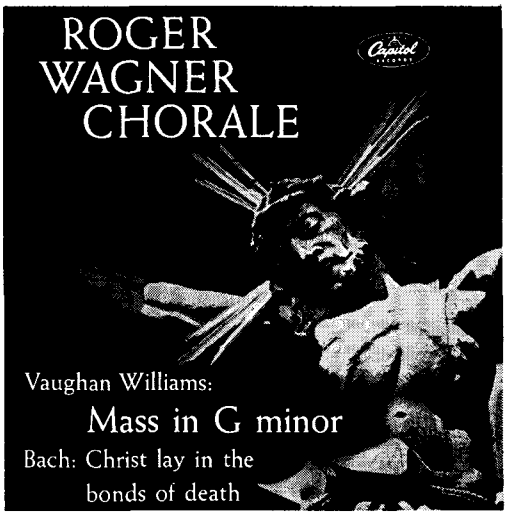

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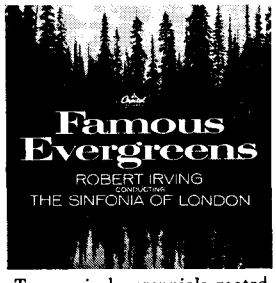

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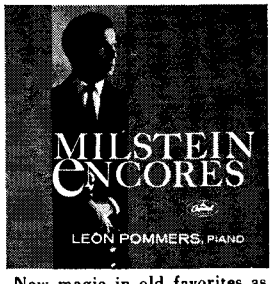

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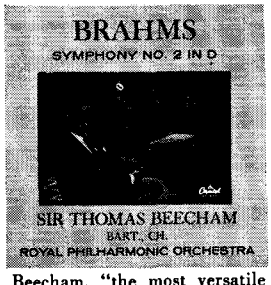

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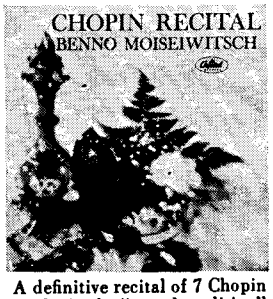

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British Sound

Continued from page 77

the source of a much-treasured private record. A few years ago I offered to a director of an eminent collection one inaccessible "genius," the existence of which was previously unknown to him. He was most interested and ready to send me in exchange some material valuable to my research. Later he changed his mind. What had happened? He simply succeeded in obtaining this very performance through a New York man who, ironically, got it from me with the understanding (which became misunderstanding) that no one should receive a sample of this recording until its official release.

The Institute keeps in touch with similar projects in various countries. How does the Institute's collection compare with other recognized archives of the same type? There are some important collections established in the early 1900s and later in Austria, Germany, France, Italy, Hungary, the United States, Russia, and other countries, each famous for a different emphasis and possession of different rare copies. The Library of Congress in Washington, for instance, has the world's largest recording collection, but whereas its folklore catalogue is enormous, there are only some 1,000 78 rpm piano discs, including a very recent gift of 650 items. As for England, the BBC gramophone library contains some 250,000 discs, but it is not open to the public.

Drunk from Brahms and Drums (Australian cylinder), I left the Institute remembering my final conversation with its secretary. Aside from finances, the Institute is badly in need of blank tapes (used or new ones). It would also be helpful if any of our donors would make available to the Institute some contemporary American music and American artists, even on LPs, literary or dramatic works, neglected works, or excellent readings of excellent artists, etc. On my way home I realized more than ever that organizations like the British Institute of Recorded Sound are a most necessary aid to world scholarship, and that one never knows who will knock at its door for a sound document unaccessible elsewhere. I am aware that recording companies on both sides of the ocean do not have complete libraries of their own great artists who helped establish their reputations: one more reason why one can only wish that an organization like the British Institute, which assists scholars, historians, artists, and critics, should continue to expand and to preserve the sonic documents of yesterday and today for many tomorrows.

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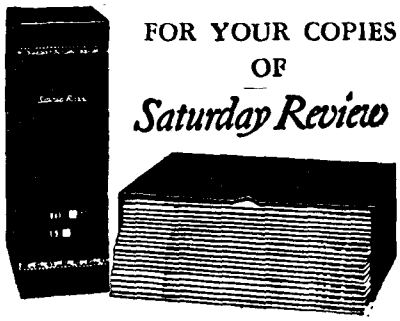

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Virgin and the Call Girl

IN "The Virgin Spring," the masterful abilities of Ingmar Bergman have once more asserted themselves. The film is based on a medieval folk song and legend about the rape and killing of a young virgin called Karin while she is on her way to church. Out of the somber story embodied in the legend Bergman and his script-writer, Ulla Isaksson, have made a chillingly dramatic miracle play, clear and bold in its outlines, and acted with power and simplicity by a fine Swedish cast. Within the confines of what has been attempted, the realization is flawless. The personages of the folk song have been fleshed out with psychological motivations, and Bergman and Miss Isaksson have added to the elements of the legend (or perhaps brought out an inherent but unexpressed meaning) a conflict between Christianity and paganism in Sweden in the fourteenth century. Bergman is again dealing with the religious symbolism that seems to fascinate him more and more.

Violent and cruel as the incidents of "The Virgin Spring" are—the rape scene

is as starkly horrifying as advance reports have led us to expect—the emphasis throughout is not on shock for the sake of shock, but on the emotions that accompany the revelation of evil in human actions. Bergman would seem, then, to have come out in this film for the existence of evil as a pure concept, and conversely for the existence of innocence as a state of being. Innocence is exemplified by the girl, Karin, and evil resides in the two herdsmen (accompanied by a small boy) who surprise the girl in her fine, churchgoing gown, who soil her and murder her. They, in turn, are destroyed by the vengeful father, who first cleanses himself before performing a kind of ritual murder. The justification of this revenge is shown by the sudden bursting forth of a spring upon the spot where the dead girl lay, after the father has promised to build a church there in expiation of his own crime.

What is perhaps most astonishing about the film is how strongly the primitive force of the legend manages to assert itself through the telling, as though the moral universe of the fourteenth century still existed today. No amount of scientific and philosophic advance, it would seem, has destroyed our emotional belief in good and evil. We can watch the cold rage of the father in awe, we react to a sodden half-sister's belief in witchcraft and devils, we know the sorrow of a mother who loses her beautiful child. And, while Bergman has put all this in terms of legend, the emotions dealt with are basic and universal. As for the details, they are flawless. The setting convinces us, the costuming adds a feeling of authenticity, and the acting from Max Von Sydow as the father, from Birgitta Valberg as his wife, and from Birgitta Pettersson as the girl, is exactly what it should be—perfect. If Bergman has been richer and more evocative in others of his films, he has never made anything quite so crystalline as this one.

"THE CALL GIRL," by Dr. Harold Greenwald, was one psychoanalytic study that proved to be popular with the general reading audience, and Warner Brothers has lost little time in bringing it to the screen as "Girl of the Night." Those looking for sensational revelations about the habits of this particular type of wayward girl are not going to get very much from what the screenwriters, Ted Berkman and Raphael Blau, have abstracted from their source material. We meet Anne Francis, as the girl of the night in question, just as she drifts into the office of a psychoanalyst (Lloyd Nolan), and it then becomes a question of whether she will continue her usual activities, under the sponsorship of an unpleasant boy-friend (John Kerr) or pursue the more mediocre career of a file clerk. Neither way of life is made to appear appetizing, nor is psychoanalysis, as a method of help and enlightenment, shown as particularly stimulating. Her recollections are dreary, and about the best the analyst can offer is a lack of moral condemnation. "Do what you want to do," he advises her, and eventually she sees that what she wants to do is to get rid of the boy-friend. Although it's a superficial examination of the problem at best, the producer, Max J. Rosenberg, and the director, Joseph Cates, are at least to be commended for avoiding most of the lurid pitfalls that the subject would ordinarily provide.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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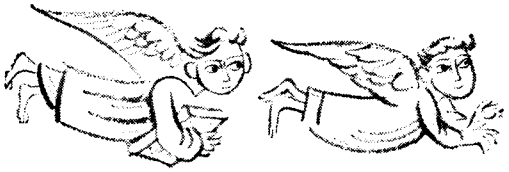

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BOOKS FOR YOUNG AMERICA

SR's *Annual Fall Survey*

—From "The Children Came Running."

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The Reading Rights of Children

By EARL SCHENCK MIERS, *well-known Civil War historian and author of many books including "Robert E. Lee," "Web of Victory," and "Guns at Vicksburg."*

ANY person who writes for children, like any person who stumbles into parenthood, has reason to tremble over the god-role he assumes. The modern tendency is to remove the haunting mystery from children, and where the parent has such splendid gentlemen as Drs. Spock and Gesell to chart the path of normal expectation, the author is surrounded by an army of editors, salesmen, librarians, and educators eager to tell him precisely what should go onto the printed page for the child of today. One begins to wonder, after a time, if a cliché machine could not be invented which by pushing buttons would yield the ideal product for the market.

As far as my own field of special interest, American history, is concerned, I would stake the first ten amendments to the Constitution that there are editors and salesmen who dream of finding a genius of electronics who can achieve this miracle. Then, at long last, it will no longer be necessary to deal with the cynical smile of the author when informed that it is wise sales policy always to call the Civil War the War Between the States because some fifteen per cent of the national market may be happier that way. I confess that this is a mild concession, but the pressures upon the historian for children do not end here. The attitude is all too prevalent that even though a dialectical passage may reveal perfectly the spirit of a century ago, it is better not to risk offending anyone ("after all," an editor once told me, "we must remember that even these damn fools buy books"); and there is no end of editorial sensitivity over how parents who are Republicans or Democrats may feel if Junior comes upon a statement that jeopardizes their political prejudices.

Not by any means are editors and salesmen solely responsible for the lonely desperation that sometimes surrounds the author in his struggle to keep many kinds of distortion out of the books he writes for children. Publishing is a merchandising rather than a warehousing operation, and nobody survives unless books are sold to parents, librarians, school boards, and occasionally to children allowed to buy their own favorites. A great many people, whose childhood is far behind them, speak for the modern child, appearing to know what he wants to read—or, in any event, what he should read. No one disparages the motives or the intelligence of these people, but as a parent of three children as well as an author, may I say a mild word in behalf of modern youngsters as being of a different and perhaps worthier breed than this one flustered breadwinner of three?

I have a feeling of consoling warmth for the kids of today when my eleven-year-old, watching Khrushchev pounding his fist on the desk during an address at the United Nations, remarks with a grin: "Boy, if I tried that, I'd get my head knocked off." Despite all the tensions that torment the adults around them, modern youngsters seek a cheerful, hopeful level of sanity; and I remind myself that my own boyhood during the 1920s was singularly unspoiled by gangsters, speakeasies, flappers, and the disillusionment of F. Scott Fitzgerald. So also, despite the old movies they watch on television or their devotion to the pictorial saga of Elliott Ness, is their youth untouched by these dizzy doings, as far as I can comprehend. I agree with Epictetus that to the extent their knowledge permits, children are our equals; and what I suspect is that they soon surpass us.

Clearly the boy and girl of today are far more sophisticated than we were as children; and the stream of history,

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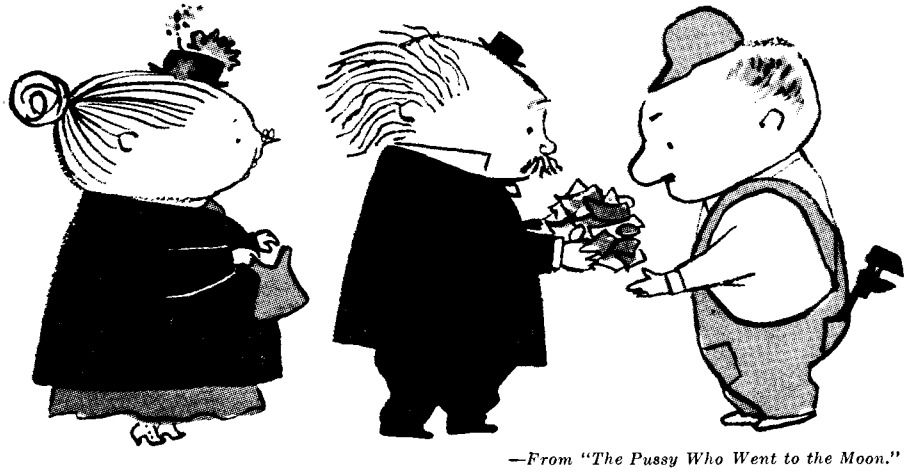
revealing all the sad consequences that human stupidity produces, passes before their eyes at the flick of a television dial. They watch, they listen, and if an eleven-year-old can comprehend how unlike a civilized person Khrushchev behaves, then I think it entirely credible that the vast majority of American youngsters both regret and reject the environmental betrayal that leads a teenager in the South to be photographed spitting upon a Negro for exercising his constitutional rights. This capacity to grow up with a visual image of the world around them has not yet disclosed its full meaning in what causes our youngsters will one day embrace; but if, as Maxwell Anderson said, Hitler would have been hateful to the Germans if they could have seen him portrayed upon a stage, so may many adult stupidities born of conceit and superstition and prejudice and ignorance become hateful as they are portrayed upon the stage of unfolding history.

We talk, so often frightened to the very core of our naïve backgrounds, of a world in revolutionary change; and what I suspect we may miss, as parents, authors, editors, salesmen, educators, and librarians, is the fact that the modern child, with his image of whither the world is going, may already be a vital part of that change. We can devise scientific lists of words with which

—*From "Kim and Me."*

to express ideas to him; but he now hears and, I believe, understands a vocabulary far beyond that which the list-makers may possess. We can say, as librarians have been arguing for years, that books in series are bad for children, but if the child happens to enjoy the companionship of old friends and the security of familiar environments—in his escape as in his reality—he doesn't have to depend on books; he has Dobie Gillis, Bachelor Father, Lassie, and National Velvet, among dozens of other television series, to give him exactly what his innate needs dictate. It is inevitable that on bright, colorful pages this Christmas old Santa will be arriving on a rocket; but scientific understanding being what it is among the small fry, the net result may be to put a myth into orbit.

A survey at the University of Illinois, made for a publisher of encyclopaedias for children, attempted to probe the gap between the interests of children and what parents, teachers, and librarians believed they wanted to read. Some 270 communities across the nation were canvassed, with the focus exclusively on children in grades four to eight. Adults generally, the surveyors found, tended to overemphasize the child's "curiosity" about sports, recreation, machines, and applied science; parents and teachers underestimated the appeal of animals; librarians and parents overestimated the attraction of sports and recreation; and librarians underestimated the appeal of ethics and values, school, and religion.



—*From "The Pussy Who Went to the Moon."*

Trends rather than conclusions are the best any student hopes to draw from such surveys; and the point, really, is the need for meeting the modern child on the terms of open honesty that he deserves. He is not necessarily a pre-shrunken adult who should go into raptures, like grandpa did (and pa said he did), over "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" in an age of atomic submarines; and, God knows, his world has little to share with "Little Women" or "Hans Brinker" on his silver skates. The modern child can grasp any idea that is clearly expressed, whether in words of one syllable or three; and if the truth is withheld from him, he is going to uncover that fraud in time. De Maupassant believed that most children grew up with bandages over their eyes, and thus were thrust into the adult world with a sense of shock and trickery from which they never recovered. Perhaps the situation is overstated; but let us face the fact that the bandages are becoming more difficult to apply.

How sound are the instincts of the modern child? How decent is the example we have set for his conduct and good judgment? How much can he depend on our integrity to live candidly in a world of conflicting passions and human injustices? When we decide what the modern child should read, or when we endeavor to discover what he wants to read, perhaps it is ourselves who need to be studied. How equipped are we, emotionally and intellectually, to be part of *his* world?

I do not doubt for a moment that among modern children there exists one of sufficient genius at electronics to produce the cliché machine we mentioned. Then he will have to discover that the clichés are his fixed ideas, and that his children may much prefer Bugs Bunny.

Coming

November 19th issue

Education: The Long View

by Arnold Toynbee

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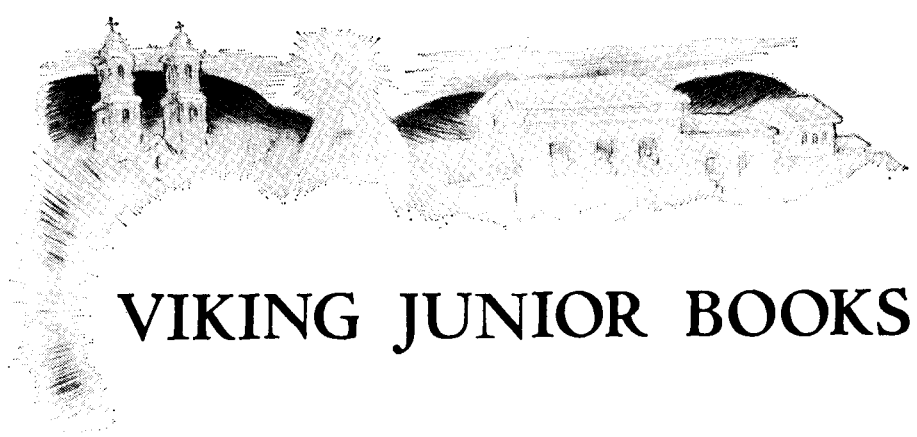

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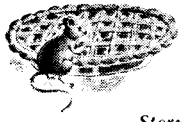

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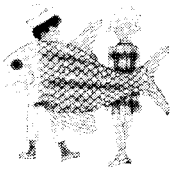

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Fall Harvest for Young Readers

REVIEWS for this section have been prepared by members of the faculty of Bank Street College of Education in New York City. Irma Simonton Black, Publications chairman and the author of many books and articles for children and adults, has been a teacher and research worker in child development. Betty Miles, Publications Associate, has taught and currently writes for adults and children. Joan Winsor Blos, also a Publications Associate, is former chairman of a children's book committee for the State of Connecticut, and teaches classes in children's literature. Claudia Lewis, author of books for adults and children, teaches language arts and is a member of the research department. Ruth A. Sonneborn is director of the Bank Street Bookstore and consultant on children's books to school and parent groups.

Fiction from Pram to Prom

THE BIG BIG BOX. *By Barbara Adam. Illustrated by the author. Doubleday. Unpaged.* $2. In this pleasant, very simple story, two children and a cat use a big box as a stage prop for dramatic play, until the cat takes it over as a real home for her newborn kittens. Ages 2-4.

KIM AND ME. *By Ethel and Leonard Kessler. Illustrated by the authors. Doubleday. Unpaged.* $2. If a boy of three has a baby sister he is proud of her, superior to her, interested in her, yet, most of all, concerned with his own growth and achievement. This curious and complicated state of mind is expertly captured by the Kesslers in a book likely to appeal to everyone who has, or is, a little sister. Ages 2-5.

MY HOPPING BUNNY. *By Robert Bright. Illustrated by the author. Doubleday. Unpaged.* $2. A rather pointless fantasy about a little boy who acquires a bunny that makes progressively higher leaps until he lands on the moon and has to be rescued (the text is rhymed) by the man with the balloon. Neither the boy nor his furry friend seems to enjoy the exploits which lead to an anticlimactic ending. Ages 2-5.

SOMETHING NEW AT THE CIRCUS. *By Hannah Simons. Illustrated by Margaret Bradfield. Abingdon. Unpaged.* $2. Effectively reminiscent of Henny Penny and other folk tales which develop cumulatively, this story about an ox that carried a sheep that carried a pig that carried a goose, etc., is humorous, original, and entirely for children. The text is dexterously handled so that it never quite becomes monotonous, and the pleasant drawings are sufficiently literal to satisfy the youngest listener. Ages 2-6.

LITTLE LOST BEAR. *By Inez Hogan. Illustrated by the author. Dutton. Unpaged.* $2.50. Cubby Bear's "lostness" is perhaps a bit drawn out for an introduction to his adventures in his own tree and his acquaintance with the creatures who live there. Nonetheless the book and the pictures of many kinds of animals may appeal to young children. Ages 4-6.

THE LITTLE OLD TRAIN. *By Margaret G. Otto. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Knopf. Unpaged.* $2.50. The little old train is stalled by a cow on the tracks, and the boy with the mysterious box saves the situation. A simple, pleasantly funny, and rhythmic story, quite appropriately illustrated with Mr. Blegvad's amusing, old-timey drawings. Ages 4-7.

—From "Little Lost Bear."

THE PUSSY WHO WENT TO THE MOON. *By Jane Thayer. Illustrated by Seymour Fleishman. Morrow. Unpaged.* $2.75. This fantasy about a kitten who gets to the moon (and is visible from earth) cannot hold a candle to the week-by-week news of space probes. In an age when even elementary school children are aware of the vastness of outer space and the microcosm of the atom, such a story will be either boring or confusing. Ages 4-7.

AESOP WITH A SMILE. *By Ernestine Cobern Beyer. Illustrated by Vee Guthrie. Reilly & Lee.* 48 *pp.* $2.50. These jingling verses on Aesop's themes have the appeal of limericks. Hopefully no one will consider them a substitute for Aesop. Children are still capable of appreciating the simple, direct fable form. Ages 4-8.

BENJAMIN—AND SYLVESTER ALSO. *By Ruth Bluestone Dale. Illustrated by J. B. Handelsman. Whittlesey House.* 32 *pp.* $2.25. Presented in impeccably dry prose, this is the story of a pair of basset hounds, inveterate city dwellers, who just didn't like country living despite all its advantages. Adults will not miss the parable quality of the tale; children may or may not be aware of the truth contained. On any level, however, the story is delightful. Ages 5-8.

MY DOG IS LOST! *By Ezra Jack Keats and Pat Cherr. Illustrated by the authors. Crowell. Unpaged.* $2.75. Skilful manipulation of a not uncommon plot allows such passages as "'Mi perro se ha perdido,' he said. Mr. Hernandes . . . understood Juanito. He changed the Spanish words into English and wrote them on a piece of paper . . . 'MY DOG IS LOST!'" And there you have it! A bilingual book for young children, which should be forgiven its slight flaws because it is a promising innovation. Ages 5-8.

VERITY MULLENS AND THE INDIAN. *By Natalia M. Belting. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Holt. Unpaged.* $3.25. Verity was the smallest dog to come over on the Mayflower and the least inclined to be a Discoverer. The details of how she "discovers" an Indian friend for the colony are less important than the matter-of-fact way in which some of its distinguished members are introduced and the simple, repetitive, yet surprisingly effective manner of telling. Ages 5-8.

HAPPY PIPER AND THE GOAT. *By Patricia Miles Martin. Illustrated by Kurt Werth. Lothrop.* 38 *pp.* $2.75. A simple, pleasant story of a likable boy and his efforts to add a stray goat to his impressive collection of pets. Of course he succeeds. Ages 5-9.

A DOG FOR SUSIE. *By Ruth Nordlie. Illustrated by Betsy Warren. Childrens Press.* 64 *pp.* $2.50. A sympathetic attitude toward Susie's difficulty in making up her mind about which dog she wants distinguishes this author's treatment of the child-gets-dog story. A relatively simple word list is nicely used here, and the layout and pictures are pleasant for fairly new readers. Ages 6-9.

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*** THIS IS NEW YORK by M. Sasek.** 6 and up $3.00 bds. $4.00 clth. "witty, keen-eyed . . . light-hearted style . . . This book is for everybody, New Yorkers, native and adopted, exiles, outlanders, and anyone who appreciates fine pictures." — *New York Times.*

THE LITTLE LEFTOVER WITCH by Florence Laughlin, *illustrated by Sheila Greenwald.* 6-10 $2.75 ". . . . This is one of the most appealing of the many little witches that have appeared in recent children's books." — *The Horn Book.*

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*** WHEN I GO TO THE MOON by Claudia Lewis,** *illustrated by Leonard Weisgard.* 6-10 $3.50 A space-child arriving on the moon reaches out to the earth with new wonder — a lovely lyric poem.

*** FOLLOW THE BROOK written and illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop.** 6-8 $3.25. A classic animal story — two pet raccoons escape from their cage to the natural freedoms of the forest.

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A FILLY FOR JOAN written and illustrated by C. W. Anderson. 8-12 $3.00. Flashing Man o' War colors — black and gold — Joan's filly, Gallant Lady, proves her name in a "big race" ending.

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THE JOURNEY WITH GRANDMOTHER by Edith Unnerstad, *illustrated by Claes Backstrom.* 8-12 $3.00. "Miss Unnerstad, the distinguished Swedish author, is at her best in this story of a Swedish boy who goes with his grandmother to Czarist Russia . . ." — *Publishers' Weekly.*

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THE THINKING BOOK. *By Sandol Stoddard Warburg. Illustrated by Ivan Chermayeff. Atlantic-Little, Brown. Unpaged.* $3. Like contemporary poetry—to which it is unpretentiously related—this book requires something of the reader. The situation of a mother dressing her little boy is revealed only through fragments of dialogue (indicated by a change of type face) while the main part of the text tells beautifully and rhythmically what a small boy is thinking while he dawdles over his shoes and socks. Although neither text nor illustrations are simple, they were successful communication to at least one five-year-old. "I like that book," he said, "because if I ever don't know what to think about I could look at it and get an idea." Ages 4-8.

JOHNNY THE CLOCKMAKER. *By Edward Ardizzone. Illustrated by the author. Walck. Unpaged.* $3. Ardizzone fans who have come to expect a series of breathless adventures will receive a respiratory surprise in this relatively tranquil volume about a lad who assembles a grandfather clock. The old success-against-long-odds ending is here, however, and so are the inimitable drawings with their strange conversational balloons and distinctly English style. Ages 6-10.

THE SECRET LANGUAGE. *By Ursula Nordstrom. Illustrated by Mary Chalmers. Harper. 167 pp.* $2.75. Of course the locale is special—how many eight-year-old girls in America today go to boarding school? But this story is wholly universal since every pre-adolescent knows the terrors and joys of learning the "secret language" of friendship. What an ear Miss Nordstrom has for the chants, the taunts, the hesitancies, and merriment of eight-year-olds! And with what skill she writes for all children of despair, dependence, independence, and love. The incidents all have the inconclusiveness—sometimes the sorrow—of reality, but the book is not at all a pastiche of feelings; it is full of wonderful adventures, and each chapter reaches a plotted climax. This is an important book for seven-to-ten-year-olds. To make it almost perfect, Mary Chalmer's drawings bring it to tender, leggy, eight-year-old life. Ages 7-10.

—*From "Pollyanna."*

POLLYANNA. *Adapted and abridged by Iris Vinton. Illustrated by Isabelle Dawson. Grosset & Dunlap. 60 pp.* $1.95. Here is Pollyanna again, illustrated and abridged in a style no better than she deserves. Unfortunately a great deal of gladness remains to make life miserable for the parents of avid seven-to-ten-year-old readers. Ages 7-10.

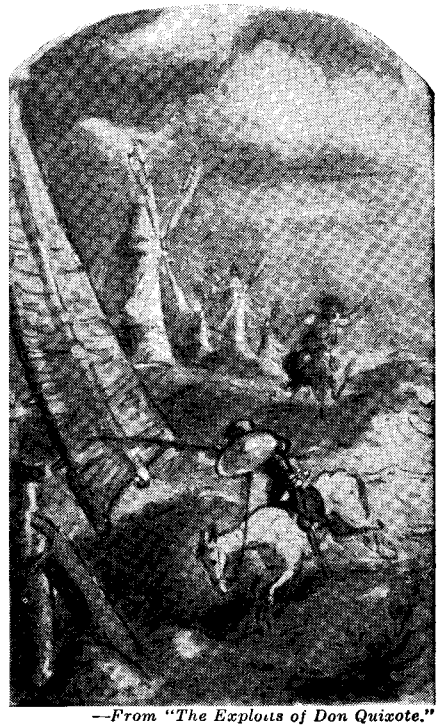
RASMUS AND THE VAGABOND. *By Astrid Lindgren. Translated by Gerry Bothmer. Illustrated by Eric Palmquist. Viking.* 192 *pp.* $2.75. A story with genuine literary quality and freshness by the author of Pippi Longstocking. Nine-year-old Rasmus and the tramp Paradise Oscar are a pair to delight boys and girls alike. Ages 8-12.

THE CRICKET IN TIMES SQUARE. *By George Selden. Illustrated by Garth Williams. Ariel.* 151 *pp.* $3.50. This book lives up to its billing, which classes it with "Charlotte's Web." Among its characters are a cricket from Connecticut, a mouse, and a cat who live in a Times Square subway newsstand operated by a boy named Mario and his parents. The plot, which centers around the cricket's musical ability, gets slightly out of hand. But the locale is authentic enough to delight all New Yorkers and seduce provincial readers, and the dialogue rings true to that happy amalgam heard during any rush hour. Ages 8-12.

MISTER MERGATROID. *By Nanda Ward. Illustrated by Bob Haynes. Hastings House.* 154 *pp.* $3. The main trouble with this rather entertaining story is that Mr. Mergatroid, Invisible Companion-at-Large, is attending a boy who is too old for such a fancy. It is also questionable as to what child readers will make of the basic psychological point that when Richard acquires real friends his imaginary companion disappears. Perhaps healthy development, but not an exciting one. Ages 8-12.

THE WITCH FAMILY. *By Eleanor Estes. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Harcourt, Brace.* 186 *pp.* $3.25. The sure touch which made real human beings of the Moffats and the Pyes is regrettably lacking in this fantasy about witches who come to life from the crayon drawings of a rather formidable little girl and her meek friend. In spite of a smooth and polished style, the plot seems contrived. Ages 8-12.

THE SECOND TREASURE CHEST OF TALES. *No editor. Astor.* 573 *pp.* $4.95. A collection of fables, fairy tales, nonsense verse, and longer fiction (including a condensed Pinocchio) notable for its variety of period and the quality of original illustration. An introduction to the book, or bibliographical notes, would have added the dimension of historical perspective to this fine sampling of the world's literature for children. Ages 8 up.



—*From "The Exploits of Don Quixote."*

DEAD MAN'S LIGHT. *By Scott Corbett. Illustrated by Leonard Shortall. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 176 *pp.* $3. Mystery, history, and humor are masterfully combined in a story which is *really* a story and easily as engrossing as television. The book's heroes are an orphaned boy and his peglegged uncle and the adventure takes place in coastal New England in the mid-19th century. Ages 9-12.

JED. *By Peter Burchard. Illustrated by the author. Coward-McCann.* 94 *pp.* $3. The hero of this book is a 16-year-old Yankee soldier. The crux of the story is not, however, mere battlefield heroics, but a complex examination of the ways in which war tests and forms loyalties. Because juveniles which encompass profound and subtle themes are rare, this book deserves special attention despite some awkwardness in narrative style. Ages 9-12.

THEY SAY STORIES. *By Warren Chappell. Illustrated by the author. Knopf.* 79 *pp.* $3. The tales in this small, handsome volume are based upon proverbs. Though uneven in scope, all are thought-provoking. Children should enjoy teasing out the implications. Ages 9 up.

BRUNO, KING OF THE MOUNTAIN. *By Michel-Aimé Baudouy. Translated by Marie Ponsot. Illustrated by Johannes Troyer. Harcourt, Brace.* 158 *pp.* $3. An excellent story of a pet bear, his experiences with cruelty, and his eventual domination of a rugged mountain territory. The author's characterizations of animals in a natural setting are excellent. Ages 10-14.

THE BELL OF KAMELA. *By Lillian Budd. Illustrated by Paula Hutchison. Rand McNally.* 76 *pp.* $2.95. An unusual interweaving of narrative threads—present day lumberjacks in the Northwest and a pioneer family who crossed the plains a

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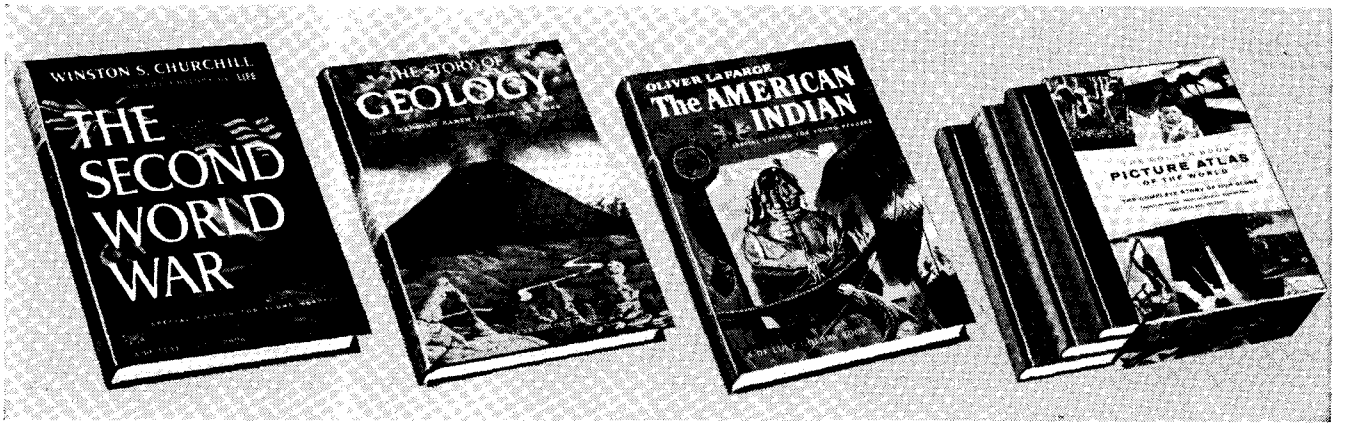

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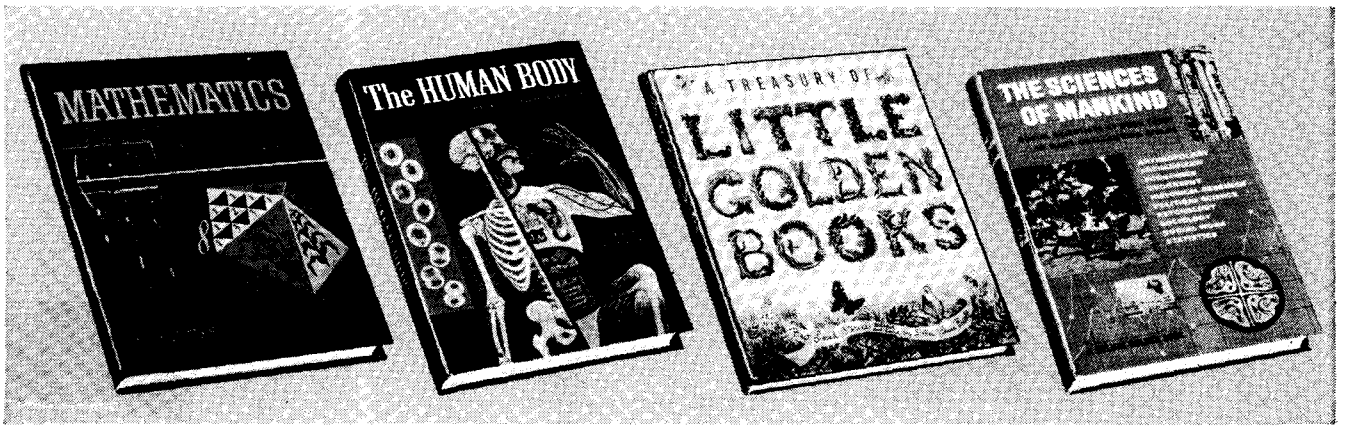

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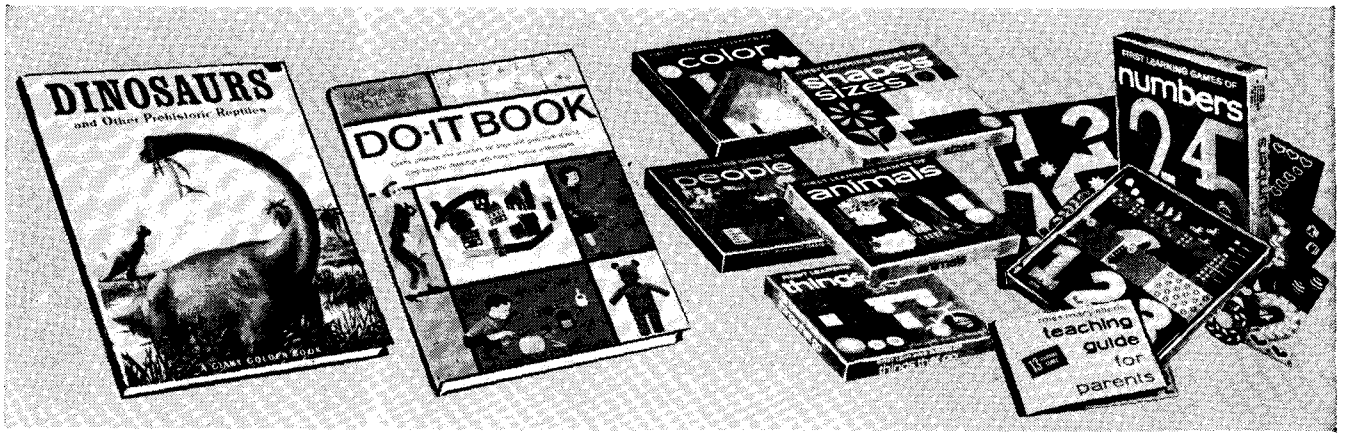

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century ago. The rather gentle style will probably appeal mostly to girls. Ages 10-14.

DEVIL'S HILL. *By Nan Chauncy. Illustrated by Geraldine Spence. Watts.* 159 *pp.* $2.95. An excellently written story of life in the Australian bush. The characters are believable individuals and their development is real. This book was the winner of the Australian "Children's Book of the Year" award for 1959. Ages 10-14.

EXPLOITS OF DON QUIXOTE. *Retold by James Reeves. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Walck.* 219 *pp.* $3.75. To accent the adventure elements of the "Don Quixote" classic, reduce its length and complexity, yet preserve at least some of its character, is the formidable task of those who attempt to edit the story for children. James Reeves has produced a highly successful version in which Sancho remains the foil to the Knight and the story's essential wit, humor, and pathos are not sacrificed. Ardizzone's illustrations complement the text beautifully. Ages 10-14.

STORIES TO LIVE BY. *Edited by Marjorie Vetter. Platt & Munk.* 280 *pp.* $2.95. This is a collection of fiction chosen from "American Girl." The title is perhaps slightly pretentious, but the stories are well-written and do stem from problems (from overweight to race relations) that are important to younger adolescent girls. Ages 10-15.

SOMETHING OF MY OWN. *By Neta Lohnes Frazier. Longmans, Green* 212 *pp.* $3.25. Two jacket blurbs full of questions ("Can Charlotte stand alone . . .?") give a clue to the number of difficulties and trials the adolescent heroine faces within the book, which is set around a small-town newspaper. She solves most of them. Ages 11-15.

THE FORBIDDEN ISLAND. *By Marjorie Dixon. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy. Criterion.* 201 *pp.* $3.50. A half-fairy story beautifully set on Irish coastal islands, one of which (one almost believes) is inhabited by a race descended from shipwrecked ancestors with a culture almost unknown to mainlanders. A satisfyingly long story for imaginative and capable readers. Ages 12-16.

KNIGHT'S FEE. *By Rosemary Sutcliff. Illustrated by Charles Keeping. Walck.* 241 *pp.* $3.50. This engrossing story set in feudal England is about a ragamuffin who becomes a knight. Interesting characterizations, intricate political backgrounds, and skilfully introduced details about everyday life mark this variation on Horatio Alger's theme as the work of a historian and a craftsman. A fascinating supplement to textbooks and term papers. Ages 12-16.

REALLY, MISS HILLSBRO! *By Margaret Hill. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 231 *pp.* $3. More teachers are desperately needed. But it is possible that girls who fancy themselves in the role of the romantic and ingenuous Miss Hillsbro might better stay out of what is, after all, a serious and demanding profession. Ages 12-16.

100 MORE STORY POEMS. *Selected by Elinor Parker. Illustrated by Peter Spier. Crowell.* 374 *pp.* $3.95. A book to be wholly grateful for. The assumption behind it is that young people can *read*, and do not need to be lured to a volume of poetry through superabundance of illustrations or condescension in taste. The range is broad, the quality consistently high. A refreshing book for readers who undoubtedly will find old favorites and make new discoveries. Ages 12 up.

A Child's World of Ideas

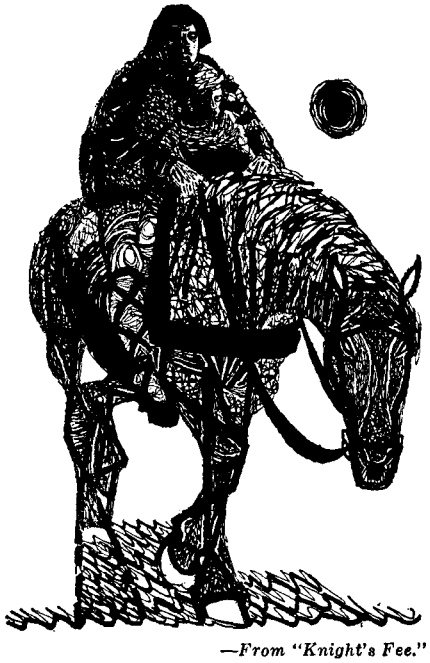
IN MY GARDEN. *By Charlotte Zolotow. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop. Unpaged.* $2.75. A child's recital of favorite seasonal activities is made into a mild, rhythmic, and very attractive book by its expert author and illustrator. And the youngster will become aware of the changes of season. Ages 2-6.

MOMMIES. *By Lonnie C. Carton. Illustrated by Leslie Jacobs. Random House. Unpaged.* $2.50. A warm, well-intentioned book on the subject crucial to pre-schoolers, who will enjoy its presentation of familiar routines and its emphasis on love. Still, to an adult reviewer, the book carries overtones of a harried mother's detailing of chores, with love for children spelled out at the end instead of surrounding the activities. Perhaps the mundane quality of the couplets is responsible; one cannot question the author's sincerity. Several of the pictures are probably too filled with needless detail to be seen well by young children. Ages 3-6.

UP AND DOWN AND ALL AROUND. *By Marguerite Walters. Illustrated by Susanne Suba. Watts. Unpaged.* $2.95. A bundle of more-or-less free associations caught on the books of up-ness, down-ness, and around-ness. One suspects that if children enjoy this collection of random thoughts, it will be as a series of entertaining action-pictures. Ages 4-6.

10 IN A FAMILY. *By Charlotte Steiner. Illustrated by the author. Knopf. Unpaged.* $2.95. A pleasant little story about eight mouse children and their parents, embodying some easy arithmetic. Simple pictures illustrate the story and also present number concepts visually. A very questionable technique is the use of an idiosyncratic form in which to present arithmetic. To express "1 steamship, 3 rowboats, 3 sailboats, 1 tugboat" as "1+3=4+3=7+1=8" may suggest to some children that 1+3=8. Ages 5-7.

TIME IS WHEN. *By Beth Youman Gleick. Illustrated by Harvey Weiss. Rand McNally. Unpaged.* $2.75. Time, which is a complex idea for young children, is more complicated than simplified in this book. The opening statement, "This is a clock. It tells time. This is a calendar. It tells time," is confusing. The text jumps back and forth on different levels of abstraction —from "In one second you can bounce a ball" to "The spring months have windy, warm and rainy weather." Ages 5-7.



—From "Knight's Fee."

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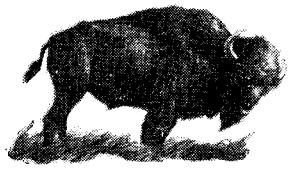

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A BOOK OF TONGUES. *By Anne Welsh Guy. Illustrated by Elizabeth Rice. Steck. 48 pages.* $1.75. The ideas and explanations presented here are beyond the comprehension of the young audience to which this book is directed. The young child will want to know something about animals as entities before he is ready for odd facts about the tongues they have. What is the use of knowing that an alligator drowns a frog in his mouth before one knows that the alligator is a reptile that lives in warm waters? Ages 5-8.

RED IS NEVER A MOUSE. *By Eth Clifford. Illustrated by Bill Heckler. Bobbs-Merrill. Unpaged.* $2.95. Books of this type are obviously aimed at increasing children's awareness of relationships and at stimulating their thinking by abstracting one feature common to many objects—in this case, color. Yet in many cases the logical peg is so obvious or so tenuous that what results is a catalogue or a picture book. There is absolutely nothing wrong with either, though one wonders how much of the "concept" gets through to children. But they will have fun with the purple cat and the green lion. Ages 4-6.

IF EVERYBODY DID. *By Jo Ann Stover. Illustrated by the author. McKay. Unpaged. $2.95.* At first glance this book seems simply a comic elaboration of that most familiar of maternal responses to misbehavior. But the moral becomes confused as the pictured incidents run their gamut from naughtiness to cruelty and expire in silliness (". . . if everybody walked on the ceiling.") A potentially amusing idea which should have been more logically thought out before presentation. Ages 6-8.

Other Peoples, Other Places

A PAIR OF RED CLOGS. *By Masako Matsuno. Illustrated by Kazue Mizamura. World. Unpaged.* $3. Tenderly, a Japanese grandmother tells about a new pair of clogs she played in "when I was as young as my granddaughter is now." The joy of new shoes for school, the abandon of play, the guilt at deceiving one's family, and the comfort of love are as real for any American child as they were for Mako. The glowing pictures, merry and detailed, the soft rhythm of the first-person telling, and the strong sense of life in another country add special depth to this outstanding book. Ages 5-8.

THIS IS NEW YORK. *By M. Sasek. Illustrated by the author. Macmillan. 60 pp.* $3. A fire-boat salute to M. Sasek, who sails into New York with the same zest with which he toured Paris, London, Rome. His view is definitely not child's-eye—for where are the garbage trucks, the playgrounds, the Good Humor men, the truck carousels? —but he has captured the city in bright, vigorous paintings that no urban child and few adults can resist. Ages 5 up.

THE INDIAN AND HIS PUEBLO. *By Louise Lee Floethe. Illustrated by Richard Floethe. Scribner. Unpaged.* $2.95. Rarely, except in science books, can one hope for such straightforward, *interesting* facts, such head-on, detailed, and spirited pictures. The roles of women and children in the pueblo of yesterday and today, the influence of climate and needs on work and belief, are set out plainly in a model of expository style. Ages 6-10.

THE CHILDREN COME RUNNING. *By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Golden Press. 93 pp.* $2.95. This beautiful book reproduces a generous selection of the stunning UNICEF Christmas cards of the past nine years. Quotations, verses, and stories tie the pictures loosely together. Though it may be objected that such a text is bound to be a little artificial, there is no denying the skill and artistry Elizabeth Coatsworth has brought to her task. All proceeds go to UNICEF. Ages 6-12.

WE LIVE IN THE COUNTRY. *By Lois Lenski. Illustrated by the author. Lippincott. 127 pp.* $2.95. This newest volume in the Roundabout America series demonstrates once more Miss Lenski's ability to describe regions and people. We meet—and care about—families on a New England chicken farm, in a cotton sharecropper's hut, and on a tree farm, as well as a Mexican-American girl who lives in a sheepwagon with her father. Ages 7-9.

A BOW FOR TURTLE. *By Dorothy Heiderstadt. Illustrated by William Ferguson. McKay. 47 pp.* $2.50. Interesting and authentic detail on the life and customs of the Pawnee Indians seen through the eyes of an eight-year-old boy. Ages 7-10.

FLY HOME, COLOMBINA. *By Rosalie Fry. Illustrated by the author. Dutton. 123 pp.* $2.50. A rather complicated but innocuous plot vies for the reader's attention with the beauties of Florence, Venice, and Assisi. But there are too many words, episodes, and diversions. Ages 8-11.

WHITE HARVEST. *By Lela and Rufus Waltrip. Illustrated by Christine Price. Longmans, Green. 118 pp.* $2.95. An energetic eleven-year-old cotton-picker makes friends and influences her family to give up their migratory existence and become homesteaders. Set in the South of the early 1900s the story moves along well enough, but the authors do not really use their background material as well as they might have. Ages 8-12.

HEATHER AND BROOM. *By Sorche Nic Leodhas. Illustrated by Consuelo Joerns. Holt. 128 pp.* $3.25. The wild Scottish landscape with castle, horse, and dashing rider that appears on the jacket of this collection of tales is an appropriate promise of exciting contents. The stories of lairds and bogles and bright country lasses are entrancing in the lovely rhythm of Scottish dialect. Ages 8-12.

—From "The Indian and His Pueblo."

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—*From "A Pair of Red Clogs."*

OVER THE HORIZON. *By William Mayne, Kylie Tennant, Daphne Rooke, and others. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy. Duell.* 192 *pp.* $3. Authors from fifteen countries have contributed stories to this interesting but uneven anthology. The commendable purpose is "to give the reader some idea of what it is like to be growing up in some other part of the world." But the closely printed lines discourage avid reading and the entries, though competent, are less than inspired. Ages 10-14.

JUNIOR YEAR ABROAD. *By Rosamond and Judy du Jardin. Lippincott.* 192 *pp.* $2.95. A tour of Europe with two American girls based for study in Aix-en-Provence. Details of curriculum are foregone in this superficial view of travel and romance which will probably appeal to homebound high school girls. Based on the true experiences of the junior author. Ages 12-16.

HAWAII. *By Charles A. Borden. Illustrated with photographs. Macrae Smith.* 190 *pp.* $3.50. A straightforward account of Hawaii —its history, geography, people, and resources—which predicts the contribution the fiftieth state will make to the United States. Index, appendices, maps, and photographs are high quality. Ages 12 up.

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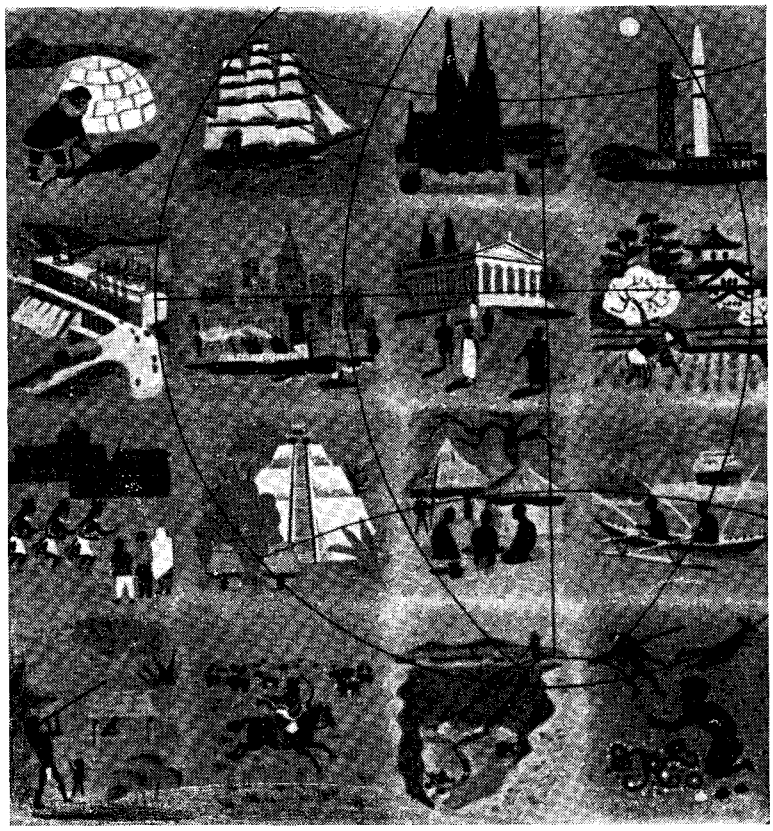
GRASSHOPPERS AND CRICKETS. *By Dorothy Childs Hogner. Illustrated by Nils Hogner. Crowell.* 60 *pp.* $2.50. A rather specialized book for young entomologists that treats its subject matter thoroughly and in a precise, scientific manner. The early chapters on the anatomy and physiology of grasshoppers are enhanced by clear drawings; later sections on habits and life cycles contain advice on how to observe, capture, and keep the insects for further study and enjoyment. Ages 8-12.

GREAT MYSTERIES OF THE EARTH. *By Charles H. Hapgood. Illustrated by Robert Eggers. Putnam.* 72 *pp.* $2.75. A book to stimulate the scientific imagination of elementary school children with questions about the earth to which no answer is known: How did the earth begin? What makes volcanoes? What happened to mammoths? Though the questions are complicated, the text avoids both superficiality and unintelligibility. Ages 8-12.

WONDERS OF THE ANTHILL. *By Sigmund A. Lavine. Illustrated by Ernest Hart. Dodd, Mead.* 64 *pp.* $2.95. A detailed and fascinating book about the bodily structure, growth, and behavior of ants, with a special discussion of some of the more amazing varieties. Careful illustrations and an index. Ages 8-12.

THUNDERSTORM. *By Thelma Harrington Bell. Illustrated by Corydon Bell. Viking.* 128 *pp.* $3. Many questions about thunder and lightning are answered in the pages of this compact book, and the gradual replacement of myths with scientific knowledge is described. At times the author slips into inappropriately anthropomorphic prose ("The electricity at the base of the cloud wants to get down . . . and the earth charge wants desperately to rise . . . since their main objective is to . . . neutralize each other."). But most of the book is clear and interesting and the diagrams are helpful. Ages 11 up.

FROM CELL TO TEST TUBE: The Science of Biochemistry. *By Robert Warner Chambers and Alma Smith Payne. Scribner's.* 216 *pp.* $3.50. Because it is neither over-sim-



—From "The Sciences of Mankind."

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plified nor too technical, this is an impressive introduction to biochemistry. Major areas within the field are described, implications for medicine and industry are discussed, and historical debts are acknowledged in clear and responsible prose which commands respect and invites interest. A welcome addition to home or school libraries. Ages 12 up.

REALM OF MEASURE. *By Isaac Asimov. Diagrams by Robert Belmore. Houghton Mifflin.* 192 *pp.* $2.75. Struggling against almost insuperable odds (his subject matter), this versatile scientist-author provides the wherewithal for understanding the origins, development, and use of contemporary systems of measurement and their relationships not only to each other but also to certain basic scientific concepts. Some lay readers may wonder whether the numerous conversion tables might not have been part of a reference section while specialists may chafe at the amount of the author's interjected exposition. Ages 12 up.

THE SCIENCES OF MANKIND. *By Jane Werner Watson. Charts and drawings by Campbell Grant. Golden.* 177 *pp.* $4.95. This significant volume is brilliantly conceived and well executed. Four major sections meaningfully survey the social sciences and explain the contributions of such diverse disciplines as archaeology, psychology, and demography. Handsome full-color photographs and well-placed charts amplify the text and dramatize the appearance of this timely and long-needed book. Ages 12 up.

In Pictures and Print

26 WAYS TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE. *By Devorah Boxer. Illustrated by the author. Pantheon. Unpaged.* $3.25. With handsome simplicity, bright illustrations of the same boy in various role costumes decorate this alphabetical listing of occupations. Unfortunately, some of the words (Sleuth, Viking, Yogi) are unknown to the very five- and six-year-olds who would most enjoy half-guessing, half-reading the word each picture describes. And other more common words are hard to guess from the pictures. Younger or older children will probably be entranced by the illustrations. Ages 4-8.

HIGH HENRY. *By Charles Doughtie. Illustrated by Don Gregg. Dodd, Mead. Unpaged.* $3. Henry, the pleasantly inept and lanky hero of this cowboy story, outwits (of course) all villains while mounted on a trusty giraffe. The slapstick adventures, which gently spoof the TV formula, should please good readers and entice the strugglers. Ages 5-10.

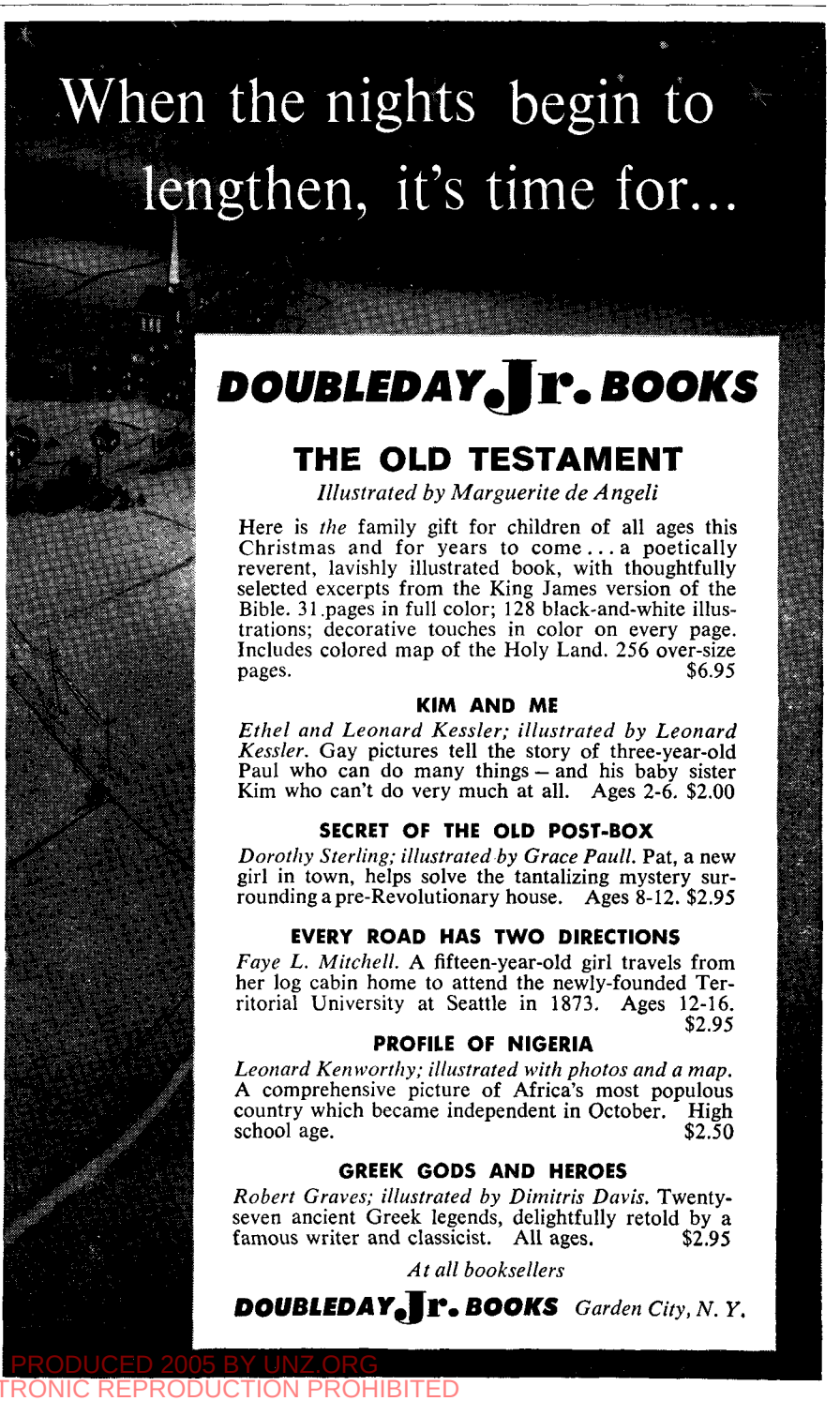
WELCOME HOME! *By Ludwig Bemelmans. Illustrated by the author. Harper. Unpaged.* $3.95. One might better say authored by the illustrator, for this rhyme about a sly fox evading the huntsmen is little more than type at the botom of a series of brilliant landscapes. Ages 5-10.

IF APPLES HAD TEETH. *By Milton and Shirley Glaser. Illustrated by Milton Glaser. Knopf. Unpaged.* $2.75. . . . they would bite back. And, of course, "If trees were pink, they would be nevergreens." A *silly* book, a *crazy* book, just for fun. Stylish illustrations (fine line and bright color against white) and a handsome format add appeal. Hip and happy nonsense. Ages 6-10.

TAKE A GIANT STEP. *By Hannelore Hahn. Illustrated by Margot Zemach. Little, Brown. Unpaged.* $2.75. Picture-book format adds zest to school-age reading. The book is appropriately tall and thin, filled with sprightly pictures of children around the world having fun on stilts. The text shows careful research, but the total effect is as warm as the round-the-world gaiety of the circling children in "The Family of Man." Ages 6-10.

PRINTING FOR FUN. *By Koshi Ota and others. Illustrated with color photographs and prints. Astor.* 53 *pp.* $3.95. It is hard to imagine the child—or parent, or teacher—who would not be stimulated to make prints of his own by this beautiful book. The examples are lovely, and both text and photographs of children making prints encourage anyone with imagination to set to work with ink, paints, and such stamping materials as string and bottle tops. Ages 6 up.

IF YOU TALKED TO A BOAR. *By Michael Sage. Illustrated by Arnold Spilka. Lippin-*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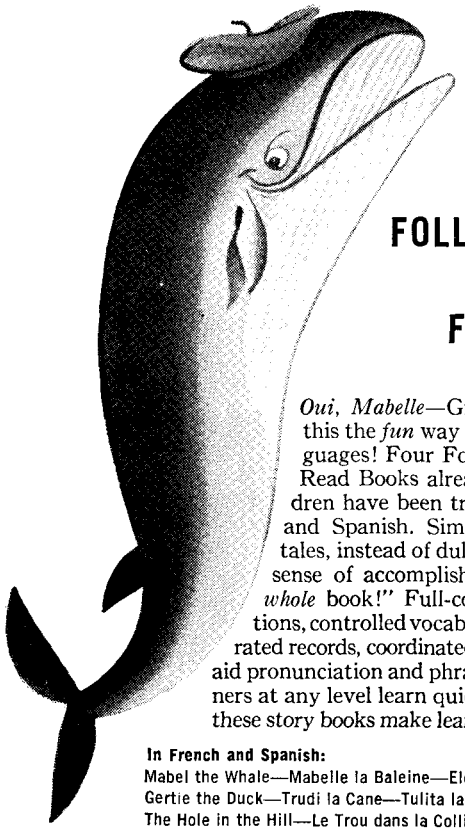

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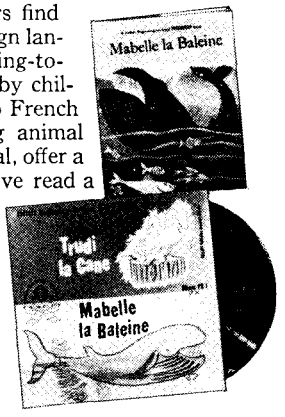

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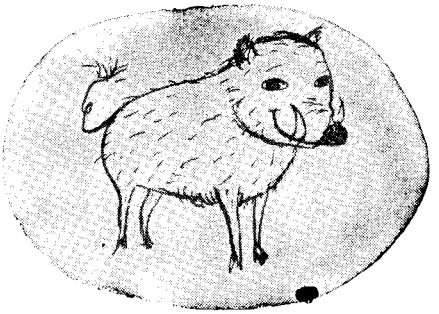

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cott. Unpaged. $2.50. . . . would he be a bore? A book of puns is a fine idea, for what child, once he has mastered reading, does not become fascinated with word play? More thought might have produced better examples, but as it stands the book should provoke giggles in the library. Appropriately slapdash illustrations. Ages 7-11.

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THE POETRY-DRAWING BOOK. *Edited by William Cole and Julia Colmore. Simon & Schuster. Unpaged.* $1.95. The forty pages of this book are designed to encourage young recipients of the book to provide their own illustrations. Quite correctly, this is hailed as an improvement over typical coloring books with their dull and restricting outlines. But will children relish or be embarrassed by the suggestion that they draw in "a real book"? And will their understanding of poetry be strengthened or limited by the implication that a poem is to visualize? Ages 9-12.

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THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF DANCE. *By Arnold Haskell. Illustrated with photographs and paintings. Garden City. 93 pp.* $2.95. A fascinating, profusely illustrated survey of dance around the world, including material on the function of dance in different cultures, and the history of the dance. The modern dance in America is neglected for a thorough discussion of ballet, but the emphasis throughout is on dance as disciplined expression of feeling. Ages 10 up.

—From "The Wonderful World of the Dance."

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Fun in Easy Reading

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JUST FOR FUN. *By Patricia Scarry. Illustrated by Richard Scarry. Golden Press.* 31 *pp.* $1. A sampler of diverting comments on topics of absorbing interest to six-year-olds, like losing teeth and catching whales. The illustrations are all the merrier for depicting school-aged animals. The vocabulary is rhythmic and right: "If I write a letter/and mail it/to someone I love,/someone I love/may write a letter to me." Ages 5-7.

THE BOY WHO COULDN'T ROAR. *By Grace Berquist. Illustrated by Ruth Van Sciver. Abingdon.* 32 *pp.* $1.50. A child's need to assert himself in his family is the theme, and certainly valid. But the story lacks pattern and may be confusing to some children. Ages 5-7.

GREEN EGGS AND HAM. *By Dr. Seuss. Illustrated by the author. Beginner Books.* 62 *pp.* $1.95. The old master has done it again—this time with fifty, count them fifty, words. The happy theme of refusal-to-eat changing to relish will be doubly enjoyable to the child who finds many common edibles as nauseating as the title repast. The pacing throughout is magnificent, and the opening five pages, on which the focal character introduces himself with a placard: "I Am Sam," are unsurpassed in the controlled-vocabulary literature. Ages 5-7.

LITTLE BEAR'S FRIEND. *By Else Holmelund Minarik. Illustrated by Maurice Sendak. Harper.* 62 *pp.* $1.95. What a rich world for the newest readers, who can move from the captivating zaniness of Dr. Seuss to the warm softness of Mrs. Minarik's Little Bear and Mr. Sendak's delicate drawings. A real girl named Emily enters the magic bear scene and brings with her the delights of friendship and sorrows of separation. (And a few beginning readers will notice the omission of page numbers from 57 on, you wait and see.) Ages 5-7.

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DAVID AND THE GIANT. *By Mike McClintock. Illustrated by Fritz Siebel. Harper. Unpaged.* $1.95. A poetic retelling in simple vocabulary of the story of David and Goliath, this is an interesting attempt at simplifying the Bible. The total effect is somewhat spoiled by the garish pictures. Ages 6-8.

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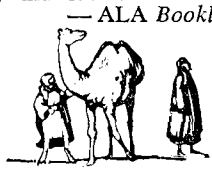

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PLENTY OF FISH. *By Millicent Selsam. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Harper. Unpaged.* $1.95. Willy begins with two goldfish—in plastic bags!—and ends with fish, fishbowl, green plants, snails, and a real understanding of fish. Ideal easy-reading for children who like facts, and a good guide for any adult who undertakes to teach a child by helping him learn for himself. Readers may be pleased or startled by the *ménage à trois* of young Willy, his Edwardian-dignified father, and perky, buxom maid, who are pictured here, but no one will miss the warmth which radiates from text and illustrations. Ages 6-8.

TOO MANY BOZOS. *By Lilian Moore. Illustrated by Susan Perl. Golden.* 30 *pp.* $1. A satisfying and pleasant story on the familiar theme of a boy who wants a pet. The illustrations are full of action and fun. Ages 6-8.

—*From "Too Many Bozos."*

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CAPTAIN CORTES CONQUERS MEXICO. *By William Johnson. Illustrated by Jose Cisneros. Random House.* 186 *pp.* $1.95. One of the most exciting episodes in the history of this hemisphere is vividly and suspensefully brought to life in this Landmark book. As in all such tales of derring-do, the reader wishes the hero success, no matter what his cause. Particularly good is the author's last chapter which looks ahead some 300 years to show us Mexico at last free of foreign conquerors. Illustrations are attractive, but the maps, like so many these days, are decorative rather than informative. Ages 10 up.

DISCOVERERS OF THE NEW WORLD. *By Josef Berger. American Heritage.* 153 *pp.* $3.50. A thoroughly handsome volume, carefully and seriously written, well indexed, and illustrated on every page with stunning paintings, drawings, and maps of the period surveyed. A book to interest adults as well as children. Ages 10 up.

DRAKE. *By Jean Lee Latham. Illustrated by Frederick T. Chapman. Harper.* 278 *pp.* $2.95. Another good book badly handicapped by the lack of maps. It is incredible that publishers, editors, and authors can retain such an obsolete approach to historical writing. Despite a tendency to make a "good guys versus bad guys" plot out of

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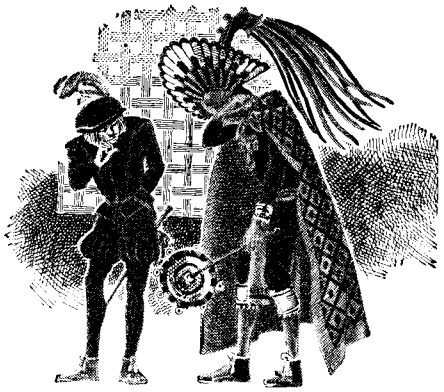

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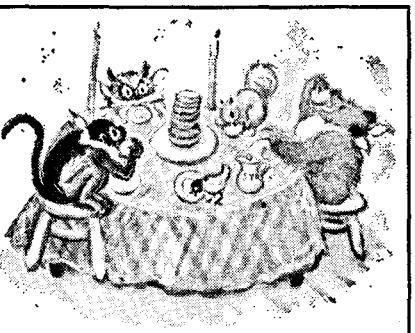

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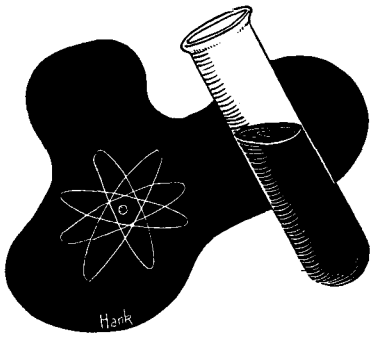
Editorial

Continued from page 36

not done than what others are doing. It makes little difference that our warehouses are full of nuclear bombs; if others also have the bombs we will be insecure. And when small nations come into possession of nuclear weapons—and we must not rule out the possibility that Cuba may be among such nations—the problem of American security, already critical, will become magnified many times.

If the intelligence gap is to be closed, then a powerful effort will have to be



made to get across to the American people one stark, towering fact; namely, that true security today depends on the rigid control of force throughout the world rather than on the national accumulation of force. Yet our national purpose has not been welded to this objective. We have not fixed our gaze on the aim or dramatically marshaled our energies in that direction. The fact that the Soviet Union has been obstructive on this matter for so long has found us without ingenuity or vital alternatives. We have needlessly allowed ourselves to be dead-ended by the Soviet position. We have not invoked the increasingly visible power of world public opinion. We have not dramatized the issue in a way that might exert centrifugal force inside the Soviet Union itself. And the reason we haven't done so is that a substantial body of opinion does not believe that control over force is desirable even if it is possible. Some of the sources of military power in the United States are opposed to any arms limitation agreements even if the Soviet agrees to everything we ask. In 1957, Governor Stassen was making progress in a London nuclear-issues parley when he was recalled to Washington and told that any agreement at that time with the Russians would be premature.

The problem of getting the Russians to agree is difficult enough; but even making an attempt is bound to be academic if we are not sure we want it if we can have it. This fact now takes on added importance in view of the new developments at the Geneva Conference considering the need for a ban on nuclear testing. A possible breakthrough occurred recently when the Soviet Union agreed to accept fifteen inspection stations inside its territory. The United States had asked for twenty-one stations. The distance between the two positions is not now very great. It is possible, indeed, that the problem of adequate inspection will soon cease to

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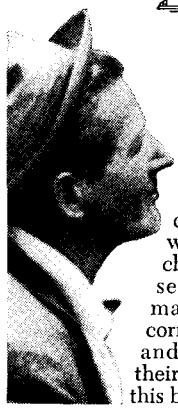

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exist as a real issue. And it is at this point that we must be prepared for a genuine debate inside the United States involving not the issue of inspection, but rather the larger question concerning the *desirability* of agreement.

As the American people consider this question, they may wish to ponder the fact that the quickest way for the United States to become a second-rate power is through the spread of nuclear weapons to a dozen or more other nations—which is a certain by-product of a failure to establish a world ban on further nuclear testing. Conversely, the best way for the United States to retain its major status is to become the most powerful voice in the world for a structured peace—a peace directed to the needs not of one nation alone but of the generality of men. —N.C.

Lyceia

By Robert Graves

ALL the wolves of the forest
Howl for Lyceia,
Crowding together
In a close circle
Tongues a-loll.

A silver serpent
Coiled at her waist
And quiver at knee,
She combs fine tresses
With a fine comb:

Wolf-like, woman-like,
Gazing about her,
Greeting the wolves;
Partial to many,
Yet masked in pride.

The young wolves snarl,
They snap at one another
Under the moon.
'Beasts, be reasonable,
My beauty is my own!'

Lyceia has a light foot
For a weaving walk.
Her archer muscles
Warn them how tightly
She can stretch the string.

I question Lyceia,
Whom I find posted
Under the olines
One early morning:
'What do the wolves learn?'

'They learn only envy,'
Lyceia answers,
'Envy and hope,
Hope and chagrin.
Would you howl too
In that wolfish circle?'
She laughs as she speaks.

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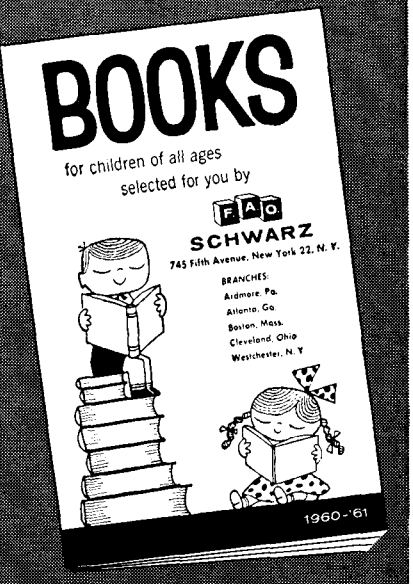

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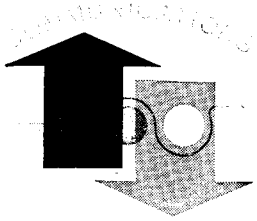

SR/COMMUNICATIONS

NOVEMBER 12, 1960

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR **116**

What Is PR, Anyway?

A GENERATION ago, the competent newspaper or magazine man would have no truck with what he sneeringly referred to as the "press agent." Indeed, in the Twenties and Thirties the stock twist in Broadway plays about newspapers was to drop on the journalist-hero's shoulders a series of financial obligations so heavy that he must needs turn to press-agentry to become solvent. Naturally, he did so only at the expense of his professional standing. There was something clearly immoral about it. In the classic Western pattern, press agents were the bad guys and journalists the good guys, with no possibility of a gray area between. This unfortunate wretch received, believe me, the utmost sympathy and understanding from fellow journalists in the audience (including the critics), who recognized immediately a true morality play and felt somehow good inside when, inevitably, the hero went back to poor but honest journalism and foreswore the prostitution of lucrative press-agentry.

Gradually, through economic and political changes of Depression and war, including the rise of the Newspaper Guild, which raised journalists' salaries and shortened their six- and seven-day week, newspaper and magazine slaves achieved status and relative security. The chips began to fall from their shoulders. Simultaneously, the press agent began to emerge from hideous venality for, as competition and governmental regulation became more and more severe, industrial public relations gained status of its own. The press agent began to discard the mantle of disrepute, and the functional value of public relations rose with the accumulating perils to corporate and product merchandising.

Not all journalists will yet agree that PR is an equivalent trade or craft and mighty few, even nowadays, accept PR as a profession. But that it is a growing and valuable cousin with a viable future there can no longer be the slightest doubt. In the United States there are 1,300 public relations firms, many of them multimillion-dollar businesses absolutely invaluable to capitalistic corporate machinery in a highly competitive age. More than 100,000 men and women now earn the whole of their livelihood from PR, and scarcely an industrial firm in the nation is without someone formally assigned to its functions. News desks on both newspapers and radio-TV would be hard put to function at all without the once-scorned "press agent," so completely has he gained status and so well entrenched is he in the spiderweb of public communication.

But what exactly is PR, anyway? With status has come a need for definition. Yet PR isn't as easy to define as you might believe. Some months back, the Public Relations Society of America was asked to put together for "Webster's New International Dictionary" a modern definition of PR, which went like this: "The activities of an industry, union, corporation, profession, government, or other organization in building and maintaining sound and productive relations with special publics such as customers, employees, or stockholders, and with the public at

(*Continued on page* 110)

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large, so as to adapt itself to its environment and interpret itself to society."

A bit less wordy is the *Public Relations News* definition of PR, its trade press field: "Public relations is the management function which evaluates public attitudes, identifies the policies and procedures of an individual or an organization with the public interest, and executes a program of action to earn public understanding and acceptance."

Not long ago, 2,000 PR specialists were asked for a definition of their craft or trade or profession and the following amalgam was chosen best: "Public Relations is the continuing process by which business tries to win the good will and understanding of its customers, its employees, and the public at large—inwardly through self-analysis and correction, outwardly through all means of expression."

What is clear from all three definitions is the distinct movement away from stunt press-agentry to preservation of the corporate or product image. In a society amazingly dependent upon advertising and "the image," upon product identification and a marketer's good name, PR must assume not only status but increasing responsibility. Any definition, therefore, must list the public relations of a corporation, business, or organization as one of its major assets, an asset at least the equivalent of its plant and structure, its inventory, its research facility, executive leadership, financial stability, or sales potential. In many ways, PR is in commercial America the catalytic agent of success and the most precious item on a firm's list of assets. This being so, the individual practitioner of public relations (and there are now more practising PR people than practising dentists) bears an increasingly sobering responsibility to his country's future and his own burgeoning profession.

—R.L.T.

December Billboard:

Upcoming in the next Communications Supplement will be Elmo Roper's careful analysis of public opinion polls of the recent Presidential election, telling how close they came to forecasting the winner, where and why they failed, and what they must do next time for greater accuracy and public service.

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PUBLIC RELATIONS

PR in the Advertising Agency

By JOHN TEBBEL

IN THE wonderful two-billion-a-year world of the inexact science called public relations, the client is a man who must feel sometimes that he is engaged in a perpetual summit conference where lofty philosophies are propounded and the tangible results are not immediately visible in terms of peace on earth to men of good will.

The initial complication is that no one agrees on just what public relations is. Its practitioners on the highest level consider it a profession, but professional journalists refuse to accept it as such, although they depend on its product to a degree that would have horrified the newspapermen of a generation ago. Definitions range widely from the nearly ecclesiastical to the bread-and-butter, no-nonsense variety. If all this is confusing to the layman, it is often no less confusing to the man who pays for it, the client.

In operation, however, there are at least some areas where the effect of public relations is plain enough. One is product publicity, where the effort to publicize a client's product or services can be measured by the space given to the PR man's handouts in the various editorial media. The entrepreneurs of this art begin with the Broadway press agent and end with the highly skilled writers who plant articles in the slick magazines and exhibit the wares of their clients on television shows.

Corporate public relations is another matter—a horse, one might say, of a different persuasion. PR's critics have made us well aware of one of its functions, the creation of a favorable corporate "image." (Rough translation: "Please love us!") Another and more complicated function is the counseling of management in its multiple relationships with employees, stockholders, distributors, dealers, the press, and the public in general. (Rough translation: "Please love us!")

Much of corporate public relations is patently useful, especially the channeling of news about a client to the business and financial press, which would otherwise not be able to provide the exhaustive coverage of the business world that it does. A similar service is the preparation of annual reports. Employee publications are also frequently the product of PR management techniques.

Beyond these more accessible areas is the great gray reach of what Edward L. Bernays, the pioneer who may have invented the PR business, has defined as the engineering of consent. Broadly speaking, this is the maneuvering of stockholders, employees, community, or general public into accepting a corporation policy, concept, idea, plan, or (sometimes) a product. Not infrequently the engineering involves getting the public to believe that a corporation is right when it is wrong, putting the best possible face on an act or event that people are likely to feel is not in their interest.

Confronted with a hostile public reaction to some corporate act, the client who is not sure what PR is about may turn to his high-priced counsel and demand instant protection and justification in the form of immediate, favorable publicity. He may think he is shortchanged if the PR man tells him the best thing he can do is to do nothing at all. "Nothing!" he cries. "I'm paying you $50,000 a year to tell me not to do anything?"

Yet that may well be the best possible advice, and the client will be saved from real disaster by a well-planned, silent retreat. This is the kind of PR work that the critics scornfully refer to as "holding the client's hand." In its less appetizing forms, it may become a constant feeding of soothing syrup for as long as the client is willing to pay for flattery and for being conned into a state of euphoria.

It appears, then, that the client has a great deal to choose from in the total field of public relations. He discovers early that the ways of PR are many and devious, and that its organization can be more complex than he imagined. In this fact lie the shifting tides which keep some PR account executives wide awake long after the last bar has closed. A company that decides to buy itself the services of public relations counseling may do so in three ways. One is the creation of its own public relations department; nearly all of the large corporations have one, and many small companies employ at least a man or two. Such a department may or may not be part of the company's own advertising office.

When the corporation seeks counsel

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outside its home organization, it may engage a public relations agency; New York and other major cities are full of these outfits, large and small, which operate in the general manner of an advertising agency. The third source of PR help is the ad agency itself, which services its clients by various means.

THE consumer, of course, for whom all this complicated effort is intended, has no conception of the elaborate methods by which his consent is going to be engineered, or his attention drawn favorably to a corporation and its products. But the client, who pays fees ranging from a few thousand dollars to six-figure annual contracts, seeks to find the kind of PR representation that will best serve his interests, just as he juggles advertising agencies from time to time in the effort to sell his products.

There, as Hamlet observed, is the rub. The biggest clients often have not only their own PR departments, but they also use the services of outside public relations counsel and whatever kind of service the agency provides. That places counsel and agency in direct competition for the client's business, and while cooperation may be the rule (most admen insist this is the case), the competition sometimes leads to the customary result in business—unacknowledged blood-letting.

PR counselors are usually the ones most disturbed by such intramural warfare. One prominent counselor remarked the other day that if the advertising business really meant to clean its house, under current pressures, it might well begin by getting the hell out of the public relations business.

The argument is that ad agencies offer product publicity as public relations, which of course they do, but offer it only as an added attraction to the agency's main job, the client's campaign. The result (say the PR men) is that the client gets inadequate PR representation and becomes disillusioned with the whole art of public relations because he has not entrusted his problems in that field to the proper practitioners. "We don't represent ourselves as advertising agencies, even though every ad ought to have a public relations base," the PR men argue, "so why should the ad agencies represent themselves as experts in our business?"

Why, indeed? The answer from the admen is that they are legitimately in the public relations business themselves. Advertising experts have noted that the trend in agencies is to set up a public relations department as a separate division under a different name —as in Young & Rubicam's "Bureau of Industrial Service," Benton and Bowles's "General Public Relations," or Chirurg and Cairns's "Creative Public Relations, Inc." This kind of organizational planning may have tax advantages, but it also is having the psychological effect of attracting public relations business the advertising agency might not be able to get otherwise.

In the competition for business, the public relations counselors are far ahead and likely to remain so. However large and well organized it might be, an ad agency's PR department could not hope to compete with such giant PR firms as Carl Byoir, Earl Newsom, or Hill & Knowlton. Further, the ad agency's department is dependent in many cases on the parent company's billings, and could easily be crippled by the loss of one or two large accounts. Some of the newer departments, however, operate as independently budgeted companies within a company, and get their own business.

The competition is most evident on the accounts where the client is serviced by both the advertising agency and the public relations counsel. The agency is uneasily aware that it has no control over what the counsel does, and the counsel fears that the agency may be trying to sell the client services that would duplicate, supersede, and eventually eliminate the legimitate (and only) services of the counsel. In this kind of situation, a great deal of fast footwork may occur, daggers may flash from behind the arras, Gimbel's may neglect to tell Macy's, and the end result is an account left for dead on Madison Avenue, or perhaps on Third Avenue, toward which the PR counseling business appears to be slowly drifting.

When one of these fatal accidents occurs, there is a new flare-up of acrimonious debate about whose baby is whose, but it soon dies down, lost in the common scramble to woo, win, and retain clients whose images are sagging.

The competition might become major instead of minor if it were not for the extremely wide variation in ad agency public relations work, which ranges from large, separate divisions down to one or two men working solely on the firm's accounts. The PR men in some agencies may even be doing independent work on their own, outside the company's accounts. Other agencies do no PR work at all. Some crystal ball gazers in the trade see a trend on the part of ad agencies to give up PR entirely, but the opposite appears to be true.

IF THERE is a cloud no bigger than a junior executive's expense account on the PR horizon, it is the undeniable fact that public relations plays a very large role in corporation life and is steadily growing larger. More and more companies can and do afford public relations representation from their own department, the ad agency's and the public relations counsel. Whether more and more public relations is a Good Thing—viewed, that is, from the standpoint of the man who is its object rather than the one who sells it—is a matter for serious debate among the cosmic thinkers of our time.

"I'm afraid this is goodbye, Helen. They're reaching the 14th floor tomorrow."

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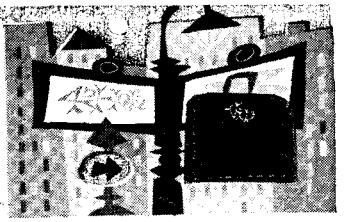
Madison Avenue



Found: A Responsible Critic of Advertising

IN AN earlier issue of this magazine I called for a responsible critic of advertising. I have now discovered him.

He is Walter Taplin, an economist, formerly editor of the London *Spectator,* and now Research Fellow in Advertising and Promotional Activity at the London School of Economics—an institution not noted for any commitment to conservatism. Mr. Taplin has produced a book called "Advertising—A New Approach," published by Hutchinson of London. And a new approach it is, especially for an economist.

Because British advertising has been extensively "Americanized" in the last twenty years or so (the largest advertising agency in Britain is American), Mr. Taplin's analysis would be valid for American advertising even if his data were drawn solely from that country. But in fact he displays an extensive familiarity with American advertising practices and organizations, and with our literature on the subject —technical, professional, academic, and pooh-pooh.

The book is, first of all, highly readable. It is scholarly but charged with common sense. It is free from that "dismal science" writing so often associated with theoretical economics. It has overtones from the marts of trade. Broadly, it is divided into two sections. The first is an analysis of the social effects of advertising; the second, a description of the processes by which, as the author says, "advertisements come into being."

The first is the more important part of the work, and the part that justifies titling it "A New Approach." The second part may, in degree, seem old stuff to the advertising practitioner, but even he may find new perspectives. And this part might well give pause to those who, in gunning for advertising, are much given to the quick draw and shots from the hip.

In the first part of the book Mr. Taplin subjects to critical, dispassionate, and penetrating analysis the role of advertising in supplying or creating wants; in furnishing information; in applying persuasion; in the economics of competition; and in its effect on morals.

The closely knit and balanced way in which Mr. Taplin deals with these subjects makes it difficult to give any fair sample in brief quotations. But let me try to do so.

►On Persuasion: "It may appear, to those who believe that persuasion must always be regarded with suspicion, to be rubbing salt into a wound to suggest that consumers often *need* persuasion. But it is difficult to see how, as a matter of practical everyday life, that conclusion can be avoided. In order to be able to dispense with persuasion by sellers, a potential buyer would have to know everything. He would have to know the qualities, merits, and demerits of every alternative open to him. Consequently it is quite impossible to provide the consumer with all the information which he needs in order to make a fully informed choice. Advertising certainly cannot undertake any such impossible task. It cannot give the consumer the privilege of omniscience. It cannot even give him the talent of rationality. It can offer him (not force upon him) guidance among the alternatives, such guidance taking account of the basic fact that the consumer, in a modern and developed society, is conceived not only to live but to live well. Above all, it can get him to experiment, to try things—a method of learning which is probably in much wider use than either the attempt to absorb masses of disinterested information or the pursuit of pure reason."

►On Morals: "The criticism of advertising on moral grounds must and will go on all the time, and it will do much more good if it is shrewd and relevant than if it is crude and general. If there is justice in the criticism, then there is some chance that evils will be detected and corrected. But so long as broad and loose abuse of advertising in general continues it is likely that advertisers will defend themselves with such weapons as are to hand. This will do no good to anybody."

In the second part of the book Mr. Taplin describes the trade and technical problems facing the advertiser in the making of advertising appropriations; in setting up budgets; in employing advertising agencies; and in the techniques employed by such agencies. He does it with realism, with a balanced appreciation of "scientific method" versus intuition in decision-making, and with plain horse sense.

If there is a major lack in the book it is in its failure to deal adequately with the most important single element in these advertising techniques. This is in the creation of the advertisement itself. Here the author more or less throws in his hand. He says: "When we reach the question of how writers and artists get their effects, how a word or the angle of an eyebrow may make all the difference in the 'pulling power' of an advertisement, we have come up against those questions of technique in which little that is useful can be said in books, and nearly everything must be left to the skill, knowledge, and experience of the technicians. . . . It is a matter of the use of art for business purposes. . . . It is a vast and fascinating area for study but it is one into which we cannot enter here."

IN THIS I conceive the author to be mistaken. It is, I think, possible to deal with the art of advertisement creation, as John Sloan did for painting in his "Gist of Art," or as John Canaday is currently doing in his printed "Metroplitan Museum Seminars in Art."

Also, unfortunately, it is in this omitted area that too many advertisers are not sufficiently willing to rely on "the skill, knowledge, and experience of the technicians." And many of the much-criticized aspects of advertising can be traced to this source.

In spite of this one serious deficiency I rate this book as the most important single study of advertising that I have had the pleasure of seeing.

Mr. Taplin is neither a champion of advertising nor an opponent. He is critical of its faulty uses. He is equally critical of its superficial critics—among whom he names some distinguished economists. He is informed, judicial, wise, and illuminating. He is wholesome for the practitioner, who cannot fail to read him with profit. And I can only hope that those others who have slipped too easily into the clichés of prejudice about advertising will also expose themselves to this excellent work—even though I know how many social science studies have shown that the rule for the prejudiced in any field is to shun material that threatens to disturb his prejudices.

—James Webb Young.

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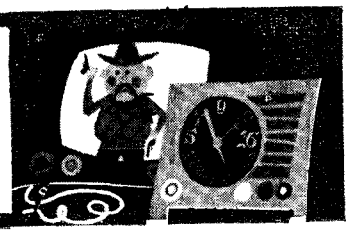
Audio/Video

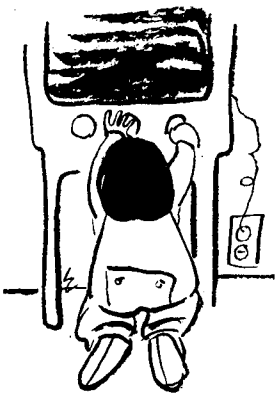


Editorials on the Air

TWELVE years ago the Federal Communications Commission revised the "Mayflower Decision," an earlier ruling, and permitted radio and television stations to editorialize if they wished, provided that they gave "a fair break to the opposition." The late Frieda Hennock, who was then a member of the commission, dissented. She held that "there would be no inherent evil in the presentation of a licensee's viewpoint if fairness could be guaranteed." But Commissioner Hennock believed that the FCC lacked both the methods and sanctions necessary to enforce fairness. Since 1949, the broadcasting industry's on-the-air editorializing in the pay-television dispute has been the only notorious example of failure to give the opposition a break. The stations' use of the public airwaves at the local level, to defend "free" television, was generally blatant and disgraceful. The commission verbally spanked the industry for its unfairness but (as Miss Hennock prophesied) invoked no sanctions. Aside from this single nationally known instance, radio-TV editorializing has not become a menace. Although the broadcasters fought for it as a sort of ritual right of free speech due them under the First Amendment, they have been modest enough in the exercise of its privileges.

Actually, current editorializing on the air is harmless, and occasionally it has been useful. A TV station in Miami has succeeded in getting local laws changed. A station in New Orleans challenged city officials, received requests for equal time from the opposition, and granted it. Most stations that editorialize confine themselves to local issues. Statistics are sparse. *Broadcasting Yearbook* for 1958 reported that of 535 television stations then on the air, only 170 editorialized: 3.7 per cent daily, 2.8 per cent weekly, and 25.3 per cent occasionally. A "radio only" questionnaire sent out in 1960 by the National Association of Broadcasters elicited 419 responses (there are roughly 4,000 independently programmed radio stations in the U. S.). Stations reported that they editorialize regularly as follows: 14.6 per cent of 124 small stations; 11.5 per cent of 260 medium-size stations; and 11.4 per cent of 35 large stations. The rest reported that they editorialize "never" or only "occasionally." Many broadcasters believe editorializing is the road to trouble, that it will invite throttling regulation by the FCC. Politicians don't want criticism, these broadcasters contend, and the net result of editorializing on the air will be dangerous for the industry. Some argue that before stations begin editorializing they ought to improve their newscasting. Editorials, unlike news, are a complete financial loss; you can't sell them to sponsors.

Many stations would probably like to editorialize, but are waiting and watching the trend. They may not have the personnel who are qualified to research and write editorials. Delicate questions must be answered. Do you give the opposition a fair break by including him on the same program or do you anticipate and represent his arguments? Do you let him know in advance of your attack or send him the script afterward? Just how effective is radio-TV editorializing anyway? Aside from the demonstrated effectiveness of the blanket anti-pay-TV campaign, no one knows. I know of no study that has attempted to measure the impact of broadcast editorials. Should an editorial be presented by a station official or by a professional newscaster? The FCC shows no eagerness to make unequivocal rulings on these and other ambiguities. Will it eventually find it necessary to do so? A radio editorial can be a ludicrous, thirty-second hit-and-run interlude between a disc-jockey platter and a spot announcement. I heard just such an editorial recently in a taxi. The driver, when I asked him, admitted he had heard it, but he couldn't tell me what the man said. Non-reflective context, brevity, and shallowness of most broadcast editorials strike one as exercises in mass futility.



The best editorializing I have personally observed is being done by WTOP (TV and AM radio), the *Washington Post* station in the nation's Capital. The CBS affiliate is the only one of the four TV channels in Washington that editorializes, and one of the only two editorializing radio stations of the city's total of eighteen. Jack Jurey, WTOP's full-time editorial writer, delivers a two-minute editorial twice each weekday on television, and three times on radio. He speaks for the station and not for himself; his remarks are clearly labeled as opinion; and the views are hammered out by Jurey and six other members of the WTOP editorial board. John S. Hayes, president of the *Washington Post*'s Broadcast Division, heads the board, which comprises five station stockholders plus the station's TV-radio news director and Jurey. The seven men meet regularly every Monday and agree on the editorial topics for the week. Jurey does the research and becomes an advocate for a point of view. Sometimes the board accepts his advocacy; often it does not. In either case, the fairness with which the final views are sought makes it possible for Jurey to speak the station opinion with a good conscience.

The broadcasters are independent of the *Washington Post* in formulating their views. Occasionally they differ with editorials in the newspaper on controversial issues. If the WTOP editorials had no other results, the stimulus to thought on the part of the individual board members would be worth the whole operation. When you must decide, you are compelled to think. You must probe your convictions and seek information. You must act responsibly. It sometimes takes the WTOP editorial board a month to come to a conclusion after examining the evidence. In the case of pending legislation, bills must be studied, their differences understood and evaluated. The board is still trying to make up its mind on the admission of Red China to the U.N. In the two years WTOP has been editorializing, the quality of its performance has been on the level of our

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best newspapers. Once you get into editorializing, Jurey holds, you cannot stop at community or national borders. You are compelled to think about Algeria, the Far East, Africa, even though you are broadcasting only to Washington area residents.

WTOP tends to take an anti-Administration stance (slightly skeptical). John Hayes plans to hold that stance regardless of which party is in office. The station endorses no candidates for public office. Before the 1960 political conventions, it "profiled" the leading candidates of both parties objectively. Its sharpest performance is at the local level, particularly in civil rights. It is carrying on a fight against segregation in a privately owned amusement park. It has backed lunch-counter sit-ins by Negroes, calling refusal to serve them legal but immoral. It has defended the right of an agnostic to hold public office; scolded the local IBEW union (electrical workers) for an "all-white" clause in its constitution; put the heat on local police for arresting a man for murder on the hocus-pocus of a "brainwave" private eye; fought the McCarran Act on restricted immigration; and supported medical care for the aged under the Social Security system. It even aroused the broadcasting industry's temporary wrath by supporting the establishment of the new FCC Complaints and Compliances Division.

ONE may question the impact of even a two-minute WTOP editorial in the mass-medium context. The station senses the inadequacies and is now exploring a half-hour "slanted documentary" type of clearly labeled editorial. One reward for WTOP's courage and responsible effort is prestige in the Capital. Congressmen, ambassadors, and government officials have become aware of the station; doors are open to it; it has been repeatedly mentioned in the *Congressional Record*. On the very doorstep of the FCC, WTOP has shown how broadcasters can usefully editorialize. The station's example should encourage others. Editorializing in the WTOP fashion is costly: it requires a new kind of broadcaster, the full-time editorialist. It demands participation by station executives who must become professionals, akin to newspaper editors and publishers, not just announcers or time salesmen. More broadcasters will have to get into the editorial act in the future, if only for marginal differentiation. If enough stations editorialize responsibly, viewers and listeners may begin to discern the image of portentous boxes of sound and vision which are more than entertainment machines. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

PUBLICATIONS

Scholastic Roto—Teen-Age Titan

By ROBERT SHAPLEN

A BONANZA in the publications field is being mined from teen-age readership. Dollars and demography supply the bedrock. Not only has the youth segment of the national population increased sizably since the war, but so also has the economic status of teen-agers, a reflection both of their own earning capacity and of their parents' prosperity. The day the Norwalk (Connecticut) High School opened this fall, so many students drove their cars to school that traffic was snarled and the chief of police appealed to the principal for help. One-third of all high school seniors in the country now own cars, one of many items for which 18,000,000 teen-agers are spending an estimated $10 billion a year. The list of consumer goods for youngsters in our affluent society, along with the number of teen-agers, continues to grow, and it is estimated that in another ten years twice as many boys and girls between fifteen and nineteen will be spending twice as much as they do now for transportation, clothes, grooming, food, entertainment, etc.

It's only natural, in such a booming market, that magazines and newspapers, as well as manufacturers, should want to get in on the act—why not take advantage of all that built-in buying and advertising potential? During the last five years or so, when such top magazines as *Collier's* and *Woman's Home Companion* have folded, and others, with some notable exceptions (e.g., *McCall's*), have had tough rows to hoe, the circulation and income figures of publications in the youth field, old and new, have soared. Among the big gainers have been *Seventeen*, up 20 per cent to 1,165,000 this year over last in monthly circulation, and *Teen*, up 86 per cent to 600,000. Others that have done well are *Teens Today*, *Co-ed*, *Ingenue*, and *American Girl* and *Boys Life* (published by the Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts). These are all popular feature magazines whose content varies from good to bad and is not dependent on approval of educational authorities. In contrast, such old stand-bys as *Senior Scholastic* and *Junior Scholastic* —the latter comes out thirty weeks a year and has a circulation of 1,250,000 —stress world and national affairs and are pretty much designed as teaching aids.

One of the most interesting and successful operations, of which the general public knows little, is *Scholastic Roto*, which is distributed free, eight months a year, to 1,800 senior high schools as an insert for their school papers. *Scholastic Roto* now has a whopping circulation of 1,500,000, the largest in the teen-age field, and the success of its formula, comparable in some respects to that of *Life* and *Look* as a picture-and-text blend, provides an impressive example of a publication latching onto the teen-age buying boom while at the same time putting out a commendable product. It aims both to entertain teen-age boys and girls and to help them make the difficult adjustment from adolescence to maturity by offering sensible advice and counsel. The magazine is itself *selective* in choosing the top-ranking senior high schools with the best regularly issued school papers; it is also *selected*, in that it must obtain and maintain the approval of school authorities.

Timing and taste may be said to be the key of *Scholastic Roto*'s success. It was conceived in 1941 by Professor Fred Kildow of the University of Minnesota journalism school, who is also a director of the National Scholastic Press Association there, and the magazine has remained an official NSPA publication—its circulation department is still in Minneapolis. In 1948, Richard A. Feldon came into the picture. Feldon, now fifty-eight, was a former McGraw-Hill executive who had risen since 1926 from space salesman to Western manager of *Business Week*. After holding top jobs at *Liberty* and the *American Mercury*, he developed an interest in school publications when he became affiliated with *National Comics* and helped sponsor the use of serious pictorial media for educational purposes. Early in 1948, Feldon asked some friends at Eastman Kodak if they knew of a worth-while pictorial project, and they told him about *Scholastic Roto*, which had run into financial snags and had skipped a number of issues. Feldon saw Kildow and decided the magazine was worth saving and indeed could be turned into a profitable venture. He has been more than proved right. From a four-page product, *Scholastic Roto* has jumped to an average twenty-four, and its national advertisers—a tip-off on how and where the teen-age dollars are being spent—include the top auto companies, led by

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General Motors, Eastman Kodak, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company (teen-age telephonitis), Coca-Cola, and the Singer Sewing Machine Company. No cigarette or liquor ads are taken, and movie ads must be passed on for taste.

Feldon, who is still co-owner of *Pictorial Media* and advertising representative for *National Comics* (his own company, Richard A. Feldon, Inc., is a private concern, so no profit figures are made public), also heads the American Student Foundation, which seeks to make students do better work, and he looks upon *Scholastic Roto* as his right arm. "Our work is essentially motivational," he says. "We try to make these kids *want* to learn. The best approach, we think, is through extracurricular activities. We try to be their friend, stimulating their intellectual and emotional development by inspiring without preaching. The basic problem we deal with is the self-involvement of teen-agers. What they're really going through is the transition from conformity to becoming individuals. If we can help them by informing and guiding as well as entertaining them, we're successful."

Scholastic Roto's success has largely been due to Feldon's independent editor-in-chief, June L. Herman, a former Rochester newspaperwoman and magazine writer of wide experience. When Miss Herman took over as editor-in-chief six and a half years ago, she did away with the old, drab sepia formula and turned it into the sprightly, *Life*-like publication it now is, full of special features and clear type, with clear pictures to match the good but never overlong text pieces. She and Feldon thoroughly agree that the span of concentration for a busy teen-age mind is not apt to be much greater than that of younger children. Serious topics, accordingly, are dealt with in 1,000 words or less, but even in that amount of space *Scholastic Roto* comes to grips in human terms with such vital subjects as teen-age boredom ("no one is responsible for boredom except yourself") and parental revolt ("it's natural, everyone goes through it, try to understand it"). Other recent text pieces have been written on the pros and cons of going steady and on marriage, and the magazine also fulfills a valuable service function by running complete surveys on such matters as college scholarships and their infinite variety throughout the nation. Miss Herman has a regular staff of six, plus seventeen regular contributors, most of them established writers in their fields, who take turns writing columns on books, fashion, television, movies, records, science, sports, and grooming. Editorial offices are in New York City.

Miss Herman herself has become something of a figure in the teen-age world. She attends the major state high school press conventions across the country and does a considerable amount of lecturing at colleges as well as informal talking to both faculty advisors of high school publications and student editors. "I'm constantly going out for sodas and Cokes to find out what's on these kids' minds," she says. "I find it stimulating."

Scholastic Roto seems likely to remain more than a fleeting phenomenon on the journalistic scene. As the number of teen-agers increases in the next decade, so will the size of the average new American family, and, short of a serious depression, the teen-age buying boom undoubtedly is here to stay. On the motivational front, *Scholastic Roto* and the other serious publications in the youth field can properly fill what is too often a void between parents and their teen-agers. A good article on boredom and creativity can frequently go a lot further than a parental lecture on wasting time, as can an outsider's tips on how to keep well groomed. The power of the press may yet become more demonstrable at the teen-age level than among adults.

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Letters to the Editor

ADVICE AND DISSENT

ROBERT SHAPLEN recently offered his description and judgments of the Newhouse Newspaper management, which embraces newspapers in six states and four major regions [*SR*, Oct. 8]. Having spent thirty-five years as an editor and editorial director within the Newhouse organization, I feel obliged to note that his judgments are not based on an understanding of the facts.

Mr. Shaplen finds little to praise in the current journalistic scene; he minces no words in characterizing the shortcomings of Hearst and Scripps-Howard and he even finds *The New York Times* wanting. But he does have one hero, James Wechsler, editor of *The New York Post*. Except for crediting the Springfield, Massachusetts, newspapers with being "excellent," he singles out but one figure in the newspaper world, Mr. Wechsler, for an able job in "molding opinion," and he concludes with a pious wish that Newhouse "were not quite so uncommitted and faceless."

While Mr. Shaplen does not charge that the newspapers themselves are "faceless," he fails to credit them with their outstanding achievements and thereby leaves the impression that the newspapers suffer from "facelessness." I know Mr. Newhouse's newspapers reasonably well, and I do not know of any that are "faceless" or "uncommitted."

Let me begin with one of the smallest of the group, *The Staten Island Advance*. Mr. Newhouse acquired it in the early Twenties. Its former owner had converted it from a semiweekly into a daily, and what with payroll problems and meagerness of advertising and circulation, it did not then seem long for this world. When, after a few years of struggle, the *Advance* had made a little progress, some special political and public utility interests pooled relatively enormous funds to finance their own kept daily journal, *The Staten Islander*. The story came out during the Seabury investigation. The *Advance* had to fight against tremendous odds, and for more than thirty-five years that newspaper has successfully continued to resist the influx of New York metropolitan newspapers and to serve as an effective civic leader.

From the oldest member of the group, let me go to one of the youngest from the standpoint of Newhouse management, the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. This newspaper had been offered for sale to a long list of publishers and been rejected as a hopeless case, but in five short years of Newhouse operation it has become vital enough to change the pace of its competitor and to become a subject for recurrent discussion in the trade press.

Faceless or uncommitted? Can anyone possibly apply those terms to the *Portland Oregonian*, a newspaper recognized for leadership throughout the profession? Would a publisher who wishes his newspaper to be "faceless" or "uncommitted" induce as vigorous a leader of editorial thought as Casey Jones to leave Washington in order to edit the *Syracuse Herald-Journal*?

Could anyone reasonably suspect that it was "facelessness" that brought the *Long Island Daily Press* of Jamaica and the *Newark* (New Jersey) *Star-Ledger* nearly a 1,000 per cent increase in circulation under Newhouse management in the most hard-fought competitive areas in America?

It is my opinion, based on years of study of the newspapers and most of the communities in the Newhouse group, that the Newhouse management made the following contributions, among others:

1. Saved metropolitan New Jersey and St. Louis from becoming "one-newspaper towns"; this by rebuilding and reanimating weak and defeatist newspapers.
2. Saved the Long Island newspapers from going the way of the vanished Brooklyn papers and the *Bronx Home News*.
3. Prevented, as the Seabury investigation showed, a kept, special-interest organ from displacing an honest, virile community newspaper on Staten Island.
4. Substantially improved editorial content and strengthened editorial policy and character in every newspaper under the Newhouse management.

The financial success that flowed from these achievements appears to appall Mr. Shaplen. Evidently it is more esthetic for well-meaning publishing ventures to be financial tragedies and failures. I want to assure the sentimental critics that Mr. Newhouse is not planning to copy the Egyptian pyramid-builders. Instead, he is reinvesting profits in better publishing and is in the process of financing a great center for study and research in mass communications at Syracuse University.

If Mr. Shaplen is concerned lest Mr. Newhouse's profits be at the expense of editorial integrity or effectiveness, let me assure him that the opposite is the case. Editorial effectiveness is the heart and soul of the newspaper, but needs the support or good business management. A newspaper so set up is most likely to achieve profitable operation for the community and for its owners. Mr. Shaplen is misled again on the subject of profits when he writes, ". . . Hochstein also admits that Newhouse salaries are not munificent." His question to me was whether "Newhouse pays sensational" salaries, and my answer was that we pay key people very well and that all our salaries are certainly in line.

In fairness to Mr. Shaplen, may I suggest that he went astray only because of physical circumstances over which, unfortunately, he has no control. As a New Yorker and Manhattanite, he finds *The New York Post* and Mr. Wechsler quite "faceful," seeing the newspaper regularly and the person, he told me, quite often. It was obviously not convenient for Mr. Shaplen to see the newspapers of the Newhouse newspaper group, scattered as they are from New York to Oregon, and it is understandably easy to confuse the out-of-sight with the faceless.

PHILIP HOCHSTEIN,
Newhouse Newspapers.
Newark, N. J.

OTHER VOICES

I THINK *SR*'s new Communications Supplement is excellent. If you can maintain the quality of that first issue, you will have added a feature that I think will prove of real value.

JOHN COWLES,
The Star and Tribune.
Minneapolis, Minn.

LET ME CONGRATULATE you on your first edition of the new department and tell you that I think you have a significant opportunity there. You have a wide field in which to gather fascinating material and by providing a critical analysis do much to help keep us all on our toes. We'll all be watching with intense interest. Best of luck to you.

JOHN T. MCALLISTER.
News Editor,
Newsweek.
New York, N. Y.

CONGRATULATIONS for recognizing communications as an industry and for editing *SR*'s new section to include its varied parts. This is a real step forward, and I wish you great success.

GEORGE H. ALLEN,
Meredith Publishing Company.
Des Moines, Iowa

THE NEW Communications Supplement is excellent. The topics were good, and the articles well done; you are off to a fine start. I am especially pleased because we have long felt in this school that communications was so important in modern society that it deserved careful continuing examination from thoughtful consumers, as well as from the profession. It is good now to see this concept put into action.

LESLIE G. MOELLER, Director,
School of Journalism,
State University of Iowa.
Iowa City, Iowa

THE NEW *SR* supplement is an excellent contribution to this rapidly growing field, and it should fill a much-needed void. The periodical literature on communications has been sporadic, and there is a very definite need for the focusing of attention on the whole spectrum of communication arts in modern society.

CHARLES S. STEINBERG,
Vice President,
CBS Television Network.
New York, N. Y.

CONGRATULATIONS on your first Communications Supplement. It's something that's been badly needed for quite a while. It

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has won *SR* at least one new subscriber—me.

AL OSTROW,
The Cleveland Press.
Cleveland, Ohio

I READ EVERYTHING in the new section of *SR*, including the piece on book publishing, "The Gold Rush on Publishers' Row," and I was interested in and informed by just about everything that I found. I am delighted that a publication of the stature of *SR* is going to keep track of the field regularly.

HERBERT BRUCKER, Editor,
The Hartford Courant.
Hartford, Conn.

MY CONGRATULATIONS on *SR*'s first special supplement on communications. The articles were most provocative and thoughtful, and should contribute both to a better understanding of the communications field and to a sound critical appraisal of our efforts. We shall look forward with anticipation to succeeding issues.

RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.,
Vice President, Public Relations,
Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn.
New York, N. Y.

THE FIRST Communications Supplement is a very exciting and enlightening experience. It has excited me into renewing my subscription.

WILL YOLEN,
Hill and Knowlton, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

THE FIRST *SR* Communications Supplement is very good, and I am sure many join me in the hope that you will do it again and again and again.

W. C. MUNNECKE,
Vice President and General Manager,
Chicago Sun-Times,
Chicago Daily News.
Chicago, Ill.

CONGRATULATIONS! Your Communications Supplement was well done, with a good choice of articles and good authors. I look forward to future issues.

CONRAD R. HILL,
Assistant Professor,
School of Journalism,
University of Nebraska.
Lincoln, Neb.

PLEASE ACCEPT my congratulations for a swell job on the first communications issue. Until now I've read the *Saturday Review* mainly for Irving Kolodin's recordings section. This gives me a second reason.

HERBERT KUPFERBERG,
New York Herald Tribune.
New York, N. Y.

CONGRATULATIONS to *SR* for undertaking the regular monthly section on mass communications, an increasingly important segment of United States civilization.

Since A. J. Liebling stopped being a "wayward pressman" in *The New Yorker* the press has not been under consistent review. I hope that in the months ahead your magazine becomes a critical, but not

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carping, commentator on the various media.

HILLIER KRIEGHBAUM,
Chairman, Department of Journalism,
New York University.
New York, N. Y.

THE IDEAL is important, and the first issue promising—especially the articles by Frank Luther Mott and Robert Lewis Shayon.

PATRICK D. HAZARD,
The Annenberg School of Communications,
University of Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, Pa.

FURTHER DISSENT

I WAS PLEASED to see a magazine of *SR*'s stature initiate a section on communications, because this is a field in which the advertising elements are reported in great detail and the editorial hardly at all. However, I cannot understand how John Tebbel could have written such an inept story about the editor of *McCall's*. To anyone in the business, a couple of mistakes in this story are so glaring that I am at a loss to explain how they could have been made. Especially bad is your repeated statement that Herbert Mayes received his offer from *McCall's* and resigned from *Good Housekeeping*. As I am sure Mr. Mayes himself would tell you if asked, he was fired from *Good Housekeeping*. Then came *McCall's*. And no mention anywhere of Hearst's Richard Deems?

Better luck next month.

JOHN M. CARTER, Editor,
The American Home.
New York, N. Y.

MR. YOUNG PLEASE NOTE

JAMES WEBB YOUNG's appeal for advertising worth-while things unfortunately neglects to consider that the Elmer Gantryish methods of our men in gray would render the worth-while inconsequential. The gimmicks of modern advertising, called motivation analysis or whatever other distinguished names, basically depend on and fortify people's neuroses and insecurities, and for this reason will work for what is superficial, trivial, and unnecessary—not, except by degradation, for worth-while things.

Congratulations to all the foundations that refuse advertising aid.

ALLAN COMPTON, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

THERE IS PROBABLY a lot more advertising in the public interest than most of the public realizes. *SR*'s annual awards program has helped to encourage these efforts, and you are to be commended.

The thought occurs that an article in your new Communications Supplement on the size and scope of advertising for the general welfare might develop some surprising and heartening statistics.

SIGURD S. LARMON,
Chairman of the Board,
Young & Rubicam, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

The Press

Continued from page 23

subject, and of the human responsibility they undertook, they so little questioned or doubted their own qualifications for this work.

All of this, I repeat, seems to me curious, obscene, terrifying, and unfathomably mysterious.

I yield to no one—well, perhaps to the president of the Newspaper Publishers Association—in my admiration for the U.S. press. American newspapers are the finest in the world, our magazines are the biggest and best; thanks to those newspapers and magazines the American public is the most thoroughly informed democracy in existence, marching briskly into the future in an active and alerted posture. Our TV and radio are the despair of other countries', our advertising is the most effective art form ever created by man; our best-sellers proclaim the high standard of our culture, and spread it around too.

The only thing wrong with this pretty picture is that it's a fantasy. The fact that millions of Americans accept it as a true portrait doesn't make it any less fantastic.

Russia, as we know, is a semicivilized, ignorant, and complacent nation.

And it has the press it deserves; perhaps that's the same thing as saying the press it wants. And we? The most civilized, enlightened, and self-critical people of this or any era? We too have a press that faithfully reflects our image—not as we wish it were but as it is.

But I believe there are better things in America to communicate, to ourselves and to the world, than the national image of what we are today. And that there are better ways of communicating them than by the giant reflector of our press.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "A Farewell to Arms" (Ernest Hemingway). 2. "O Captain! My Captain!" (Walt Whitman). 3. "The Age of Innocence" (Edith Wharton). 4. "Marpessa" (Stephen Phillips). 5. "Tortilla Flat" (John Steinbeck). 6. "Provincia Deserta" (Ezra Pound). 7. "Peyton Place" (Grace Metalious). 8. "The Solitary Reaper" (William Wordsworth). 9. "Waterfront" (Budd Schulberg). 10. "Shine, Perishing Republic" (Robinson Jeffers).

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 50¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rate for several insertions—52 times 42¢ per word; 26 times 44¢ per word; 13 times 46¢ per word; 6 times 48¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 120)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 119)

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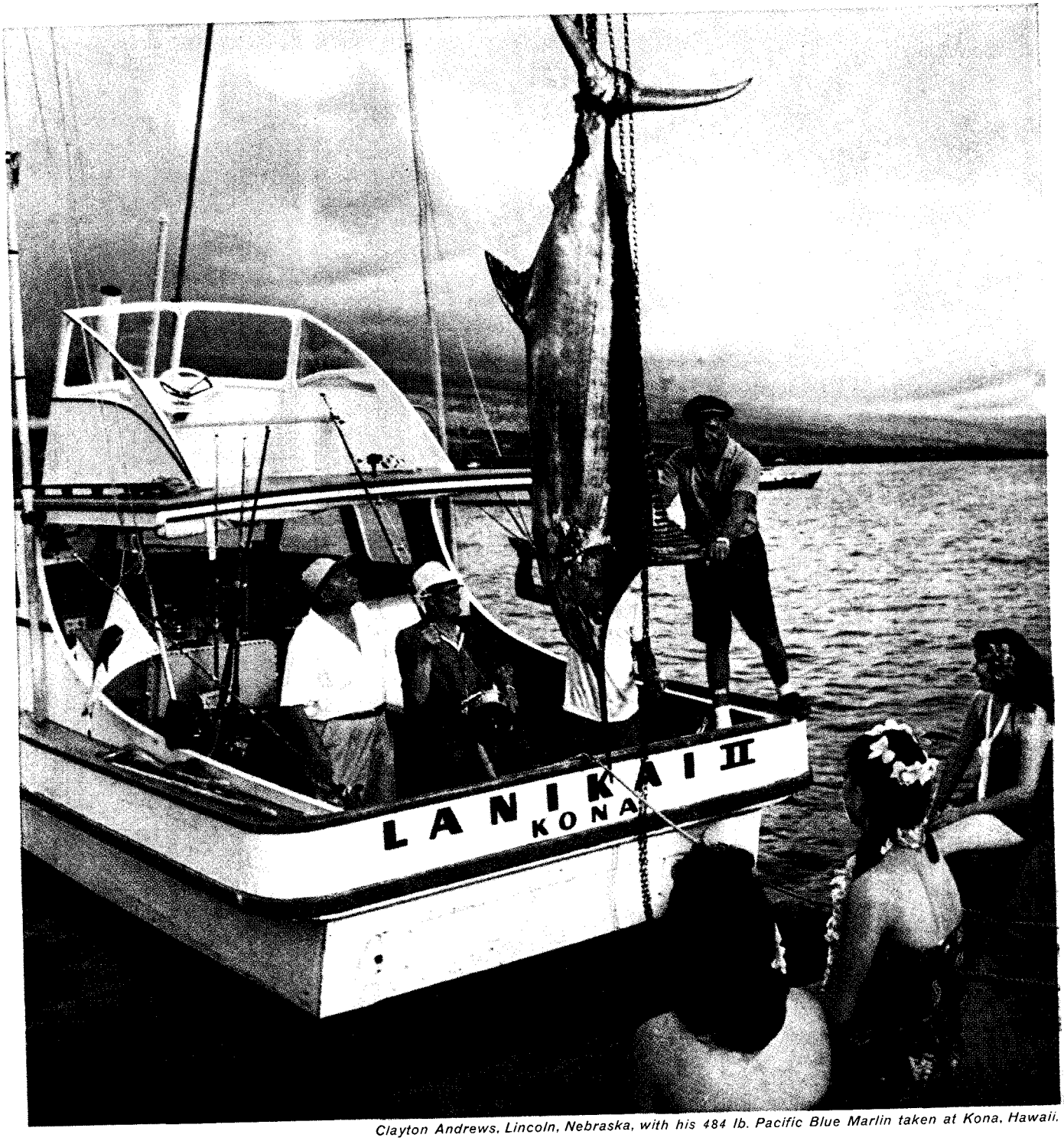

Clayton Andrews, Lincoln, Nebraska, with his 484 lb. Pacific Blue Marlin taken at Kona, Hawaii.

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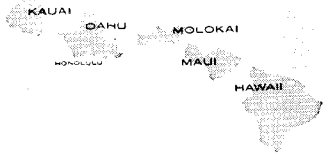

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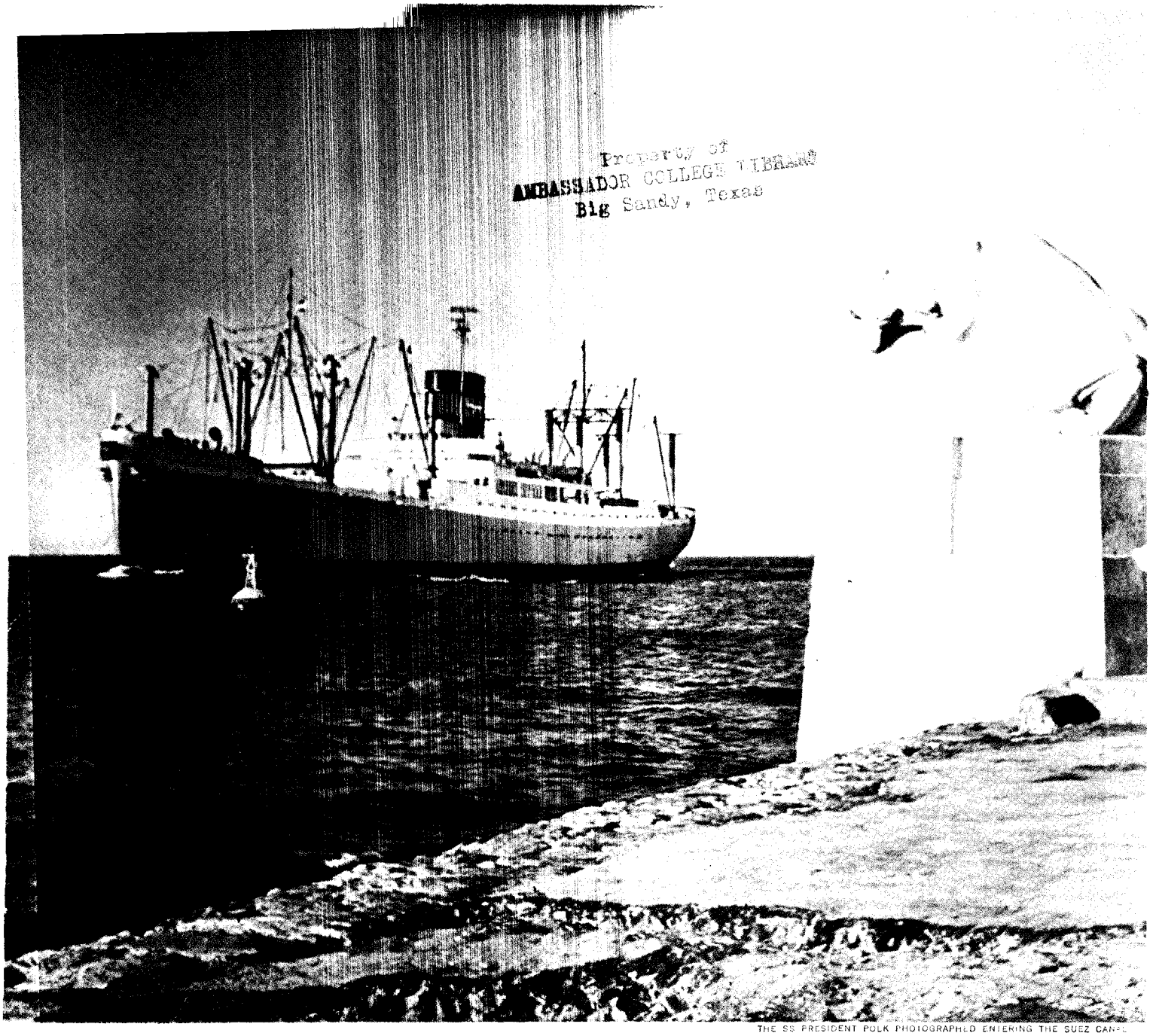

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